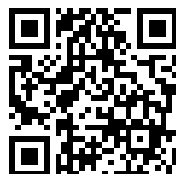


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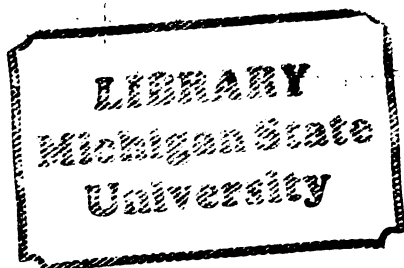
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# MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC



**AMS PRESS**  
**NEW YORK**



# MANX BALLADS & MUSIC

EDITED BY  
A.W. MOORE. M.A.  
WITH A PREFACE  
BY THE  
REV<sup>d</sup> T.E. BROWN. M.A.



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# MANX BALLADS.



## PREFACE.

**A**S regards the words and the music of the Manx Songs, one is constantly startled by their disparity. Many of the tunes seem fitted, if not intended, to express emotions which find no utterance in the words. And the question occurs—are these the original words? In the case of the best known among the tunes, *Mylecharaine*, the subject of the song is of a very prosaic kind. A dowry, for the first time in the Isle of Man, is given to a daughter, and is condemned by the lieges as of evil precedent. But the tune suggests a depth of ineffable melancholy. In *Kirree fo Niaghtey* we have a tune, I should imagine, less trimmed to modern associations, a very noble, rugged product of conditions which it is hard to realize, even though we were to admit that a great snow-fall and the rescue of the buried flocks may possibly have occasioned this vehement and irregular outburst.

The Love-songs, for the most part, appeal to prudential considerations rather than passionate impulse. They affect the dialogue form, as in *Moir as Inneen*, where the mother represents common sense, and the daughter betrays no consciousness of individual passion, but merely the general preference for the married as compared with the single life. In Scotch music we find a similar state of things. No one can for a moment pretend to be satisfied that the words of "Robin Adair" were originally written to that tune, still less to allow the superb madness of "Roslyn Castle" to be adequately mated with such rubbish as that with which it is fain to put up in books of Scottish Song. We cannot resist the conviction that these great old tunes have lost their partners in life, that both tunes and words were the outcome of a more primitive age. For some reason or other the words were forgotten, and the tunes, in their forlorn widowhood, descended to the

embrace of churls and varlets, or continued to exist in single blessedness, and became those "Songs without Words" which serve as the basis of popular dance music.

The next thing which strikes us in the survey of our little field is that the songs are so few in number, and, in quality, so trifling, so unromantic, so unpoetical, and so modern. The causes may be conjectured. In addition to those mentioned in Mr. Moore's Introduction, I venture to suggest the following :

1.—There has never been a Bardic class, nor have there been any royal or feudal traditions which could foster such a class. Hence the total lack of that stimulus which had so much to do with the literature of the Border Ballads. Of anything like the native literary instinct which has always obtained in Wales it is, in this connection, useless to speak.

2.—The football position of the Island, kicked about from Celt to Norseman, from English to Scot. This must have affected the language as well as the temper and spirit of the people.

3.—We fell under the dominion of a great English family, the Stanleys ; but we were not thereby admitted even to the doubtful advantages of the Feudal system. We were practically serfs, and this serfdom continued for three hundred years, terminating only in the Act of Settlement.

4. This was a period of unhappiness, "benevolent despotism" if you will, but absolute ignorance—tyranny, in fact, with certain compensations. One of them does not appear to have been *culture* of any kind or sort. The pre-Reformation clergy did nothing ; it was their interest to do nothing.

5.—Out of this mediæval darkness we were delivered by the Reformation. But there is no literary result : "who will sing us the songs of Zion ?" We had none. I can imagine nothing more crushed and broken than the spirit of the Manx people as they passed under the Ecclesiastical tyranny which, indeed, had never, under any secular *régime*, ceased, vampire-like, but with the

best intentions, to suck the blood of our forefathers. Feudalism was a fruitful source of poetry. But we never had Feudalism. What we had was Serfdom. The American slaves could sing; they are a light mercurial race; and I would not give our poor old "Kirree" for all their facile gushes of sentimentalism. We were Celts, that never had fair play, we brooded, smouldered, did not come off. Even the dash of Norse blood failed to fire us; and, while the Russian serf has continued to sing or sob, through all the centuries, melodic miseries now available as "pick-me-ups" for Teutonic *dilettanti*, we have been silent.

6.—It is impossible to over estimate the baleful effects upon our song literature of the Church discipline as maintained by Bishops Barrow and Wilson. They were both good and excellent men, themselves no mean scholars, and capable of ancient as well as contemporary literature. But it would never have occurred to them that the Manxmen were fitted for anything except abject obedience. Archdeacon Rutter might fling a spell of Cavalier sentiment across the sullen waters, might, even as Bishop, venture to imperil his dignity by singing the praises of Manx Ale; but how about the people? Love-songs, satires, and so-forth, written by common men for common men! "Lewdness, superfluity of naughtiness"—let him "whistle o'er the lave o't" in St. German's dungeon. That would have been, in all probability, the fate of the Manx Burns.

7.—The People went on to Methodism; that was another yoke. The naturally bright and clever creatures, even after the long period of suppression, were quite capable, upon their liberation from serfdom in 1703, of asserting themselves, however late, in verse. Methodism came just in the nick of time. The very springs of song were seized by the new movement. Psalmody, Carvals, and the like, occupied all serious minds. But these were comparatively modern. What fascinates and tantalizes us is the *ignis fatuus* of a real relic of antiquity in the Fragment, *Fin as Oshin*. This may be an echo of an Epic, or a Saga, but our copy dates only from 1762, and, in its present form, it suggests no antiquity of origin, the Manx exhibiting no archaic



peculiarities. The subject, tone, and interest would seem to be ancient ; but the Manx cannot have enjoyed the unparalleled privilege of retaining an unchanged and unmodified language for a period of seven hundred years.

We submit, however, that after all is said and done, this collection is not without traces of a struggling utterance, and a real, if depressed, national genius. If our Love-songs, for instance, are sparse, and strike no thrilling note of passion or tenderness, I think we can point to "Songs connected with Customs and Superstitions" as being full of interest. I would direct special attention to *Berrey Dhone* (p. 72); it is a witch-song of the ruggedest and the most fantastic type.

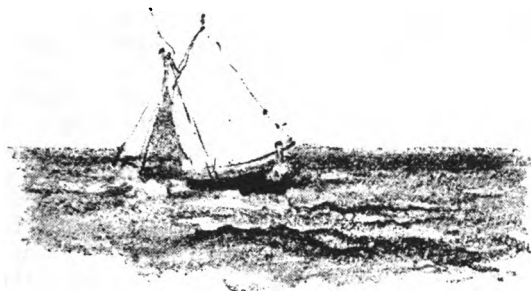
Still the absence of great Love-songs haunts me. I would fain accept *Yn Graihder Jouylagh* (The Demon Lover, p. 119) as an original Manx song. But this is impossible. It may be a *variant* of the Scotch song ; but it is surely much more probable that it is an imperfect, vacillating translation of that magnificent ballad. Almost as lamentable, and even more total, is the absence of War-songs. Love and War—the two great strings of passionate vibration—no, it is no use, our lyre is a broken, perhaps an essentially defective thing.

Great care has been taken to get at the original Melodies. No preconceptions have been suffered to stand in the way of a faithful reproduction of the notes as proceeding from the lips of those who were most likely to have retained the genuine tradition. General Celtic affinities are not lacking ; but I believe it will be found that Mr. Moore's musical colleagues in the preparation of this work have not shrunk from resisting the influence of these affinities when the course of melodic transition seemed to diverge from recognized Celtic modes. Not that they would pretend to establish an independent Manx mode, though, in case of need, they might not be unwilling to risk such an audacity.

For the Harmonies I can only plead that they are grounded on analogy. Of course, the question of Harmony did not come within the range of the Manx

songsters. But to us the harmonic motive is irresistible, and, in most of the songs, flows naturally not to say inevitably, from the melodic phrase. I can see no objection to harmonies thus suggested and circumstanced. In case of superfluity, or unsympathetic colour, the melody is always there to correct a bias however modern, or a point of view however morbid. I believe that Miss Wood's harmonies will bear the test of the reference that I have indicated. They do not disguise the melodies. They facilitate the musical situation, and satisfy a legitimate desire, the desire for finality and completeness.

T. E. BROWN.



# MANX BALLADS.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE object of this publication, as of that of the Manx Carols, is to collect in one volume a curious literature, the greater part of which was threatened with almost certain loss. For less than one-half of the ballads and songs given here have been hitherto published, (a) and, as they are scattered in books\* that are now out of print, they could only have been accessible to very few. The others have been collected from various sources,† some oral, some written, which in a few years would have yielded much smaller results, because the old or elderly people who alone remember them must soon pass away, and because of the risk of the MSS. being lost.

With regard to the poetical merit of these compositions, I can only say that, even in the original Manx, it is, for the most part, of a very low order, and that very few of them are of the true ballad type.‡ It will be observed that their authors, the majority of whom are clearly illiterate men, are occasionally quite indifferent to the exigencies of either metre or rhyme. Their dates, with the exception of the Children's songs, Bishop Rutter's ballads, and a few others, are comparatively recent, belonging to the latter rather than to the earlier part of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, while some were written early in the present century.§ This paucity of early ballads is very remarkable and requires some explanation. It seems to have arisen, in the first place, from the fact that no book was published in the Manx language before the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, the earliest, "The Principles

(a) Less than one-third, till some were published in the *Manx Note Book*, in 1885-7, by the writer.

\* Chiefly the Manx Society's Publications, Vols. xvi, xx, and xxi, and the *Manx Note Book*. As regards the songs etc., published by the *Manx Society* it may be remarked that many of the translations are so absurd, some being the merest paraphrases and others grotesque perversions of the originals, that they are better consigned to oblivion.

† For account of these see pages xxviii-ix.

‡ The word 'ballad' has, however, been used as a convenient general designation of the contents of this book, but it must be understood that it is not to be applied in its strict sense.

§ No ballads written during the last fifty years have been published, as they are of a very low order of merit and have not even antiquity to recommend them (see pages xxviii-ix).

and Duties of Christianity, for the Use of the Diocese of Man," bearing the date 1699. There was, however, the MS. Prayer-book completed by Bishop Phillips in 1610, which has recently been published by the Manx Society,\* but, fifty years later, this had evidently been forgotten, as, in 1663, Bishop Barrow wrote: "There is nothing either written or printed in their language . . . neither can they who speak it best write to one another in it, having no character or letter of it among them."† It would thus appear that whatever native ballads there were then in existence were handed down solely by oral tradition; and they were probably numerous, as we have evidence not only that, as late as 1762,‡ was the ancient ballad of *Fin as Oshin*, which is given below, well known, but that other ballads connected with these heroes, with Cuchullin, with "*Farghail*, the man with the terrible eyes;" and with *Lhane-jiarg*, who had "the bloody red hand,"§ were commonly sung. Notwithstanding this, the last trace of such ballads as these had, some years later, entirely passed away. How is this to be accounted for? The most potent cause was, I believe, the great revival of religious enthusiasm which was first promoted by the publication of the Bible in Manx, and afterwards extended by the marvellous influence of John Wesley. This is the era of the most of the carols;|| and it would seem that, in their devotion to them, the Manx people hastened to forget the ballads about such heathenish creatures as Fin and his congeners. To this day a score of Manxmen will know one or more Manx sacred songs for every one that knows a Manx secular song. Another cause was probably the passion for smuggling which arose at the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Many thus embarked upon an adventurous and exciting career which, by bringing them into contact with men of other nationalities, would tend to lead them to neglect and despise the traditions of their forefathers. Further causes were the large immigration of English residents between 1790 and 1814, the large emigration of Manx

\* Vols. xxxii and xxxiii.

† Ecclesiastical Records.

‡ Lord Teignmouth, writing in 1829, remarked that "of literature there is no trace in the Manks language, excepting some songs composed in the style of Ossian, discovered by Bishop Hildesley;" (*Scotland*, Vol. ii, page 270). If Bishop Hildesley did discover any such songs, they have disappeared long ago.

§ Letter of Deemster Peter Heywood, *Manx Note Book*, Vol. ii, pages 81-2. The old woman who sang *Fin as Oshin* in 1762 was asked where she learned it, and she replied: "from her mother and grandmother and many more; that they used to sing them at their work and wheels." (*Ibid.*)

|| See Introduction to Manx Carols. (J. C. Fargher, Douglas, 1891).

people, chiefly from the northern and western districts, where Manx was more generally spoken than in the southern and eastern districts, which began in 1825, and, finally, the entire indifference, generally speaking, of educated Manx people to their native tongue and national legends. A remarkable proof of this, as regards the last century, is that among numerous letters written by the Manx clergy and others in my possession there is not a single reference to a Manx custom, tradition, legend or ballad; and, as regards this century, the prevalence of the state of feeling referred to is a matter of common notoriety. The chief custodians, then, of Manx ballads have been the illiterate and unlearned, and even they, owing to the causes mentioned, have probably lost most of what was best worth keeping. What remains would have been, in part at least, lost, if it had not been for the diligent zeal of William Harrison of Rockmount,\* Robert Gawne of the Rowany,† and John Quirk of Carn-y-greie,\* whose collections have been made within the last fifty years. Some gleanings which escaped them I have been fortunate enough, with the assistance of a few fellow-workers, to secure. All the ballads, from whatever source they have been obtained, have been translated by me, with the assistance of Mr. W. J. Cain, into literal English prose,‡ which has been printed in verse form so as to correspond with the Manx in appearance. I am, of course, aware that the result of this operation is by no means pleasing, but my aim is to display faithfully the meaning of the Manx originals, however unpoetical and uninteresting they may be, and not to produce what would certainly have been doggerel rhyme of a very inferior kind. The method I have adopted may possibly afford some assistance to the student of the Manx language, while the other would have been no use to any one. The spelling§ of the Manx has, in all cases, been brought to the uniform standard of the Manx Bible.

The contents of this book may be conveniently divided under the following headings: (1) Mythical, Semi-historical and Historical ballads; (2) Children's songs; (3) Ballads connected with customs and superstitions; (4) Love-songs; (5) Patriotic ballads; (6) Nautical ballads; (7) Miscellaneous ballads.

\* The ballads collected by them were printed by the *Manx Society*.

† Robert Gawne's collection is in MS.

‡ Except *Fîn as Oshin* and parts of *Monnanan Beg*. When the literal meaning has been departed from in the text it is given in a foot note.

§ It may be mentioned that the spelling of the MSS. was simply faulty and that it throws no light on the language.

Under (1) the first ballad which requires explanation is *Fin as Oshin*. It is a fragment of a poem, which, according to Deemster Peter Heywood, had been preserved in the following curious manner: In the year 1762, when the first edition of the poems of "Fingal and Ossian," by Macpherson, appeared and had produced a considerable stir in the literary world, two of the Manx clergy, the Rev. Philip Moore and the Rev. Matthias Curghey (Vicar-General) were at Bishop's Court working at the translation of the Bible into the Manx language. In their intervals of leisure Philip Moore read portions of "Fingal" aloud "in the hearing of the Bishop's gardener, an old man who was at work near the door of their laboratory and listening. He stept in on hearing frequent mention of Fingal and Oshian and Cuchullin, etc., and told them he knew who could sing a good song about those men, and that was his brother's wife, a very antient woman, on which they sent for the old dame, who very readily sang them eight or ten verses, which my friend immediately took down in writing, and next day on recollection she brought them the rest, of which he obliged me with a copy."\* The "friend" referred to is probably the Rev. Philip Moore, to whom the translation may be reasonably ascribed. As regards the Manx it is impossible to say how far he is responsible for the form in which we have it, but it is not unlikely that it was "improved" by him. His copy, with the letter from which I have quoted, was sent by Deemster Heywood to Professor Thorkelin, of Copenhagen, and was by him deposited in the British Museum, together with four other ballads,† in 1789. As far as can be ascertained *Fin as Oshin* has never been mentioned by any one since that time, until discovered by the present writer.‡ The first person referred to in it is Fin, or Finn, who was the chief hero of the later Celtic legends, which form a cycle entirely distinct from that of the heroic age. He is said to have been the chief of a band of mercenaries, or robbers, called Fianns, and to have flourished in the second part of the third century. By the Manx he was usually called Fin Mac Coole, in reference to his supposed parentage. His son Ossian, who was reputed to have been the author of most of the poems called after him, is said to have been a famous warrior as well as a great poet, in both of which

\* Letter in *Manx Note Book*, Vol. ii, pages 81-2

† *Eubonia's Praise, Mylecharaine, Scarlett Rocks, The Little Quiet Nation*,

‡ It was published by him in the *Manx Note Book*, Vol. ii, pages 80-4.

roles he reproduced the character of his father. The connection of Fin and Ossian with the Scandinavian Orree in the Manx poem is significant as agreeing with the historical fact that Man was inhabited by a mixed Celto-Scandinavian race. The ballad of *Mannanan Beg* gives the history of the Island in a curious mixture of fact and fiction up to the year 1507, and it would seem from its abruptly breaking off at that date that it was composed then,\* but I am unable to say when it was first written down. The terribly dull and prosaic *Coontey Ghiare jeh Ellan Vannin*, "A Short Account of the Isle of Man," was written by Joseph Bridson in 1760. *Thurot as Elliot* is an account of the naval engagement off Bishop's Court, between the English commanded by Elliot, and the French by Thurot, on the 28<sup>th</sup> of February, 1760, in which the latter was defeated and killed. Each squadron consisted of three frigates, Elliot's flagship being called the "Æolus," and Thurot's the "Marechal Belleisle." The following account of the battle has been handed down in a Peel family: "The Frenchmen after plundering Carrickfergus came towards Peel with the intention of robbing Sir George Moore's house at Ballamoore, they having on board one of their vessels a butler who had been with Sir George. They were, however, prevented from carrying out this scheme by Elliot, who came round the Calf. His force was inferior to that of the French, but the latter were so loaded with plunder that they could not work their lower guns. The battle was fought between Peel and Jurby Point, and my informant's great grandmother told her that she well remembered hearing the thunder of the cannon when she was a little girl."† Only a portion of this ballad seems to have been written at the time of the battle, as, according to Mr. Harrison, "the original copy" has been "considerably enlarged, and the whole rendered into a more correct historical fact."‡ *Er Genney Thombagey*, "On Want of Tobacco," describes the unhappy results of the

\* The version given is taken from Train's *History of the Isle of Man*, Vol. i, pages 50-5, where it is accompanied by these remarks: "The following curious ballad, which is now for the first time translated into English, was composed in the Manks language. The date of printing has been obliterated from the copy in my possession, which I believe to be extremely scarce." I have not been able to find any trace either of this printed copy or of a MS. of the poem.

† From Miss Maggie Kelly, through Miss Graves.

‡ Manx Society, Vol. xxi, page 79. This process was carried out by the Rev. J. T. Clarke, then chaplain of St. Mark's, and he appears to have been indebted to a song called *Thurot's Dream*, taken from "Popular Songs, illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland," edited by T. Crofton Croker, and printed for the *Percy Society* in 1846, for much of his material. I have been able to supplement and correct Mr. Clarke's version by oral evidence.

scarcity of tobacco caused by the American war. It was first sung in Douglas in 1812.

(2) *Children's Songs.* Most of the children's songs in the Isle of Man at the present day are connected with games, especially those which consist of dancing in a ring. They are, however, all of English or Scotch origin,\* except the following, which may still be heard in the parish of Maughold:

"*Hainey,*<sup>(a)</sup> *fainey,* fig *na*<sup>(b)</sup> *fag,*  
*Ooillee,*<sup>(c)</sup> *dooillee,* Adam a nag,  
 Stony rock calico *vack,*<sup>(d)</sup>  
 Ham vam vash TIG and away." †

The songs given in the text were also evidently connected with games, but they are now either altogether forgotten, or only remembered by old people. Some of them are, perhaps, of considerable antiquity. *Ushag Veg Ruy* was both a ring-dance song and a favourite lullaby. *Doagan*, according to Mr. Thomas Crellin of Peel, is a game of a very extraordinary character which was played by children 60 years ago. He says that a rude wooden representation of the human form was fastened on a cross and sticks were thrown at it—just, in fact, like the modern "Aunt Sally." But it is quite possible that this game, taken in connection with the very curious words which the children sang when throwing the sticks is a survival of a very much more serious function. In the rhyme *Fer dy Clie Click*, the sounds *Click, Clock, Cluck* are made with the tongue against the roof of the mouth. *Yn Dooiney Boght* was certainly, and *Arrane ny Paitchyn*, probably, sung while swinging or playing see-saw. *Tappagyn Fiargey*, "Red Top-knots," probably dates from the middle of last century,‡ when top-knots were in vogue as a head dress, though the chorus, *Robin-y-Ree*,§ would appear to be older, while *My Caillin Veg Dhone*, "My Little Brown Girl," is suspiciously like the English "Where are you going to, My Pretty Maid;" but it may be, nevertheless, of purely Manx origin.

\* These have been sent to Mrs. Gomme, who has published them in her "Dictionary of British Folk-Lore."

† From Miss Teare. The Manx words are in italics. It was once probably all Manx. (a) 'ring,' (b) 'or,' (c) 'all,' (d) 'son.'

‡ Vide Centlivre's comedy of the *Artifice*: "The dirtiest Trollop in the town must have her Top-knot and Tickin-shoes." London, 1760.

§ It may be noted in this connection that there was a children's game, called *Robin-y-Ree*, formerly played in Galloway, and that these words occur in an old song known there, see Gomme's *Dictionary of British Folklore*, Vol. i, pages 257-8.



*Lhigey, Lhigey*, "Galloping, Galloping," (see pages 216-17) was received from Miss Graves too late for insertion in this section to which it belongs. The girls when playing it kneel on the ground on one knee, and strike the other knee with their right hands as they say each word.

(3) *Ballads connected with Customs and Superstitions.*

The meaning of the curious old song *Mylecharaine* is obscure, but we may gather from it that there was an old miser called Mylecharaine, who lived in the *Curragh* in the parish of Jurby, that he had a daughter who paid more attention to her attire than he did to his, and that, in consequence of being the first man in Man who broke through the old custom of not giving a dowry to daughters on their marriage, he was the object of a terrible curse. We may well ask, Why? The two last verses of the song are an addition from the MS. of the late Robert Gawne. Nothing is known of *Juan Drummey*, probably for *Juan y Drummey* "John of the Back of the Hill," mentioned in them, but he seems to have behaved in the same way as Mylecharaine, though he acquired his wealth in a different quarter. *Ushtey Millish 'sy Garee*, "Sweet Water in the Common," relates to the old practice of summoning a jury of 24 men, comprised of three men from each of the parishes in the district where the dispute took place,\* to decide questions connected with water-courses, boundaries, etc. The process was, first of all, to submit such questions to the *Great Enquest*, which, according to the customary laws placed on record in 1577, consisted of four men from each parish, or 68 for the whole Island. If the members of the *Great Enquest* differed, the jury referred to, called the *Grand* or *Long Jury*, was summoned, and the final decision, before 1777, lay in its hands. But after that date, both the *Great Enquest* and the *Long Jury* were abolished; the former only being restored in 1793, with a traverse to the Keys. This being the case, it would appear that part of this song dates from a period before 1777. It may be mentioned that *Illiam-y-Close* was a well-known Methodist preacher, and that the word *garee* which Kelly and Cregeen translate as "a sour piece of land," has scarcely an equivalent in English. It is rough undrained pasture land grown

\* i.e., in the Northern or Southern half of the Island.

over with gorse or thorns. *Quoifyn Lileen Vooar*, "Big Flax Caps," commemorates the fashion of wearing tall linen caps which prevailed in the Isle of Man about eighty years ago. *Arrane Oie Vie*, "Good-night Song," is, of course, of general application, but it was the traditional practice to sing it on the way home from the *Oie'l Voirrey*, "Mary's Feast Eve," or Christmas Eve service, and after visiting the nearest inn where they probably partook of some hot ale, flavoured with spice, ginger and pepper.\* *Ollick Gennal*, "Merry Christmas," was sung by the 'waits' at Christmas time. The strange ditty, *Roie ben shenn Tammy*, of which I give three versions, still lingers in Castletown. It is probably merely a fragment of the original song, the words having decreased in number, while losing their meaning. Mrs. Ferrier says that the boys came round singing it at Christmas arrayed in sacks, and that they danced a sort of jig to the chorus which they sang very rapidly. The famous "Hunt the Wren," which has been fully described in my "Folklore of the Isle of Man,"† is still generally performed on St. Stephen's day, though in a very corrupt and degenerate form. The Manx words, now published for the first time, have been derived partly from oral sources and partly from re-translating the English version copied by Mr. Harrison in 1844,‡ which from its form is clearly itself a literal translation of the Manx. The very curious *Hop-tu-naa*§ chorus has also been obtained from various sources. It was sung by boys on Hollantide Eve (11<sup>th</sup> November). According to Kelly its first line was formerly "To-night is New Year's Night—*Hog-unnaa*,"|| one proof, among others, that this was once the last night of the year. The quaint distich, *Kiark Katreeney Marroo*,¶ "Katherine's Hen is Dead," was formerly sung at a fair held on the 6<sup>th</sup> of December, this being Laa'l Katreeney, "Katherine's Feast Day," at Colby, in the parish of Arbory. Those who sang it got possession of a hen which they killed and plucked, and, after carrying it about, buried. If any one got drunk at the fair it was said *T'eh er goaill fedjag ass y chiark*, "He has plucked a feather from the hen." The ballad, *Yn Foldyr Gastey*, "The Nimble Mower," refers to the strange doings of

\* See Kennish, "Mona's Isle," etc., page 84.

† Pages 133-140.

‡ Manx Society, Vol. xvi, pages 154-6.

§ *Folklore of the Isle of Man*, pages 122-5.

|| Dictionary, Manx Society, Vol. xiii, page 24.

¶ It is probably merely a fragment. The Rev. T. E. Brown suggests that *Kiark* should be *Kiarkle* 'circle,' and that the rhyme was originally a religious one referring to the martyrdom of St. Katherine.

the *Fenodderee*, who is popularly supposed to be a fallen fairy, and to be in appearance something between a man and a goat, being covered with black shaggy hair and having fiery eyes. Many stories are told of his gigantic strength, which he occasionally used to do good offices for those who were kind to him.\* The ballad called *Arrane ny Ferishyn*, "Song of the Fairies," contains a mention of Fin McCooile, a favourite Manx hero, whom we have already heard of in *Fin as Oshin*, but who is here degraded to the status of a fairy. It also mentions the *Tarroo-Ushtey* or "Water-Bull,"† a strange monster who is well known in Manx legendary lore; the "Fairy of the Glen," who is evidently the *Glashtin*,‡ a hairy sprite combining the attributes of the *Fenodderee* with those of the *Cabbyl-Ushtey* or "Water-Horse"; and the *Buggane*, who was an Evil Spirit or Fiend.§ *Berrey Dhone*, "Brown Berrey," the name of an ox, seems to commemorate the wild pranks of a notorious witch, called *Margayd-y-Stomachey*, "Margaret the Stomacher," from her costume, who lived at Cornaa, in the parish of Maughold, at the end of last century. She is said to have been a tall powerful woman, as strong as two men, and to have had a very bad reputation. There is a pool in the Cornaa river called *Poyll Berrey Dhone*, in which she is supposed to have drowned the ox before flaying it. My informant told me that his father had seen this woman when he was a boy. *Yn Bollan Bane*, "The White Wort," is the name given to a fairy melody which is said to have been overheard by a drunken fiddler one New Year's morning. He plays the melody as he heard it and gives an account of his proceedings.

(3) *Love Songs*.—Under this heading there is but little requiring any special mention. The best song, perhaps, is *Ec ny Fiddleryn*,|| (page 218) which, it will be seen, begins in much the same way as the fragment *Marish ny Fiddleryn* (pages 106-7) written down by the late Robert Gawne some 40 years ago. *Yn Ven-ainshter Dewil* and *Inneen jeh'n Bochilley* are possibly imitations of English originals. The dialogue of *Car-y-Phoosee* was written by the Rev. Philip Moore, one of the chief translators of the Bible into Manx, about the year 1750, but

\* *Folklore of the Isle of Man*, pages 55-58.

• *Ibid* 59-60.

† *Ibid*, page 58. ‡ *Ibid*, pages 60-61.

|| This was first obtained from Thomas Kermode, Bradda, in 1883, by Professor J. Strachan and Father Henebry, and was published in phonetic Manx with a good translation in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, in March last. Mr. W. J. Cain has since then seen Kermode and has satisfied himself of the general accuracy of this version which he and I have translated.

the chorus is probably of much older date than this. *Dooinnie Seyr v'ayns Exeter*, which is probably incomplete, contains the idea of a ghostly, or demon, lover, which also appears in the fragment *Yn Graihder Jouyllagh*, "The Demon Lover." This, though clearly an imitation of an old Scotch ballad entitled "The Ship of the Fiend or The Demon Lover,"\* is given on account of the intrinsic value of the subject. A brief sketch of the contents of the Scotch ballad, which contains 24 stanzas, will shew the resemblance between it and the translation of the Manx. The lover had been away for seven years, and on his return found his sweetheart married to another man. He told her that if it had not been for love of her, he might have married "a noble lady." He reproached her with her faithlessness, and asked her to go away with him. She replied that she has a little son, and therefore could not go. He then promised her gold and silver, and silk and velvet attire if she would consent to do so. This proved too much for her steadfastness as she bade farewell to her infant son and went on board her lover's ship. No sooner had they left the shore than she began to weep for her husband and child, and the demon said:

"O haud your tongue o' weeping,  
' Let a' your mourning be;  
' I'll show you how the lilies grow  
' On the banks o' Italie.'"

What then happened is best described in the words of the ballad:

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
' That the sun shines sweetly on?'  
' O yon are the hills o' Heaven,' he cried,  
' Where you can never win.'  
' O what a mountain is yon,' she said,  
' Sae dreary wi' frost and snow?'  
' O yon is the mountain o' Hell,' he cried,  
' Where you and I maun go!'  
And aye when she turned her round about,  
Aye taller he seem'd for to be;  
Until the tops o' that gallant ship  
Nae taller were than he.  
He struck the mainmast wi' his hand,  
The foremast wi' his knee;  
The gallant ship was broken in twain,  
And sank into the sea."†

Other fragmentary love songs are *Graih-my-Chree*, "Love of my Heart," and *Ta mee Keayney*, "I am Lamenting," the latter being the wail of a deserted lover.

From "Allingham's Ballad Book."

† The Manx ballad has been obtained partly from Mr. Cashen of Peel, and partly from Mr. Quayle of Glen Meay.

(4) *Patriotic Ballads*.—Of the ballads which, perhaps, may be best described as *Patriotic*, the two oldest were written by Archdeacon, afterwards Bishop, Rutter. They form part of “a choice collection of songs,”\* composed by him between 1642 and 1651, “for the amusement and diversion of the Right Hon. James, Earl of Derby, during his retreat into the Island of Mann, in the time of the Oliverian usurpation.”\* It is not known whether the English words only, or both the English and Manx words, were by Rutter, but, on the whole, it seems probable that he wrote the English and that it was paraphrased in Manx by a native of the Island either in his time or later.† If this was so, the native must have been a very competent Manx scholar, as the Manx of these songs is the best of the whole collection. The first of the patriotic ballads is “*Shee as Maynrys ny Manninee*, ‘Peace and Happiness of the Manx People,’ or ‘The Little Quiet Nation,’ being a prologue to the play acted in Castle Rushen before the Right Hon. James, Earl of Derby, to divert his pensive spirit and deep concern for the calamities of his country, occasioned by the Grand Rebellion, begun Anno 1641.”‡ One of these entertainments is described by Thomas Parre, Vicar of Malew, as follows :

“A.D. 1643. The Right Honble James Earle of Derby, and his Right Honble Countesse invited all the Officers, temporall and sperituall, the Clergie, the 24 Keyes of the Isle, the Crowners, with all their wives, and likewise the best sort of the rest of the inhabitation of the Isle, to a great maske, where the Right Hoble Charles Lo: Strange, with his traine, the Right Hoble Ladies, with their attendance, were most gloriously decked with silver and gould, broidered workes, and most costly ornaments, bracerlets on there hands, chaines on there necks, jewels on there foreheads, earrings in there eares, and crowns on there heads; and after the maske to a feast which was most royall and plentifull with shuttings of ornans, etc. And this was on the twelfth day (or last day) in Christmas, in the year 1644. All the men just with the Earle, and the wives with the Countesse; likewise, there was such another feast that day was twelve moneth at night, beinge 1643.”§

The second is *Creggyn Scarleode*, “Scarlet Rocks,” styled a “Threnodia, or Elegaic Song on the direful effects of the grand rebellion, with a prophetic view of the downfall and catastrophe thereof, composed by the Reverend author on Scarlet Rocks, near Castletown.”\*

\* Quoted from the British Museum copy of the Introduction to a MS. which is said to have been in the library at Knowsley. Unfortunately it cannot now be found, the late Earl at the request of the writer having very kindly caused a thorough search to be made for it.

† If we are to take Bishop Barrow’s remark (see page xv.) as being literally correct, the Manx writer cannot have been a contemporary with Rutter, though, of course, it may have been composed and not written at that time.

‡ Episcopal Register.

According to Bishop Wilson, these and Rutter's other songs were, in his time, in great esteem among the people. And the fact that the songs in vogue at that period were long remembered is corroborated by the following fragment of Cavalier song having survived as late as 1852, when it was taken down from the lips of an old Manx woman :

"Oh! I love well the *Stanlagh* name,  
Though Roundies may abhor him ;  
'Twould be blithe to see the Devil\* go home,  
With all the Whigs† before him.  
Through the Island, or over the sea,  
Or across the Channel with Stanley,  
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
And live and die with Stanley."‡

The old woman sang this to the eighteenth century tune of "The King over the Water," *i.e.*, the dethroned Stuart. This was the only verse she knew, but she declared that her husband's mother had "strings of it singing to the childer from morning to night."‡ *Baase Illiam Dhone*, "Brown William's Death," may be called a patriotic ballad, as it is an account of a well-known public character, whom it depicts as a patriot put to death through the machinations of wicked enemies, though it also partakes of the character of a lament. The prophecies given in it as to the fate of his enemies were so completely fulfilled that there is more than a suspicion that a portion of the ballad, at least, must have been written long after Christian's death, while the last verse refers to events which took place at the end of the eighteenth century. Christian, being the leader of the popular party in Man and in command of the insular militia, made common cause with the Parliamentary troops when they besieged the Countess of Derby at Castle Rushen in November, 1651. In consequence of this he was ten years later brought to trial and, "was shot to death att Hangoe Hill, the 2<sup>nd</sup> of January [1662]."§ The families referred to in the ballad, *viz.* : the Calcots of the Nunnery and of Ballalough, the Tyldesleys of the Friary (Beemachen), and the Norrises of Scarlet, have all disappeared, while the Christians were again found in the Council, and, for a time, repossessed Ronaldsway. The earliest printed copy of this ballad in existence is a "Broadside," dated 1781, which contains the following prefatory remarks : "A Manks

\* Once probably intended for Oliver Cromwell.

† A modern interpolation. ‡ *Manx Sun*, June 12, 1852. § Malew Parish Register.

Elegy on the much lamented death of Receiver-General Christian, of Ronaldsway, who (for giving up the ISLE to the Usurper CROMWELL, then MASTER of the *Three Kingdoms*, and irresistible) was cruelly and unjustly put to Death (January 1662), by a tyrannical and wicked FACTION in the ISLE ;—some of whose DESCENDANTS are, at this TIME, endeavouring to destroy the CONSTITUTION of the COUNTRY, and introduce VASSALAGE and SLAVERY.—It is therefore thought expedient to republish this ingenious PERFORMANCE—to open the EYES of a DELUDED PEOPLE.\* *Mannin Veen*, “Dear Isle of Man,” celebrates the advantages of a residence in Man. It probably dates from towards the end of the last century, when the window tax was in operation in England. *Dobberan Chengey-ny-mayrey Ellan Vannin*, “Mourning the Mother-tongue of the Isle of Man,” was written about 1840 by the late William Kennish, the author of “Mona’s Isle and other Poems.” It represents the ghost of the Manx language lamenting the evil consequences which had, and would, ensue from the neglect of it, and from the new-fangled ways which were being introduced. I have included this ballad, though of recent date, and in indifferent Manx, because I wish this book to contain some record of the first Manxman whose poems depicted the customs and superstitions of the Island.

(5) *Nautical Ballads*.—These, as would naturally be supposed from the situation of the Island, are numerous, but they are nearly all of comparatively recent date, and, for the most part, by composers, probably sailors, who had received very little education. The most interesting of them relates the loss of a portion of the Manx herring fleet on the 21<sup>st</sup> of September, 1787, when about fifty vessels were either totally wrecked, or so much damaged as to be useless, and twenty-one† lives were lost. This ballad was written by a man called *Quayle Vessie*, i.e., Quayle the son of Bessie, who lived in Castletown. *Marrinys yn Tiger*, “Voyage of the Tiger,” is a true story written by John Moore, one of the crew of that vessel. The “Tiger” was bought in England by certain merchants in Douglas, in 1778, and she received letters of marque for preying on French and American merchant vessels, England being then at war with those

\* The version given in the text is taken from Manx Society, Vol. xvi, and this was copied from a MS. of the Rev. J. Crellin, Vicar of Michael from 1771 to 1798.

† This is the number according to the ballad.

countries. The venture was, however, an unfortunate one, as the "Tiger's" first and only prize was a Dutch vessel, and, as the Dutch were neutrals, they promptly claimed damages. To satisfy this claim the "Tiger," according to the ballad, was sold. This, however, is incorrect. Her owners paid the Dutch captain, and, some months later, they sent her on a second, and, as it turned out, an almost equally disastrous cruise. For, when three days out from Douglas, she fell in with the English fleet off the Scilly Islands and was boarded by a boat's crew from the "Romney," Captain Johnstone, who carried off all the able-bodied men she had. The "Tiger" had therefore to return to Douglas, and her owners were so discouraged that they sold her for £1260, though she had cost them £3645.\* John Moore was so fond of singing this ballad that he earned the sobriquet of "Moore the Tiger." After retiring from the sea, he purchased a public-house in the parish of Bride, where he spent his last days. *Yn Chenn Dolphin*, "The Old Dolphin," *Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey*, "Three Poor Fishermen," *Yn Sterrym ec Port le Moirrey*, "The Storm at Port St. Mary," the last of which is evidently incomplete, are tales of shipwreck. *Mannin Veg Veen*, "Dear Little Isle of Man," written down from the recitation of the late Harry Quilliam of Peel, and *Arrane y Skeddán*, "Song of the Herring," composed by the Rev. John Cannell, vicar of Conchan (1798-1810), are connected with fishermen and sea-fishing. The curious *Madgeyn y Jiass*, "Madges of the South," is a satire by the Peel fishermen on their fellows of Port Erin and Port St. Mary. They designate them as *Madges*, i.e., as effeminate creatures, and they declare that they are shiftless and impecunious, and quite under the dominion of their wives. I am told by Mr. Cashen that the Port St. Mary and Port Erin men had also their satire on the men of Peel, but I have been unable to procure it.

(6) *Miscellaneous Ballads*.—Under this heading I have grouped together the ballads which are not sufficiently numerous to be placed in distinct sections: The quaint old ballad of *Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey*, "The Sheep under the Snow," records an incident not uncommon in mountain farming in the winter. The "Nicholas Raby" mentioned in the song is said to be Nicholas Kelly,

\* This information is taken from contemporary letters and documents in the possession of the writer.



proprietor of the estates of Baljean, Raby and Graanane in the parish of Lonan, of which he was captain. He was also a member of the House of Keys. According to the Rev. John Quine, Vicar of Lonan, the song was composed when Nicholas Kelly lay in Castle Rushen for the supposed murder of a couple of old people who had a 'stocking,' and lived by themselves on the slope of Snaefell. He was afterwards released, the real murderers being discovered. Then come two ballads of a gnomie or didactic character,\* viz., *Inneenyn Eirinee*, "Farmer's Daughters," a homily on the impolicy of marrying for money, and a rhapsody entitled *O! Cre ta Gloyr?* "Oh! What is Glory?" This latter, which was written by Vicar-General Stephen early in the present century, is considered one of the best pieces of verse in the Manx language.† "Farmer's Daughters" was written by a fiddler named Lewin, but generally known by his nickname "Fiddler Green," who died about seventy years ago. We then have two "Drinking Songs,"‡ *Eubonia Soilshagh*, "Eubonia Bright," *Eubonia*§ being an ancient name of the Isle of Man, and *Trimshey 'Bait 'sy Fough Lajer*, "Melancholy Drowned in a Glass of Strong Drink," the English versions of both of which were written by Archdeacon Rutter. Next comes the ballad, or "lament," of *Illiam Walker as Robin Tear*, "William Walker and Robert Tear," written by Widow Tear of Ballaugh, the mother of the said William and Robert. Of Robert Tear scarcely anything is known, but the Rev. William Walker, LL.D., Vicar-General, was one of the most learned and distinguished men in the Manx Church during the eighteenth century. He was a devoted follower of Bishop Wilson's, with whom he was imprisoned in Castle Rushen in 1722. It was during their imprisonment that they and Vicar-General Curghey are said to have begun the translation of the New Testament. *My Henn Ghooinee Mie*, "My Good Old Man," *Yn Shenn Laair*, "The Old Mare," and *Hi, Haw, Hum* are evidently intended to be comic, as is the fragment *Ny Mraane Kilkenny*,|| "The Kilkenny Women." The

\* There are several other ballads of this kind which have not been published for reasons given below.

† I have vainly tried to discover whether the Vicar-General translated from an English original or not.

‡ "A Quiet Little Nation" by the same author (see page 128) might also have been placed in the same section, if that of "Patriotic Ballads" had not had a stronger claim upon it.

§ In Archdeacon Rutter's song the word *Eubonia* is absurdly used as a synonym for "strong drink."

|| Kilkenny is the name of a farm in the Parish of Braddan.

remaining ballads in this section are so fragmentary that it is not possible to place them under a special heading. *Hudgeon y Fidder*, "Hudgeon the Weaver," is the only song which gives an intimation that there was once such a thing as smuggling in the Island. *Yn Maarliagh Mooar*, "The Big Robber," appears to convey the moral that evil is easily learned. A verse of *Skeeylley Breeshey*, "Bride Parish," is given for the sake of the music, the adventures of the party referred to being described in the rest of the ballad in language too coarse for publication. The purport of *Ny Mraane-seyrey Balla-Willyn*, "The Ladies of Balla-willyn," is uncertain. The story of the *Arrane Queeyl-nieuee*, "Spinning Wheel Song," is that a woman is set by the Queen to do a task of spinning within a given time under penalty, in case of failure, of becoming her slave. The woman found that the task was an impossible one and so she called on the branches of the tree over her head to help her. They did so, with a successful result, and the woman joyfully sings "Old Trit Trot (herself) she (the Queen) never will get." It is evidently only a fragment, as is *Yn Eirey Cronk yn Ollee*, "The Heir of Cattle Hill."

I have now to refer to some ballads which have not been included in this collection: They consist of (1) *Erotic Ballads*,\* and (2) *Modern Ballads*. Those in the first class have been excluded because they are too gross and indecent for publication; and those in the second, partly because they are of the most inferior type of doggerel and partly because most of them have been written within the last fifty years. They chiefly consist of temperance songs,† which were an outcome of the reform in that direction which began about 1834 and did so much good in the Island.

I will now proceed to give an account of the sources from which the ballads and songs given in the text have been derived. They are: (1) PRINTED. From *Train's*

\* The titles of a few of the best known are: (1) Quilliam Baugh. (2) Dy bovms as berchys moar. (3) Mogbrey dan venainshter. (4) Traa va mee ghuiiley beg aalin as reagh. (5) Va mee baghyn kewt soorey. (6) Ail moar, ail moar mullagh ny chrink. (7) Walk mee magh morrey Laa Bauldyn. (8) Ayns earlish Cromwell. [The spelling is given as in the original MSS].

† (1) Pingyn yn ommidan. (2) Illiam as Isabel, a short poem with a long prose dialogue. (3) Yn jeirkagh Mestallagh. (4) Yn Meshtallagh. All the above are directed against drunkenness, while (5) Mollaght er Thombaga is in opposition to smoking. The other ballads of recent date are (1) Megpolleh, an attempt at imitating an old Manx song by John Ivon Moseley, a coadjutor with the Rev. J. T. Clarke in producing the English-Manx portion of the Manx Society's dictionary. (2) T'an emshyr ain quagh car ny bleaney, by that excellent old Manxman, the late John Quirk of Carn-y-greie. (3) Yn coayl jeh'n Lilliee, a vessel which was blown up at Kitterland in December 1852. This was written by Thomas Shimmin, a strange creature who combined the functions of rag-gatherer and poet.

*History of the Isle of Man*—Mannanan Beg Mac-y-Lheirr. From *Folklore of the Isle of Man*—Kiark Katreeney Marroo. From *Manx Society's Publications*—Thurot as Elliot, Coontey Ghiare jeh Ellan Vannin, Tappagyn Jiargey, Mylecharaine (partly),\* Yn Venainshter Dewil, Car-y-Phoosee, Baase Illiam Dhone, Coayl jeh ny Baatyn-Skeddan, Marrinys yn Tiger, Yn Chenn Dolphin, Mannin Veg Veen, Arrane y Skeddan, Inneenyn Eirinee (partly),† Eubonia Soilshagh, Illiam Walker as Robin Teare, Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey, O! Cre ta Gloyr. From *Manx Note Book*—Fin as Oshin, Manninee Dobberan harrish Seaghyn Mannin Veen, Ushag Veg Ruy, Shee as Maynrys ny Manninee, Creggyn Scarleode, Mannin Veen, Trimshey 'Bait 'sy Jough Lajer, Dooiney Seyr v'ayns Exeter (partly),‡ Arrane Sooree. From *Kelly's Dictionary*—Doagan. From *Cregeen's Dictionary*—Ollick Gennal. From *Mona's Herald*—Dobberan Chengey-ny Mayrey Ellan Vannin. (2) MANUSCRIPT. From the late *Mr. Robert Gawne*—Er Genny Thombaghey, Arrane ny Paitchyn, Fer Dy Clein Click, Yn Dooiney Boght, Berry Dhone, Quoifyn Lieen Vooar, Moir as Inneen, Nancy Sooill-Ghoo, Nelly Veen, Isabel Foalsey, Irree Seose, Marish ny Fiddleryn, Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey, My Henn Ghooiney Mie, Skeylley Breeshey. From *Mr. C. Roeder*—Inneen jeh'n Bochilley. (3) ORAL. From *Mr. William Cashen*—Juan-y-Jaggad Keear, Ushtey Millish 'sy Garee, Madgyn y Jiass, Yn Sterrym ec Portle-Moirrey, Yn Shenn Laair, Hi, Haw, Hum, Arrane Queeyl Nieuee, Yn Graihder Jouylagh,‡ My Vannaght er Shiu, Mraane Kilkenney, Yn Eirey Cronk yn Ollee. From *Mr. Thomas Crellin*—My Caillin Veg Dhone, Graih my Chree. From *Professor Rhys*—Hudgeon y Fidder, Yn Maarliagh Mooar. From *Miss Graves*—Lhigey, Lhigey. From *Mr. John Cain*—Yn Bollan Bane. From *Mr. Wynter*—Eisht as Nish. From *Mr. Thomas Kermode*—Ec ny Fiddleryn. From *Various People*§—Hop-tu-naa, Yn Folder Gastey,|| Helg yn Dreain, Arrane Oie Vie, Roie Ben Shenn Tammy, Yn Ven-aeg Foalsagh.

SUMMARY: Printed sources 31, MSS. 16, Oral 26—Total 73. Of this total 51 have been collected by the writer.

\* Also Gawne's MS.

† Also Mr. R. Kerruish, Maughold.

‡ Also Mr. John Quayle, Glen Meay.

§ Fragments have been picked up from too many different people to specify, and then pieced together. || Partly also in Manx Society's Publications.

## INTRODUCTION TO MUSIC.

IT is with a feeling of relief that I turn from the subject of Manx Ballads to that of Manx Melodies,\* as I am confident that, whatever may be thought of the former, the latter will commend themselves to the musical portion of my readers. There can, at least, be little doubt that, in most cases, they are older than, as well as superior to, the words which are now set to them.† Indeed it is probable that they were for the most part originally composed without words, and it would appear from the evidence of Chaloner and Quayle, given below, that many of them were dance tunes. In the present collection, however, there are only eight tunes which are, or might be, dance tunes,‡ and not only these, but all the tunes published, have, or have had, words attached to them.§ Before stating the sources from whence they have been derived, I will quote what previous writers have said about Manx music in the past. Chaloner, writing in the middle of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, remarked that the Manx people were “much addicted to the music of the Violyne;|| so that there is scarce a Family in the Island, but more or lesse can play upon it; but as they are ill composers, so are they bad Players.”¶ It is probable, however, that his unfavourable judgment was due rather to the strangeness of the music to his English ear than to the want of skill in the players. Eighty years later, another Englishman, Waldron, mentioned the fact of one tune being invariably played at Manx weddings, but this tune, “The Black

\* By the term “Manx Melodies” I do not wish it to be understood that I claim them as necessarily of native origin, but simply that they are melodies known to the Manx people by oral tradition.

† Some melodies are sung to more than one set of words. Thus the tune of *Mannin Veg Veen* is also applied to *Madgyn y Jiass*, *Yn Coayl jeh ny Baatyn-Skeddan* to *Yn Sterrym ec Port le Moirrey*, and *Inneenyn Eirinee* to *Yn Ven-ainshter Dewil*.

‡ i.e., *Roie Ben Shenn Tammy*, *Skeeylley Breeshey*, *My Graih nagh baare*, *Ushag veg Rug*, *Car-y-Phoosee*, *Jemmy as Nancy*, *Tappagyn Jiargey*, *Juan y Jaggad Keear*.

§ Thus the “Lullaby” has English words. Fragments of the words of *Jemmy as Nancy* are in existence, but I have not been able to secure them in an intelligible form. *My Graih nagh baare* and *Skeign dooin*, given by Barrow, are clearly the beginning of the Manx words which belonged to these tunes, as they have no connexion with his English words, while *Isabel Foalsey*, given by the same writer, is the title of a love-song to which there were once words. Indeed, it is probable that it was sung to the ballad (pages 100-103) so entitled, the reason that it is no longer adapted to it being, seemingly, that Barrow had it altered to suit his own doggerel.

|| This he notes as being strange because of “their neighbours, the northern English, the Scots, the Highlanders, and the Irish, generally, affecting the Bag-pipe.”—*Manx Society*, Vol. X, page 11. ¶ *Ibid*, Vol. XI, page 134.

and the Grey," was not Manx, being in vogue in England during the reign of Charles II. It would seem, that, at this period, musical instruments were very scarce, as it is said that the people used flutes made of the elder tree at the time of rejoicing, when Bishop Wilson was released from prison in 1722. The next mention of Manx music is in 1812, when Quayle, in writing about the Harvest festival, or *Mheillea*, said: "English country-dances are still unknown to them. Jigs and reels, in which four or five couples join, take their place, the fiddler changing his tune and often playing one of the few national lively airs preserved from early times, resembling strongly in character the Irish."\* It was about this time that four part singing was first introduced into the Island by a man called Shepherd, who wrote down several of the old Manx sacred airs, but he did not publish them,† so that Manx tunes first appeared in print in a book entitled "The Mona Melodies. A Collection of Ancient and Original Airs of the Isle of Man,"‡ which was published in 1820. It will suffice to say that this book abounds in errors against musical canons, but the worst fault committed by its authors is the distortion of the melodies in the fruitless effort to make them fit the feeble verses which Barrow composed to accompany them. Inferior as are the words, for instance, of *Mylecharaine*, *Kirree fo Niaghtey*, *Berrey Dhone*, and *Caillin Veg Dhone*§ to the music to which they are set, they are, at least, not so inappropriate as the following:

(1) *Mylecharaine*—

"Dear Mona farewell, for why should I stay,  
'Mid scenes of grief and pain:  
Tho' sad be the hour and gloomy the day  
I leave my dear Molly Charane.  
Oh! bright are thy charms and brilliant thine eyes,  
Thine heart without a stain;  
And all parting sorrows, fears, and sighs  
Are thine, my sweet Molly Charane."

My readers will bear in mind that *Mylecharaine* was a man!

\* *Agriculture of the Isle of Man*, page 12.

† I have not been able to obtain them, but they are, I believe, to be published by Messrs. Gill and Clague, in their forthcoming book of Manx music.

‡ They were "arranged for the voice with a Pianoforte accompaniment by an Amateur." Diligent enquiry has failed to discover who he was. The words were written by Mr. J. Barrow, who was organist of St. George's Church in Douglas. The book was dedicated to the Duchess of Kent and was published "at Mitchell's Musical Library and Instrument Warehouses, 159 New Bond Street and 13 Southampton Row, Russell Square. Price 8s." It is now exceedingly scarce.

§ These songs are headed by the Manx titles as given.

(2) *Kirree fo Niaghtey*—

"At close of day when o'er the ocean gleaming,  
The lingering sunbeams kissed each murm'ring billow,  
A sea nymph waking from her tranquil dreaming,  
Thus sang slow rising from her em'rald pillow."

(3) *Berrey Dhone*—

"Often hath the Poet's lay,  
Delighted sung the praise of beauty;  
Beauty still hath been the shrine  
Where verse hath paid its noblest duty."

(4) *Caillin Veg Dhone*—

"The storm is up, the howling blast  
Is raging o'er the lone bleak hill;  
Where'er its angry course hath past  
Impatient foams each mountain rill."

After perusing these effusions no one will be surprised to find that, in their introduction, the authors felicitate themselves on having placed "so wild and unpolished a Muse" in "fetters." They have certainly done so. Having thus criticised the first collection of Manx music, I will describe the manner in which the present collection has been made, hoping that it, in its turn, may not deserve condemnation. Careful inquiries have been made in every parish in the Island with reference to those who were acquainted with old tunes. Competent musicians have then visited them and have taken down the music from their lips.\* In cases where the versions given have varied slightly, that which appeared to be more correct has been taken. But in the few cases where the tunes of the same song vary considerably, such as in *Yn Bollan Bane*, *Hop-tu-naa*, and *Mylecharaine* two versions are given. In the last well-known tune there are numerous slight variations, in addition to the broad distinction between the version in the major key and that in the minor. The version in the major key is the most widely known, but that in the minor key, for which I am indebted to Mr. James B. Nicholson, is undoubtedly the older of the two. This process, then, has resulted in the acquisition of the following tunes and versions of tunes:

*Yn Coayl jeh ny Baatyn-Skeddan* (1st version) and *Yn Bollan Bane* (1st version) (Mr. John Cain, Douglas); *Yn Bollan Bane* (2nd version), *Thurot as Elliot*, *Hop-tu-naa*, *Car-y-Phoosee* (1st version), (the late Philip Cain, Baldwin); *Kiark Katreeney* (Mr. John Bridson, Colby); *Mannin Veg Veen*, *Marrinys yn Tiger*, *Ushtey Millish*,

\* Twenty-nine tunes have been obtained by Mr. H. Bridson, two by Mr. J. E. Kelly of Peel, two by Mrs. Ferrier, one each by Mr. James B. Nicholson, Miss A. Gell, and Miss Graves.

Graih my Chree, Inneenyn Eirinee, Juan y Jaggad Keear, Snieu Wheeyl Snieu (Mr. Thomas Crellin, Peel); Ta Mee Nish Keayne, Ny Three Eastearyn Boghtey, Eisht as Nish (Mr. Thos. Wynter, Andreas); Ec ny Fiddleryn (Mr. H. Cregeen, Peel); Jemmy as Nancy\* (1st version) (Mr. W. Harrison, Andreas); Yn Graihder Jouylagh, Dooiney Seyr v'ayns Exeter, Arrane Sooree (Mr. John Quayle, Glen Meay); Ushag Veg Ruy, Helg yn Dreain, Mylecharaine *major*, (Mr. H. Bridson, Cronkbourne); Mylecharaine *minor*, (Mr. Jas. B. Nicholson, Douglas); Roie Ben Shenn Tammy, Hop-tu-naa (2nd version) (Mrs. Ferrier, Castletown); Lullaby.† Yn Coayl jeh ny Baateyn Skeddan (2nd version), Mraane Kilkenny, Car-y-Phoosee (2nd version), Eirey Cronk yn Ollee (Miss Mary Gawne, Peel); Yn Shenn Dolphin, Jemmy as Nancy,\* (2nd version), (Mr. James Gawne, Peel.)

Great care has been taken to obtain these tunes in their original form, and no preconception as to the probability of their having been in Celtic or other modes has been suffered to interfere with a faithful reproduction of the melodic phrases as heard from the lips of their singers. Of the remaining ten tunes, the nine which follow are from the "Mona Melodies:" (a),

Tappagyn Jiargey, Illiam Dhone, Caillin Veg Dhone, My Graih Nagh Baare,\* Sheign Dooiney,\* My Henn Ghooiney, Berrey Dhone, Skeylley Breeshey, Isabel Foalsey.\*

and one, *Kirree fo Niaghtey*(b), from Volume XVI of the *Manx Society's* publications. As regards the origin of these tunes, I cannot venture to give any opinion, but I would point out that, excepting two, of which variants are found in England, Scotland, and Ireland, two more, one of which bears a strong likeness to an English nursery song and the other to an Irish melody, and three or four others which are dubious,† the most diligent comparison has failed to find any close likeness between them and the national airs of the adjacent countries, though their general character is decidedly Irish. It is certain, however, that the rigid criticism to which I hope they will be subjected will result in the discovery of further re-

\* Without words. † Sung to English words.

- (a) There are thirteen melodies altogether in this collection, but of these I have been able to get two orally, and one, *Kirree fo Niaghtey*, is taken from the better version in Vol. XVI of the *Manx Society's* publications. Of the remaining ten tunes, all of which are unknown at the present day, I have copied nine unaltered, and have discarded the tenth which does not appear to be of Celtic origin, and bears the distinctly non-Celtic name of 'Wandescope.'
- (b) This is from a MS. of the late J. F. Crellin of Orrysdale. In my version, however, the accidentals have been omitted, so as to present the tune in its probably original form.
- ‡ Two bars of another tune resemble those of a well-known Irish air. I have not in any case mentioned the names of the tunes in question, as I think it better that the ingenuity of my critics should be exercised in discovering them.

semblances. And, indeed, it is probable that Manxmen, living as they do in an island situated between Ireland, Scotland, and the north of England, have appropriated some of the music of these countries.\* And now for a few words about the harmonizing of the melodies. They have all, with the exception of the minor version of Mylecharaine,† been admirably arranged by Miss Wood, A.R.C.O., with the assistance of Miss McKnight, F.R.C.O., and their work, as regards the greater number of the tunes, has been submitted to the revision of Mr. Colin Brown, the great authority on Celtic music. With reference to the harmonies, it must be remembered that, as they are, of course, not original, they are not supposed to be of any value for historical or scientific purposes, but, as being beautiful in themselves and suggested by the tunes and their development, there is good reason to believe that they will be acceptable to the musical public. I hope that the result of this little book will be to admit the music of the Isle of Man to a distinct, though humble, share in the great body of national music which is now being so generally collected, and that in it may be found, in the striking words of a recent writer, "the national idioms in their simplest and most unsophisticated expression."‡ For I can state, with confidence, that a "prettified Englished presentation"§ of these old melodies has carefully been avoided, and that every effort has been made to preserve them with all their "strange, outlandish, and unconventional qualities."§

And now there only remains the pleasant task of thanking those who have so kindly and cordially co-operated with me. To Mr. W. J. Cain I have already referred, and so I need only add that his assistance has been invaluable. The enjoyment my readers will derive from Mr. J. M. Nicholson's charming and sympathetic illustrations will enable them to perceive how greatly I am indebted to him, and, in the same way, they will appreciate how much Mr. T. E. Brown's able and

\* There were formerly more Manx tunes in existence than there are now, as is shown by the facts that out of the thirteen melodies published in 1820, only three are known at the present day, and that, as I have been frequently assured, many tunes have recently been lost by the death of those who alone were acquainted with them. There are, doubtless, also many tunes now in existence which I have not been able to secure, especially dance tunes, to which I have not particularly directed my attention. I may mention here that I have collected a number of the peculiar sacred tunes which are sung to the Carols, with a view to publication in a separate volume.

† Harmonised by Mr. James B. Nicholson.

‡ *Studies in Modern Music*, 2nd Series (W. H. Hadow), p. 24.

§ Lecture by Sir A. Mackenzie on "National Music," at the Royal Institution.



suggestive preface has added to the value of this publication. Coming to the music, I have to acknowledge the skill and perseverance which Mr. H. Bridson has shown in obtaining so many of the tunes. His work has been difficult and, indeed, it would have been found impossible by any one who is not only a thorough musician but a good Manxman. I need not dwell upon my obligations to Miss Wood and Miss McKnight for their clever and beautiful harmonies, and to Mr. Colin Brown for his advice and guidance, as they are self-evident. Then there are the many friends† who have contributed ballads and tunes, and, finally, there are the printers, Messrs. G. and R. Johnson, who have carried out their part of the work with extreme care.

A. W. MOORE.

Cronkbourne,  
September 1896.

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Since the above was sent to the press the volume of "Manx National Songs," arranged by Mr. W. H. Gill, has been published, and so I have the opportunity of cordially thanking Mr. Gill for the kind remarks he has made about me in his able introductory account of "Manx Music," and of congratulating him and his coadjutors, The Deemster Gill and Dr. J. Clague, on having preserved some beautiful melodies.



MYTHICAL, SEMI-HISTORICAL,  
AND HISTORICAL BALLADS





## FIN AS OSHIN.

H

IE Fin as Oshin magh dy helg,

\* Fal, lal, lo, as fal, lal, la.

Lesh sheshaght trean as moddee elg,

Cha row un dooinney sloo ny keead,

Coshee cha bieu che row ny lheid ;

Lesh feedyn Coo eisht hie ad magh,

Trooid Slieau as Coan dy yannoo Cragh.

—Quoi daag ad ec y thie agh Orree beg,†

Cadley dy kiune fo scadoon'n creg!

Slane three feed Quallian aeg gyn unnane sloo,

\* \* \* \* \*

Lesh three feed cailleeyn dy yeeaghyn moo.

—Dooyrt Inneen Fin ayns Craid as Corree,

“Kys yiow mayd nish cooilleen er Orree?”

—Dooyrt Inneen Oshin : “kiangle mayd eh,

\* Chorus after every line.

† Orree Beg—Young Orree—not from his size, but age ;—where there are two of the same family, Father and Son, of the same name, the younger is stiled beg—i.e., the lesser. This Orree beg is supposed to have been a Scandinavian prince, prisoner on his parole, with Fingal—and like some modern Gallants, to make love to both the young Ladies at the same time,—and thus they shew their resentment. He declines the Hunting party, for an opportunity of intriguing (sic) with one or other of the Ladies. Meantime he falls asleep in a Grotto in the heat of the day—but when he awoke and found the indignity done him, he resolves, in revenge, to burn Fingal's palace—takes his huge Bill, an instrument like a Hoe, with which they hack and grub up Gorze and Heath, or Ling, &c., for firing—buries him to the Forest, and made up eight large burthens, such as eight modern men could not heave from the ground, and with these he fired the House as above described.

Lesh Folt y ching chionn gys y Clea,  
 As chur mayd Aile gys y cass cha bieu."  
 Clysht tappee eisht hug Orree ass,  
 Tra dennee'n smuir roie ass e chiass,  
 Loo \**Mollaght Mynney* ad dy stroie,  
 Va er n'yannoo craid er Mac y Ree!  
 Dy farbagh breearrey ry Ghrian as Eayst,  
 Dy losht ad hene as thieyn neesht.  
 —Hie Orree beg magh dys ny Sleityn,  
 As Speih mooar connée er e geayltyl.  
 Hoght bart mooar trome hug eh lesh cart,  
 Hoght Kionnanyl currit ayns dagh Bart.  
 Hoght deiney lheid's sy theihll nish t'ayn  
 Cha droggagh bart jeh shoh ny v'ayn.  
 Ayns dagh uinnag hug eh Bart, as ayns dagh dorrys,  
 Agh mean y Thie mooar hene yn Bart mooar sollys.  
 —Va Fin as Oshin nish shelg dy chionn,  
 Lesh ooilley nyn treanee ayns ollish as joan.  
 —Yaagh woar ren sheeyney ass y neear,  
 Troggal ayns bodjallyn agglagh myr rere.  
 —Roie Fin as roie Oshin, derrey d'aase Oshin skee :  
 Agh she Fin mooar hene chum sodjey nish roie.  
 Eisht dyllee Fin huggey lesh Coraa trome,  
 "Cha vel faagit ain nish agh tholtanyl lhome!"  
 —Quoi ren yn assee shoh nagh re Orree beg?  
 Va'r chosney voue chelleerid gys oig fo yn creg.  
 —Raad plooghit lesh Yaagh hayrn ad magh er y cass,  
 \* \* \* \* \*



## FIN AND OSHIN.



**F**IN and Oshin went out to hunt,  
 †Fal, lal, loo, as fal, lal la.  
 With a noble train of men and dogs,  
 Not less in number than one hundred men,  
 So swift of foot and keen, none were their like;  
 With scores of Bandogs fierce they sallied forth,

\* *Mollaght Mynney*, is the bitterest curse in our language, that leaves neither Root nor Branch, like the *Skeabthoan*, the besom of destruction.

† Chorus after every line.



# MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC



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**NEW YORK**





# MANX BALLADS & MUSIC

EDITED BY

A. W. MOORE. M.A.

WITH A PREFACE

BY THE

REV<sup>d</sup> T. E. BROWN. M.A.



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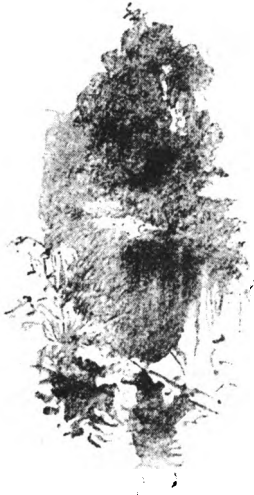
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# MANX BALLADS.



## PREFACE.

AS regards the words and the music of the Manx Songs, one is constantly startled by their disparity. Many of the tunes seem fitted, if not intended, to express emotions which find no utterance in the words. And the question occurs—are these the original words? In the case of the best known among the tunes, *Mylecharaine*, the subject of the song is of a very prosaic kind. A dowry, for the first time in the Isle of Man, is given to a daughter, and is condemned by the lieges as of evil precedent. But the tune suggests a depth of ineffable melancholy. In *Kirree fo Niaghtey* we have a tune, I should imagine, less trimmed to modern associations, a very noble, rugged product of conditions which it is hard to realize, even though we were to admit that a great snow-fall and the rescue of the buried flocks may possibly have occasioned this vehement and irregular outburst.

The Love-songs, for the most part, appeal to prudential considerations rather than passionate impulse. They affect the dialogue form, as in *Moir as Inneen*, where the mother represents common sense, and the daughter betrays no consciousness of individual passion, but merely the general preference for the married as compared with the single life. In Scotch music we find a similar state of things. No one can for a moment pretend to be satisfied that the words of "Robin Adair" were originally written to that tune, still less to allow the superb madness of "Roslyn Castle" to be adequately mated with such rubbish as that with which it is fain to put up in books of Scottish Song. We cannot resist the conviction that these great old tunes have lost their partners in life, that both tunes and words were the outcome of a more primitive age. For some reason or other the words were forgotten, and the tunes, in their forlorn widowhood, descended to the

embrace of churls and varlets, or continued to exist in single blessedness, and became those "Songs without Words" which serve as the basis of popular dance music.

The next thing which strikes us in the survey of our little field is that the songs are so few in number, and, in quality, so trifling, so unromantic, so unpoetical, and so modern. The causes may be conjectured. In addition to those mentioned in Mr. Moore's Introduction, I venture to suggest the following :

1.—There has never been a Bardic class, nor have there been any royal or feudal traditions which could foster such a class. Hence the total lack of that stimulus which had so much to do with the literature of the Border Ballads. Of anything like the native literary instinct which has always obtained in Wales it is, in this connection, useless to speak.

2.—The football position of the Island, kicked about from Celt to Norseman, from English to Scot. This must have affected the language as well as the temper and spirit of the people.

3.—We fell under the dominion of a great English family, the Stanleys ; but we were not thereby admitted even to the doubtful advantages of the Feudal system. We were practically serfs, and this serfdom continued for three hundred years, terminating only in the Act of Settlement.

4. This was a period of unhappiness, "benevolent despotism" if you will, but absolute ignorance—tyranny, in fact, with certain compensations. One of them does not appear to have been *culture* of any kind or sort. The pre-Reformation clergy did nothing ; it was their interest to do nothing.

5.—Out of this mediæval darkness we were delivered by the Reformation. But there is no literary result : "who will sing us the songs of Zion ?" We had none. I can imagine nothing more crushed and broken than the spirit of the Manx people as they passed under the Ecclesiastical tyranny which, indeed, had never, under any secular *régime*, ceased, vampire-like, but with the

best intentions, to suck the blood of our forefathers. Feudalism was a fruitful source of poetry. But we never had Feudalism. What we had was Serfdom. The American slaves could sing; they are a light mercurial race; and I would not give our poor old "Kirree" for all their facile gushes of sentimentalism. We were Celts, that never had fair play, we brooded, smouldered, did not come off. Even the dash of Norse blood failed to fire us; and, while the Russian serf has continued to sing or sob, through all the centuries, melodic miseries now available as "pick-me-ups" for Teutonic *dilettanti*, we have been silent.

6.—It is impossible to over estimate the baleful effects upon our song literature of the Church discipline as maintained by Bishops Barrow and Wilson. They were both good and excellent men, themselves no mean scholars, and capable of ancient as well as contemporary literature. But it would never have occurred to them that the Manxmen were fitted for anything except abject obedience. Archdeacon Rutter might fling a spell of Cavalier sentiment across the sullen waters, might, even as Bishop, venture to imperil his dignity by singing the praises of Manx Ale; but how about the people? Love-songs, satires, and so-forth, written by common men for common men! "Lewdness, superfluity of naughtiness"—let him "whistle o'er the lave o't" in St. German's dungeon. That would have been, in all probability, the fate of the Manx Burns.

7.—The People went on to Methodism; that was another yoke. The naturally bright and clever creatures, even after the long period of suppression, were quite capable, upon their liberation from serfdom in 1703, of asserting themselves, however late, in verse. Methodism came just in the nick of time. The very springs of song were seized by the new movement. Psalmody, Carvals, and the like, occupied all serious minds. But these were comparatively modern. What fascinates and tantalizes us is the *ignis fatuus* of a real relic of antiquity in the Fragment, *Fin as Oshin*. This may be an echo of an Epic, or a Saga, but our copy dates only from 1762, and, in its present form, it suggests no antiquity of origin, the Manx exhibiting no archaic



peculiarities. The subject, tone, and interest would seem to be ancient ; but the Manx cannot have enjoyed the unparalleled privilege of retaining an unchanged and unmodified language for a period of seven hundred years.

We submit, however, that after all is said and done, this collection is not without traces of a struggling utterance, and a real, if depressed, national genius. If our Love-songs, for instance, are sparse, and strike no thrilling note of passion or tenderness, I think we can point to "Songs connected with Customs and Superstitions" as being full of interest. I would direct special attention to *Berrey Dhone* (p. 72); it is a witch-song of the ruggedest and the most fantastic type.

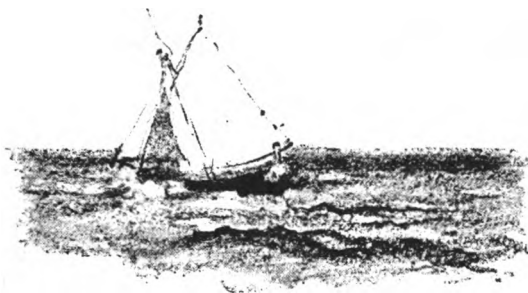
Still the absence of great Love-songs haunts me. I would fain accept *Yn Graihder Youylagh* (The Demon Lover, p. 119) as an original Manx song. But this is impossible. It may be a *variant* of the Scotch song ; but it is surely much more probable that it is an imperfect, vacillating translation of that magnificent ballad. Almost as lamentable, and even more total, is the absence of War-songs. Love and War—the two great strings of passionate vibration—no, it is no use, our lyre is a broken, perhaps an essentially defective thing.

Great care has been taken to get at the original Melodies. No preconceptions have been suffered to stand in the way of a faithful reproduction of the notes as proceeding from the lips of those who were most likely to have retained the genuine tradition. General Celtic affinities are not lacking ; but I believe it will be found that Mr. Moore's musical colleagues in the preparation of this work have not shrunk from resisting the influence of these affinities when the course of melodic transition seemed to diverge from recognized Celtic modes. Not that they would pretend to establish an independent Manx mode, though, in case of need, they might not be unwilling to risk such an audacity.

For the Harmonies I can only plead that they are grounded on analogy. Of course, the question of Harmony did not come within the range of the Manx

songsters. But to us the harmonic motive is irresistible, and, in most of the songs, flows naturally not to say inevitably, from the melodic phrase. I can see no objection to harmonies thus suggested and circumstanced. In case of superfluity, or unsympathetic colour, the melody is always there to correct a bias however modern, or a point of view however morbid. I believe that Miss Wood's harmonies will bear the test of the reference that I have indicated. They do not disguise the melodies. They facilitate the musical situation, and satisfy a legitimate desire, the desire for finality and completeness.

T. E. BROWN.



# MANX BALLADS.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE object of this publication, as of that of the Manx Carols, is to collect in one volume a curious literature, the greater part of which was threatened with almost certain loss. For less than one-half of the ballads and songs given here have been hitherto published, (a) and, as they are scattered in books\* that are now out of print, they could only have been accessible to very few. The others have been collected from various sources,† some oral, some written, which in a few years would have yielded much smaller results, because the old or elderly people who alone remember them must soon pass away, and because of the risk of the MSS. being lost.

With regard to the poetical merit of these compositions, I can only say that, even in the original Manx, it is, for the most part, of a very low order, and that very few of them are of the true ballad type.‡ It will be observed that their authors, the majority of whom are clearly illiterate men, are occasionally quite indifferent to the exigencies of either metre or rhyme. Their dates, with the exception of the Children's songs, Bishop Rutter's ballads, and a few others, are comparatively recent, belonging to the latter rather than to the earlier part of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, while some were written early in the present century.§ This paucity of early ballads is very remarkable and requires some explanation. It seems to have arisen, in the first place, from the fact that no book was published in the Manx language before the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, the earliest, "The Principles

(a) Less than one-third, till some were published in the *Manx Note Book*, in 1885-7, by the writer.

\* Chiefly the Manx Society's Publications, Vols. xvi, xx, and xxi, and the *Manx Note Book*. As regards the songs etc., published by the *Manx Society* it may be remarked that many of the translations are so absurd, some being the merest paraphrases and others grotesque perversions of the originals, that they are better consigned to oblivion.

† For account of these see pages xxviii-ix.

‡ The word 'ballad' has, however, been used as a convenient general designation of the contents of this book, but it must be understood that it is not to be applied in its strict sense.

§ No ballads written during the last fifty years have been published, as they are of a very low order of merit and have not even antiquity to recommend them (see pages xxviii-ix).

and Duties of Christianity, for the Use of the Diocese of Man," bearing the date 1699. There was, however, the MS. Prayer-book completed by Bishop Phillips in 1610, which has recently been published by the Manx Society,\* but, fifty years later, this had evidently been forgotten, as, in 1663, Bishop Barrow wrote: "There is nothing either written or printed in their language . . . neither can they who speak it best write to one another in it, having no character or letter of it among them."† It would thus appear that whatever native ballads there were then in existence were handed down solely by oral tradition; and they were probably numerous, as we have evidence not only that, as late as 1762,‡ was the ancient ballad of *Fin as Oshin*, which is given below, well known, but that other ballads connected with these heroes, with Cuchullin, with "*Farghail*, the man with the terrible eyes;" and with *Lhane-jiarg*, who had "the bloody red hand,"§ were commonly sung. Notwithstanding this, the last trace of such ballads as these had, some years later, entirely passed away. How is this to be accounted for? The most potent cause was, I believe, the great revival of religious enthusiasm which was first promoted by the publication of the Bible in Manx, and afterwards extended by the marvellous influence of John Wesley. This is the era of the most of the carols;|| and it would seem that, in their devotion to them, the Manx people hastened to forget the ballads about such heathenish creatures as Fin and his congeners. To this day a score of Manxmen will know one or more Manx sacred songs for every one that knows a Manx secular song. Another cause was probably the passion for smuggling which arose at the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Many thus embarked upon an adventurous and exciting career which, by bringing them into contact with men of other nationalities, would tend to lead them to neglect and despise the traditions of their forefathers. Further causes were the large immigration of English residents between 1790 and 1814, the large emigration of Manx

\* Vols. xxxii and xxxiii.

† Ecclesiastical Records.

‡ Lord Teignmouth, writing in 1829, remarked that "of literature there is no trace in the Manks language, excepting some songs composed in the style of Ossian, discovered by Bishop Hildesley," (*Scotland*, Vol. ii, page 270). If Bishop Hildesley did discover any such songs, they have disappeared long ago.

§ Letter of Deemster Peter Heywood, *Manx Note Book*, Vol. ii, pages 81-2. The old woman who sang *Fin as Oshin* in 1762 was asked where she learned it, and she replied: "from her mother and grandmother and many more; that they used to sing them at their work and wheels." (*Ibid*).

|| See Introduction to Manx Carols. (J. C. Fargher, Douglas, 1891).

people, chiefly from the northern and western districts, where Manx was more generally spoken than in the southern and eastern districts, which began in 1825, and, finally, the entire indifference, generally speaking, of educated Manx people to their native tongue and national legends. A remarkable proof of this, as regards the last century, is that among numerous letters written by the Manx clergy and others in my possession there is not a single reference to a Manx custom, tradition, legend or ballad; and, as regards this century, the prevalence of the state of feeling referred to is a matter of common notoriety. The chief custodians, then, of Manx ballads have been the illiterate and unlearned, and even they, owing to the causes mentioned, have probably lost most of what was best worth keeping. What remains would have been, in part at least, lost, if it had not been for the diligent zeal of William Harrison of Rockmount,\* Robert Gawne of the Rowany,† and John Quirk of Carn-y-greie,\* whose collections have been made within the last fifty years. Some gleanings which escaped them I have been fortunate enough, with the assistance of a few fellow-workers, to secure. All the ballads, from whatever source they have been obtained, have been translated by me, with the assistance of Mr. W. J. Cain, into literal English prose,‡ which has been printed in verse form so as to correspond with the Manx in appearance. I am, of course, aware that the result of this operation is by no means pleasing, but my aim is to display faithfully the meaning of the Manx originals, however unpoetical and uninteresting they may be, and not to produce what would certainly have been doggerel rhyme of a very inferior kind. The method I have adopted may possibly afford some assistance to the student of the Manx language, while the other would have been no use to any one. The spelling§ of the Manx has, in all cases, been brought to the uniform standard of the Manx Bible.

The contents of this book may be conveniently divided under the following headings: (1) Mythical, Semi-historical and Historical ballads; (2) Children's songs; (3) Ballads connected with customs and superstitions; (4) Love-songs; (5) Patriotic ballads; (6) Nautical ballads; (7) Miscellaneous ballads.

\* The ballads collected by them were printed by the *Manx Society*.

† Robert Gawne's collection is in MS.

‡ Except *Fîn as Oshin* and parts of *Monnahan Beg*. When the literal meaning has been departed from in the text it is given in a foot note.

§ It may be mentioned that the spelling of the MSS. was simply faulty and that it throws no light on the language.

Under (1) the first ballad which requires explanation is *Fin as Oshin*. It is a fragment of a poem, which, according to Deemster Peter Heywood, had been preserved in the following curious manner: In the year 1762, when the first edition of the poems of "Fingal and Ossian," by Macpherson, appeared and had produced a considerable stir in the literary world, two of the Manx clergy, the Rev. Philip Moore and the Rev. Matthias Curghey (Vicar-General) were at Bishop's Court working at the translation of the Bible into the Manx language. In their intervals of leisure Philip Moore read portions of "Fingal" aloud "in the hearing of the Bishop's gardener, an old man who was at work near the door of their laboratory and listening. He stept in on hearing frequent mention of Fingal and Oshian and Cuchullin, etc., and told them he knew who could sing a good song about those men, and that was his brother's wife, a very antient woman, on which they sent for the old dame, who very readily sang them eight or ten verses, which my friend immediately took down in writing, and next day on recollection she brought them the rest, of which he obliged me with a copy."\* The "friend" referred to is probably the Rev. Philip Moore, to whom the translation may be reasonably ascribed. As regards the Manx it is impossible to say how far he is responsible for the form in which we have it, but it is not unlikely that it was "improved" by him. His copy, with the letter from which I have quoted, was sent by Deemster Heywood to Professor Thorkelin, of Copenhagen, and was by him deposited in the British Museum, together with four other ballads,† in 1789. As far as can be ascertained *Fin as Oshin* has never been mentioned by any one since that time, until discovered by the present writer.‡ The first person referred to in it is Fin, or Finn, who was the chief hero of the later Celtic legends, which form a cycle entirely distinct from that of the heroic age. He is said to have been the chief of a band of mercenaries, or robbers, called Fianns, and to have flourished in the second part of the third century. By the Manx he was usually called Fin Mac Coole, in reference to his supposed parentage. His son Ossian, who was reputed to have been the author of most of the poems called after him, is said to have been a famous warrior as well as a great poet, in both of which

\* Letter in *Manx Note Book*, Vol. ii, pages 81-2

† *Eubonia's Praise, Mylecharaine, Scarlett Rocks, The Little Quiet Nation*,

‡ It was published by him in the *Manx Note Book*, Vol. ii, pages 80-4.

roles he reproduced the character of his father. The connection of Fin and Ossian with the Scandinavian Orree in the Manx poem is significant as agreeing with the historical fact that Man was inhabited by a mixed Celto-Scandinavian race. The ballad of *Mannanan Beg* gives the history of the Island in a curious mixture of fact and fiction up to the year 1507, and it would seem from its abruptly breaking off at that date that it was composed then,\* but I am unable to say when it was first written down. The terribly dull and prosaic *Coontey Ghiare jeh Ellan Vannin*, "A Short Account of the Isle of Man," was written by Joseph Bridson in 1760. *Thurot as Elliot* is an account of the naval engagement off Bishop's Court, between the English commanded by Elliot, and the French by Thurot, on the 28<sup>th</sup> of February, 1760, in which the latter was defeated and killed. Each squadron consisted of three frigates, Elliot's flagship being called the "Æolus," and Thurot's the "Marechal Belleisle." The following account of the battle has been handed down in a Peel family: "The Frenchmen after plundering Carrickfergus came towards Peel with the intention of robbing Sir George Moore's house at Ballamoore, they having on board one of their vessels a butler who had been with Sir George. They were, however, prevented from carrying out this scheme by Elliot, who came round the Calf. His force was inferior to that of the French, but the latter were so loaded with plunder that they could not work their lower guns. The battle was fought between Peel and Jurby Point, and my informant's great grandmother told her that she well remembered hearing the thunder of the cannon when she was a little girl."† Only a portion of this ballad seems to have been written at the time of the battle, as, according to Mr. Harrison, "the original copy" has been "considerably enlarged, and the whole rendered into a more correct historical fact."‡ *Er Genney Thombagey*, "On Want of Tobacco," describes the unhappy results of the

\* The version given is taken from Train's *History of the Isle of Man*, Vol. i, pages 50-5, where it is accompanied by these remarks: "The following curious ballad, which is now for the first time translated into English, was composed in the Manks language. The date of printing has been obliterated from the copy in my possession, which I believe to be extremely scarce." I have not been able to find any trace either of this printed copy or of a MS. of the poem.

† From Miss Maggie Kelly, through Miss Graves.

‡ Manx Society, Vol. xxi, page 79. This process was carried out by the Rev. J. T. Clarke, then chaplain of St. Mark's, and he appears to have been indebted to a song called *Thurot's Dream*, taken from "Popular Songs, illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland," edited by T. Crofton Croker, and printed for the *Percy Society* in 1846, for much of his material. I have been able to supplement and correct Mr. Clarke's version by oral evidence.

scarcity of tobacco caused by the American war. It was first sung in Douglas in 1812.

(2) *Children's Songs.* Most of the children's songs in the Isle of Man at the present day are connected with games, especially those which consist of dancing in a ring. They are, however, all of English or Scotch origin,\* except the following, which may still be heard in the parish of Maughold:

"*Haïney,*<sup>(a)</sup> *fainey,* *fig na*<sup>(b)</sup> *fag,*  
*Ooillee,*<sup>(c)</sup> *dooillee,* *Adam a nag,*  
*Stony rock calico vack,*<sup>(d)</sup>  
*Ham vam vash TIG and away."* †

The songs given in the text were also evidently connected with games, but they are now either altogether forgotten, or only remembered by old people. Some of them are, perhaps, of considerable antiquity. *Ushag Veg Ruy* was both a ring-dance song and a favourite lullaby. *Doagan*, according to Mr. Thomas Crellin of Peel, is a game of a very extraordinary character which was played by children 60 years ago. He says that a rude wooden representation of the human form was fastened on a cross and sticks were thrown at it—just, in fact, like the modern "Aunt Sally." But it is quite possible that this game, taken in connection with the very curious words which the children sang when throwing the sticks is a survival of a very much more serious function. In the rhyme *Fer dy Clie Click*, the sounds *Click, Clock, Cluck* are made with the tongue against the roof of the mouth. *Yn Dooiney Boght* was certainly, and *Arrane ny Paitchyn*, probably, sung while swinging or playing see-saw. *Tappagyn Yiargey*, "Red Top-knots," probably dates from the middle of last century, ‡ when top-knots were in vogue as a head dress, though the chorus, *Robin-y-Ree*, § would appear to be older, while *My Caillin Veg Dhone*, "My Little Brown Girl," is suspiciously like the English "Where are you going to, My Pretty Maid;" but it may be, nevertheless, of purely Manx origin.

\* These have been sent to Mrs. Gomme, who has published them in her "Dictionary of British Folk-Lore."

† From Miss Teare. The Manx words are in italics. It was once probably all Manx. (a) 'ring,' (b) 'or,' (c) 'all,' (d) 'son.'

‡ Vide Centlivre's comedy of the *Artifice*: "The dirtiest Trollop in the town must have her Top-knot and Tickin-shoes." London, 1760.

§ It may be noted in this connection that there was a children's game, called *Robin-y-Ree*, formerly played in Galloway, and that these words occur in an old song known there, see Gomme's *Dictionary of British Folklore*, Vol. I, pages 257-8.



*Lhigey, Lhigey*, "Galloping, Galloping," (see pages 216-17) was received from Miss Graves too late for insertion in this section to which it belongs. The girls when playing it kneel on the ground on one knee, and strike the other knee with their right hands as they say each word.

(3) *Ballads connected with Customs and Superstitions.*

The meaning of the curious old song *Mylecharaine* is obscure, but we may gather from it that there was an old miser called Mylecharaine, who lived in the *Curragh* in the parish of Jurby, that he had a daughter who paid more attention to her attire than he did to his, and that, in consequence of being the first man in Man who broke through the old custom of not giving a dowry to daughters on their marriage, he was the object of a terrible curse. We may well ask, Why? The two last verses of the song are an addition from the MS. of the late Robert Gawne. Nothing is known of *Juan Drummey*, probably for *Juan y Drummey* "John of the Back of the Hill," mentioned in them, but he seems to have behaved in the same way as Mylecharaine, though he acquired his wealth in a different quarter. *Ushtey Millish 'sy Garee*, "Sweet Water in the Common," relates to the old practice of summoning a jury of 24 men, comprised of three men from each of the parishes in the district where the dispute took place,\* to decide questions connected with water-courses, boundaries, etc. The process was, first of all, to submit such questions to the *Great Enquest*, which, according to the customary laws placed on record in 1577, consisted of four men from each parish, or 68 for the whole Island. If the members of the *Great Enquest* differed, the jury referred to, called the *Grand* or *Long Jury*, was summoned, and the final decision, before 1777, lay in its hands. But after that date, both the *Great Enquest* and the *Long Jury* were abolished; the former only being restored in 1793, with a traverse to the Keys. This being the case, it would appear that part of this song dates from a period before 1777. It may be mentioned that *Illiam-y-Close* was a well-known Methodist preacher, and that the word *garee* which Kelly and Cregeen translate as "a sour piece of land," has scarcely an equivalent in English. It is rough undrained pasture land grown

\* i.e., in the Northern or Southern half of the Island.

over with gorse or thorns. *Quoifyn Lieen Vooar*, "Big Flax Caps," commemorates the fashion of wearing tall linen caps which prevailed in the Isle of Man about eighty years ago. *Arrane Oie Vie*, "Good-night Song," is, of course, of general application, but it was the traditional practice to sing it on the way home from the *Oie'l Voirrey*, "Mary's Feast Eve," or Christmas Eve service, and after visiting the nearest inn where they probably partook of some hot ale, flavoured with spice, ginger and pepper.\* *Ollick Gennal*, "Merry Christmas," was sung by the 'waits' at Christmas time. The strange ditty, *Roie ben shenn Tammy*, of which I give three versions, still lingers in Castletown. It is probably merely a fragment of the original song, the words having decreased in number, while losing their meaning. Mrs. Ferrier says that the boys came round singing it at Christmas arrayed in sacks, and that they danced a sort of jig to the chorus which they sang very rapidly. The famous "Hunt the Wren," which has been fully described in my "Folklore of the Isle of Man,"† is still generally performed on St. Stephen's day, though in a very corrupt and degenerate form. The Manx words, now published for the first time, have been derived partly from oral sources and partly from re-translating the English version copied by Mr. Harrison in 1844,‡ which from its form is clearly itself a literal translation of the Manx. The very curious *Hop-tu-naa*§ chorus has also been obtained from various sources. It was sung by boys on Hollantide Eve (11<sup>th</sup> November). According to Kelly its first line was formerly "To-night is New Year's Night—*Hog-unnaa*,"|| one proof, among others, that this was once the last night of the year. The quaint distich, *Kiark Katreeney Marroo*,¶ "Katherine's Hen is Dead," was formerly sung at a fair held on the 6<sup>th</sup> of December, this being Laa'l Katreeney, "Katherine's Feast Day," at Colby, in the parish of Arbory. Those who sang it got possession of a hen which they killed and plucked, and, after carrying it about, buried. If any one got drunk at the fair it was said *T'eh er goaill fedjag ass y chiark*, "He has plucked a feather from the hen." The ballad, *Yn Foldyr Gastey*, "The Nimble Mower," refers to the strange doings of

\* See Kennish, "Mona's Isle," etc., page 84.

† Pages 133-140.

‡ Manx Society, Vol. xvi, pages 154-6.

§ *Folklore of the Isle of Man*, pages 122-5.

|| Dictionary, Manx Society, Vol. xiii, page 24.

¶ It is probably merely a fragment. The Rev. T. E. Brown suggests that *Kiark* should be *Kiarkle* 'circle,' and that the rhyme was originally a religious one referring to the martyrdom of St. Katherine.

the *Fenodderee*, who is popularly supposed to be a fallen fairy, and to be in appearance something between a man and a goat, being covered with black shaggy hair and having fiery eyes. Many stories are told of his gigantic strength, which he occasionally used to do good offices for those who were kind to him.\* The ballad called *Arrane ny Ferishyn*, "Song of the Fairies," contains a mention of Fin McCooile, a favourite Manx hero, whom we have already heard of in *Fin as Oshin*, but who is here degraded to the status of a fairy. It also mentions the *Tarroo-Ushtey* or "Water-Bull,"† a strange monster who is well known in Manx legendary lore; the "Fairy of the Glen," who is evidently the *Glashtin*,‡ a hairy sprite combining the attributes of the *Fenodderee* with those of the *Cabbyl-Ushtey* or "Water-Horse"; and the *Buggane*, who was an Evil Spirit or Fiend.§ *Berrey Dhone*, "Brown Berrey," the name of an ox, seems to commemorate the wild pranks of a notorious witch, called *Margayd-y-Stomachey*, "Margaret the Stomacher," from her costume, who lived at Cornaa, in the parish of Maughold, at the end of last century. She is said to have been a tall powerful woman, as strong as two men, and to have had a very bad reputation. There is a pool in the Cornaa river called *Poyll Berrey Dhone*, in which she is supposed to have drowned the ox before flaying it. My informant told me that his father had seen this woman when he was a boy. *Yn Bollan Bane*, "The White Wort," is the name given to a fairy melody which is said to have been overheard by a drunken fiddler one New Year's morning. He plays the melody as he heard it and gives an account of his proceedings.

(3) *Love Songs*.—Under this heading there is but little requiring any special mention. The best song, perhaps, is *Ec ny Fiddleryn*,|| (page 218) which, it will be seen, begins in much the same way as the fragment *Marish ny Fiddleryn* (pages 106-7) written down by the late Robert Gawne some 40 years ago. *Yn Ven-ainshter Dewil* and *Inneen jeh'n Bochilley* are possibly imitations of English originals. The dialogue of *Car-y-Phoosee* was written by the Rev. Philip Moore, one of the chief translators of the Bible into Manx, about the year 1750, but

\* *Folklore of the Isle of Man*, pages 55-58.

• *Ibid* 59-60.

† *Ibid*, page 58.      ‡ *Ibid*, pages 60-61.

|| This was first obtained from Thomas Kermode, Bradda, in 1883, by Professor J. Strachan and Father Henebry, and was published in phonetic Manx with a good translation in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, in March last. Mr. W. J. Cain has since then seen Kermode and has satisfied himself of the general accuracy of this version which he and I have translated.

the chorus is probably of much older date than this. *Dooiney Seyr v'ayns Exeter*, which is probably incomplete, contains the idea of a ghostly, or demon, lover, which also appears in the fragment *Yn Graihder Jouyllagh*, "The Demon Lover." This, though clearly an imitation of an old Scotch ballad entitled "The Ship of the Fiend or The Demon Lover,"\* is given on account of the intrinsic value of the subject. A brief sketch of the contents of the Scotch ballad, which contains 24 stanzas, will shew the resemblance between it and the translation of the Manx. The lover had been away for seven years, and on his return found his sweetheart married to another man. He told her that if it had not been for love of her, he might have married "a noble lady." He reproached her with her faithlessness, and asked her to go away with him. She replied that she has a little son, and therefore could not go. He then promised her gold and silver, and silk and velvet attire if she would consent to do so. This proved too much for her steadfastness as she bade farewell to her infant son and went on board her lover's ship. No sooner had they left the shore than she began to weep for her husband and child, and the demon said:

" ' O haud your tongue o' weeping,  
 ' Let a' your mourning be;  
 ' I'll show you how the lilies grow  
 ' On the banks o' Italie.' "

What then happened is best described in the words of the ballad:

" ' O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
 ' That the sun shines sweetly on?'  
 ' O yon are the hills o' Heaven,' he cried,  
 ' Where you can never win.'  
 ' O what a mountain is yon,' she said,  
 ' Sae dreary wi' frost and snow?'  
 ' O yon is the mountain o' Hell,' he cried,  
 ' Where you and I maun go!'  
 And aye when she turned her round about,  
 Aye taller he seem'd for to be;  
 Until the tops o' that gallant ship  
 Nae taller were than he.  
 He struck the mainmast wi' his hand,  
 The foremast wi' his knee;  
 The gallant ship was broken in twain,  
 And sank into the sea.' "

Other fragmentary love songs are *Graih-my-Chree*, "Love of my Heart," and *Ta mee Keayney*, "I am Lamenting," the latter being the wail of a deserted lover.

From "Allingham's Ballad Book."

\* The Manx ballad has been obtained partly from Mr. Cashen of Peel, and partly from Mr. Quayle of Glen Meay.

(4) *Patriotic Ballads*.—Of the ballads which, perhaps, may be best described as *Patriotic*, the two oldest were written by Archdeacon, afterwards Bishop, Rutter. They form part of “a choice collection of songs,”\* composed by him between 1642 and 1651, “for the amusement and diversion of the Right Hon. James, Earl of Derby, during his retreat into the Island of Mann, in the time of the Oliverian usurpation.”\* It is not known whether the English words only, or both the English and Manx words, were by Rutter, but, on the whole, it seems probable that he wrote the English and that it was paraphrased in Manx by a native of the Island either in his time or later.† If this was so, the native must have been a very competent Manx scholar, as the Manx of these songs is the best of the whole collection. The first of the patriotic ballads is “*Shee as Maynrys ny Manninee*, ‘Peace and Happiness of the Manx People,’ or ‘The Little Quiet Nation,’ being a prologue to the play acted in Castle Rushen before the Right Hon. James, Earl of Derby, to divert his pensive spirit and deep concern for the calamities of his country, occasioned by the Grand Rebellion, begun Anno 1641.”‡ One of these entertainments is described by Thomas Parre, Vicar of Malew, as follows :

“A.D. 1643. The Right Honble James Earle of Derby, and his Right Honble Countesse invited all the Officers, temporall and spirituall, the Clergie, the 24 Keyes of the Isle, the Crowners, with all their wives, and likewise the best sort of the rest of the inhabitance of the Isle, to a great maske, where the Right Hoble Charles Lo: Strange, with his traine, the Right Hoble Ladies, with their attendance, were most gloriously decked with silver and gould, broidered workes, and most costly ornaments, braccellets on there hands, chaines on there necks, jewels on there foreheads, earrings in there eares, and crowns on there heads; and after the maske to a feast which was most royall and plentifull with shuttings of ornans, etc. And this was on the twelfth day (or last day) in Christmas, in the year 1644. All the men just with the Earle, and the wives with the Countesse; likewise, there was such another feast that day was twelve moneth at night, beinge 1643.”§

The second is *Creggyn Scarleode*, “Scarlet Rocks,” styled a “Threnodia, or Elegaic Song on the direful effects of the grand rebellion, with a prophetic view of the downfall and catastrophe thereof, composed by the Reverend author on Scarlet Rocks, near Castletown.”\*

\* Quoted from the British Museum copy of the Introduction to a MS. which is said to have been in the library at Knowsley. Unfortunately it cannot now be found, the late Earl at the request of the writer having very kindly caused a thorough search to be made for it.

† If we are to take Bishop Barrow's remark (see page xv.) as being literally correct: the Manx writer must have been a contemporary with Rutter, though, of course, it may have been composed and not written at that time.

‡ Episcopal Register.

According to Bishop Wilson, these and Rutter's other songs were, in his time, in great esteem among the people. And the fact that the songs in vogue at that period were long remembered is corroborated by the following fragment of Cavalier song having survived as late as 1852, when it was taken down from the lips of an old Manx woman :

"Oh! I love well the *Stanlagh* name,  
Though Roundies may abhor him ;  
'Twould be blithe to see the Devil\* go home,  
With all the Whigs† before him.  
Through the Island, or over the sea,  
Or across the Channel with Stanley,  
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
And live and die with Stanley."‡

The old woman sang this to the eighteenth century tune of "The King over the Water," *i.e.*, the dethroned Stuart. This was the only verse she knew, but she declared that her husband's mother had "strings of it singing to the childer from morning to night."‡ *Baase Illiam Dhone*, "Brown William's Death," may be called a patriotic ballad, as it is an account of a well-known public character, whom it depicts as a patriot put to death through the machinations of wicked enemies, though it also partakes of the character of a lament. The prophecies given in it as to the fate of his enemies were so completely fulfilled that there is more than a suspicion that a portion of the ballad, at least, must have been written long after Christian's death, while the last verse refers to events which took place at the end of the eighteenth century. Christian, being the leader of the popular party in Man and in command of the insular militia, made common cause with the Parliamentary troops when they besieged the Countess of Derby at Castle Rushen in November, 1651. In consequence of this he was ten years later brought to trial and, "was shot to death att Hangoe Hill, the 2<sup>nd</sup> of January [1662]."§ The families referred to in the ballad, *viz.* : the Calcots of the Nunnery and of Ballalough, the Tyldesleys of the Friary (Beemachen), and the Norrises of Scarlet, have all disappeared, while the Christians were again found in the Council, and, for a time, repossessed Ronaldsway. The earliest printed copy of this ballad in existence is a "Broadside," dated 1781, which contains the following prefatory remarks : "A Manks

\* Once probably intended for Oliver Cromwell.

† A modern interpolation. ‡ *Manx Sun*, June 12, 1852. § Malew Parish Register.

Elegy on the much lamented death of Receiver-General Christian, of Ronaldsway, who (for giving up the ISLE to the Usurper CROMWELL, then MASTER of the *Three Kingdoms*, and irresistible) was cruelly and unjustly put to Death (January 1662), by a tyrannical and wicked FACTION in the ISLE ;—some of whose DESCENDANTS are, at this TIME, endeavouring to destroy the CONSTITUTION of the COUNTRY, and introduce VASSALAGE and SLAVERY.—It is therefore thought expedient to republish this ingenious PERFORMANCE—to open the EYES of a DELUDED PEOPLE.\* *Mannin Veen*, “Dear Isle of Man,” celebrates the advantages of a residence in Man. It probably dates from towards the end of the last century, when the window tax was in operation in England. *Dobberan Chengey-ny-mayrey Ellan Vannin*, “Mourning the Mother-tongue of the Isle of Man,” was written about 1840 by the late William Kennish, the author of “Mona’s Isle and other Poems.” It represents the ghost of the Manx language lamenting the evil consequences which had, and would, ensue from the neglect of it, and from the new-fangled ways which were being introduced. I have included this ballad, though of recent date, and in indifferent Manx, because I wish this book to contain some record of the first Manxman whose poems depicted the customs and superstitions of the Island.

(5) *Nautical Ballads*.—These, as would naturally be supposed from the situation of the Island, are numerous, but they are nearly all of comparatively recent date, and, for the most part, by composers, probably sailors, who had received very little education. The most interesting of them relates the loss of a portion of the Manx herring fleet on the 21<sup>st</sup> of September, 1787, when about fifty vessels were either totally wrecked, or so much damaged as to be useless, and twenty-one† lives were lost. This ballad was written by a man called *Quayle Vessie*, i.e., Quayle the son of Bessie, who lived in Castletown. *Marrinys yn Tiger*, “Voyage of the Tiger,” is a true story written by John Moore, one of the crew of that vessel. The “Tiger” was bought in England by certain merchants in Douglas, in 1778, and she received letters of marque for preying on French and American merchant vessels, England being then at war with those

\* The version given in the text is taken from *Manx Society*, Vol. xvi, and this was copied from a MS. of the Rev. J. Crellin, Vicar of Michael from 1771 to 1798.

† This is the number according to the ballad.

countries. The venture was, however, an unfortunate one, as the "Tiger's" first and only prize was a Dutch vessel, and, as the Dutch were neutrals, they promptly claimed damages. To satisfy this claim the "Tiger," according to the ballad, was sold. This, however, is incorrect. Her owners paid the Dutch captain, and, some months later, they sent her on a second, and, as it turned out, an almost equally disastrous cruise. For, when three days out from Douglas, she fell in with the English fleet off the Scilly Islands and was boarded by a boat's crew from the "Romney," Captain Johnstone, who carried off all the able-bodied men she had. The "Tiger" had therefore to return to Douglas, and her owners were so discouraged that they sold her for £1260, though she had cost them £3645.\* John Moore was so fond of singing this ballad that he earned the sobriquet of "Moore the Tiger." After retiring from the sea, he purchased a public-house in the parish of Bride, where he spent his last days. *Yn Chenn Dolphin*, "The Old Dolphin," *Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey*, "Three Poor Fishermen," *Yn Sterrym ec Port le Moirrey*, "The Storm at Port St. Mary," the last of which is evidently incomplete, are tales of shipwreck. *Mannin Veg Veen*, "Dear Little Isle of Man," written down from the recitation of the late Harry Quilliam of Peel, and *Arrane y Skeddun*, "Song of the Herring," composed by the Rev. John Cannell, vicar of Conchan (1798-1810), are connected with fishermen and sea-fishing. The curious *Madgeyn y Ylass*, "Madges of the South," is a satire by the Peel fishermen on their fellows of Port Erin and Port St. Mary. They designate them as *Madges*, i.e., as effeminate creatures, and they declare that they are shiftless and impecunious, and quite under the dominion of their wives. I am told by Mr. Cashen that the Port St. Mary and Port Erin men had also their satire on the men of Peel, but I have been unable to procure it.

(6) *Miscellaneous Ballads*.—Under this heading I have grouped together the ballads which are not sufficiently numerous to be placed in distinct sections: The quaint old ballad of *Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey*, "The Sheep under the Snow," records an incident not uncommon in mountain farming in the winter. The "Nicholas Raby" mentioned in the song is said to be Nicholas Kelly,

\* This information is taken from contemporary letters and documents in the possession of the writer.



proprietor of the estates of Baljean, Raby and Graanane in the parish of Lonan, of which he was captain. He was also a member of the House of Keys. According to the Rev. John Quine, Vicar of Lonan, the song was composed when Nicholas Kelly lay in Castle Rushen for the supposed murder of a couple of old people who had a 'stocking,' and lived by themselves on the slope of Snaefell. He was afterwards released, the real murderers being discovered. Then come two ballads of a gnomic or didactic character,\* viz., *Inneenyn Eirinee*, "Farmer's Daughters," a homily on the impolicy of marrying for money, and a rhapsody entitled *O! Cre ta Gloyr?* "Oh! What is Glory?" This latter, which was written by Vicar-General Stephen early in the present century, is considered one of the best pieces of verse in the Manx language.† "Farmer's Daughters" was written by a fiddler named Lewin, but generally known by his nickname "Fiddler Green," who died about seventy years ago. We then have two "Drinking Songs,"‡ *Eubonia Soilshagh*, "Eubonia Bright," *Eubonia*§ being an ancient name of the Isle of Man, and *Trimshey 'Bait 'sy Fough Lajer*, "Melancholy Drowned in a Glass of Strong Drink," the English versions of both of which were written by Archdeacon Rutter. Next comes the ballad, or "lament," of *Illiam Walker as Robin Tear*, "William Walker and Robert Tear," written by Widow Tear of Ballaugh, the mother of the said William and Robert. Of Robert Tear scarcely anything is known, but the Rev. William Walker, LL.D., Vicar-General, was one of the most learned and distinguished men in the Manx Church during the eighteenth century. He was a devoted follower of Bishop Wilson's, with whom he was imprisoned in Castle Rushen in 1722. It was during their imprisonment that they and Vicar-General Curghey are said to have begun the translation of the New Testament. *My Henn Ghooinney Mie*, "My Good Old Man," *Yn Shenn Laair*, "The Old Mare," and *Hi, Haw, Hum* are evidently intended to be comic, as is the fragment *Ny Mraane Kilkenney*,|| "The Kilkenney Women." The

\* There are several other ballads of this kind which have not been published for reasons given below.

† I have vainly tried to discover whether the Vicar-General translated from an English original or not.

‡ "A Quiet Little Nation" by the same author (see page 128) might also have been placed in the same section, if that of "Patriotic Ballads" had not had a stronger claim upon it.

§ In Archdeacon Rutter's song the word *Eubonia* is absurdly used as a synonym for "strong drink."

|| Kilkenney is the name of a farm in the Parish of Braddan.

remaining ballads in this section are so fragmentary that it is not possible to place them under a special heading. *Hudgeon y Fiddler*, "Hudgeon the Weaver," is the only song which gives an intimation that there was once such a thing as smuggling in the Island. *Yn Maarliagh Mooar*, "The Big Robber," appears to convey the moral that evil is easily learned. A verse of *Skeeylley Breeshey*, "Bride Parish," is given for the sake of the music, the adventures of the party referred to being described in the rest of the ballad in language too coarse for publication. The purport of *Ny Mraane-seyrey Balla-Willyn*, "The Ladies of Balla-willyn," is uncertain. The story of the *Arrane Queeyl-nieuee*, "Spinning Wheel Song," is that a woman is set by the Queen to do a task of spinning within a given time under penalty, in case of failure, of becoming her slave. The woman found that the task was an impossible one and so she called on the branches of the tree over her head to help her. They did so, with a successful result, and the woman joyfully sings "Old Trit Trot (herself) she (the Queen) never will get." It is evidently only a fragment, as is *Yn Eirey Cronk yn Ollee*, "The Heir of Cattle Hill."

I have now to refer to some ballads which have not been included in this collection: They consist of (1) *Erotic Ballads*,\* and (2) *Modern Ballads*. Those in the first class have been excluded because they are too gross and indecent for publication; and those in the second, partly because they are of the most inferior type of doggerel and partly because most of them have been written within the last fifty years. They chiefly consist of temperance songs,† which were an outcome of the reform in that direction which began about 1834 and did so much good in the Island.

I will now proceed to give an account of the sources from which the ballads and songs given in the text have been derived. They are: (1) PRINTED. From *Train's*

\* The titles of a few of the best known are: (1) Quilliam Baugh. (2) Dy bovm's as berchys moar. (3) Moghrey dan venainshter. (4) Traa va mee ghuilley beg aalin as reagh. (5) Va mee baghyn kewt soorey. (6) Ail moar, ail moar mullagh ny chrink. (7) Walk mee magh morrey Laa Bauldyn. (8) Ayns earish Cromwell. [The spelling is given as in the original MSS].

† (1) Pingyn yn ommidan. (2) Illiam as Isabel, a short poem with a long prose dialogue. (3) Yn jeirkagh Mestallagh. (4) Yn Meshtallagh. All the above are directed against drunkenness, while (5) Mollaght er Thombaga is in opposition to smoking. The other ballads of recent date are (1) Megpolleeh, an attempt at imitating an old Manx song by John Ivon Moseley, a coadjutor with the Rev. J. T. Clarke in producing the English-Manx portion of the Manx Society's dictionary. (2) T'an emshyr ain quagh car ny bleeaney, by that excellent old Manxman, the late John Quirk of Carn-y-greie. (3) Yn coayl jeh'n Lilliee, a vessel which was blown up at Kitterland in December 1852. This was written by Thomas Shimmin, a strange creature who combined the functions of rag-gatherer and poet.

*History of the Isle of Man*—Mannanan Beg Mac-y-Lheirr. From *Folklore of the Isle of Man*—Kiark Katreeney Marroo. From *Manx Society's Publications*—Thurot as Elliot, Coontey Ghiare jeh Ellan Vannin, Tappagyn Jiargey, Mylecharaine (partly),\* Yn Venainshter Dewil, Car-y-Phoosee, Baase Illiam Dhone, Coayl jeh ny Baatyn-Skeddan, Marrinys yn Tiger, Yn Chenn Dolphin, Mannin Veg Veen, Arrane y Skeddan, Inneenyn Eirinee (partly),† Eubonia Soilshagh, Illiam Walker as Robin Teare, Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey, O! Cre ta Gloyr. From *Manx Note Book*—Fin as Oshin, Manninee Dobberan harrish Seaghyn Mannin Veen, Ushag Veg Ruy, Shee as Maynrys ny Manninee, Creggyn Scarleode, Mannin Veen, Trimshey 'Bait 'sy Jough Lajer, Dooiney Seyr v'ayns Exeter (partly),‡ Arrane Sooree. From *Kelly's Dictionary*—Doagan. From *Cregeen's Dictionary*—Ollick Gennal. From *Mona's Herald*—Dobberan Chengey-ny Mayrey Ellan Vannin. (2) MANUSCRIPT. From the late *Mr. Robert Gawne*—Er Genny Thombaghey, Arrane ny Paitchyn, Fer Dy Clein Click, Yn Dooiney Boght, Berry Dhone, Quoifyn Lieen Vooar, Moir as Inneen, Nancy Sooill-Ghoo, Nelly Veen, Isabel Foalsey, Irree Seose, Marish ny Fiddleryn, Three Eastearyn Boghtey, My Henn Ghooiney Mie, Skeeyley Breeshey. From *Mr. C. Roeder*—Inneen jeh'n Bochilley. (3) ORAL. From *Mr. William Cashen*—Juan-y-Jaggad Keear, Ushtey Millish 'sy Garee, Madgyn y Jiass, Yn Sterrym ec Portle-Moirrey, Yn Shenn Laair, Hi, Haw, Hum, Arrane Queeyl Nieuee, Yn Graihder Jouylagh,‡ My Vannaght er Shiu, Mraane Kilkenny, Yn Eirey Cronk yn Ollee. From *Mr. Thomas Crellin*—My Caillin Veg Dhone, Graih my Chree. From *Professor Rhys*—Hudgeon y Fidder, Yn Maarliagh Mooar. From *Miss Graves*—Lhigey, Lhigey. From *Mr. John Cain*—Yn Bollan Bane. From *Mr. Wynter*—Eisht as Nish. From *Mr. Thomas Kermode*—Ec ny Fiddleryn. From *Various People*§—Hop-tu-naa, Yn Folder Gastey,|| Helg yn Dreain, Arrane Oie Vie, Roie Ben Shenn Tammy, Yn Ven-aeg Foalsagh.

SUMMARY: Printed sources 31, MSS. 16, Oral 26—Total 73. Of this total 51 have been collected by the writer.

\* Also Gawne's MS.

† Also Mr. R. Kerruish, Maughold.

‡ Also Mr. John Quayle, Glen Meay.

§ Fragments have been picked up from too many different people to specify, and then pieced together.

|| Partly also in Manx Society's Publications.

## INTRODUCTION TO MUSIC.

IT is with a feeling of relief that I turn from the subject of Manx Ballads to that of Manx Melodies,\* as I am confident that, whatever may be thought of the former, the latter will commend themselves to the musical portion of my readers. There can, at least, be little doubt that, in most cases, they are older than, as well as superior to, the words which are now set to them.† Indeed it is probable that they were for the most part originally composed without words, and it would appear from the evidence of Chaloner and Quayle, given below, that many of them were dance tunes.‡ In the present collection, however, there are only eight tunes which are, or might be, dance tunes,§ and not only these, but all the tunes published, have, or have had, words attached to them.¶ Before stating the sources from whence they have been derived, I will quote what previous writers have said about Manx music in the past. Chaloner, writing in the middle of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, remarked that the Manx people were “much addicted to the music of the Violyne;|| so that there is scarce a Family in the Island, but more or lesse can play upon it; but as they are ill composers, so are they bad Players.”¶ It is probable, however, that his unfavourable judgment was due rather to the strangeness of the music to his English ear than to the want of skill in the players. Eighty years later, another Englishman, Waldron, mentioned the fact of one tune being invariably played at Manx weddings, but this tune, “The Black

\* By the term “Manx Melodies” I do not wish it to be understood that I claim them as necessarily of native origin, but simply that they are melodies known to the Manx people by oral tradition.

† Some melodies are sung to more than one set of words. Thus the tune of *Mannin Veg Veen* is also applied to *Madgyn y Jiass*, *Yn Coasyl jeh ny Baatyn-Skoddan* to *Yn Sterrym ec Port le Moirrey*, and *Inneenyn Eirinee* to *Yn Ven-ainshter Dewil*.

‡ i.e., *Roie Ben Shenn Tammy*, *Skeeylley Breeshey*, *My Graih naqh baare*, *Ushag veg Rug*, *Car-y-Phoosee*, *Jemmy as Nancy*, *Tappagyn Jiargey*, *Juan y Jaggad Keear*.

§ Thus the “Lullaby” has English words. Fragments of the words of *Jemmy as Nancy* are in existence, but I have not been able to secure them in an intelligible form. *My Graih naqh baare* and *Skeign dooin*, given by Barrow, are clearly the beginning of the Manx words which belonged to these tunes, as they have no connexion with his English words, while *Isabel Foalsey*, given by the same writer, is the title of a love-song to which there were once words. Indeed, it is probable that it was sung to the ballad (pages 100-103) so entitled, the reason that it is no longer adapted to it being, seemingly, that Barrow had it altered to suit his own doggerel.

|| This he notes as being strange because of “their neighbours, the northern English, the Scots, the Highlanders, and the Irish, generally, affecting the Bag-pipe.”—*Manx Society*, Vol. X, page 11. ¶ *Ibid*, Vol. XI, page 134.

and the Grey," was not Manx, being in vogue in England during the reign of Charles II. It would seem, that, at this period, musical instruments were very scarce, as it is said that the people used flutes made of the elder tree at the time of rejoicing, when Bishop Wilson was released from prison in 1722. The next mention of Manx music is in 1812, when Quayle, in writing about the Harvest festival, or *Mheillea*, said: "English country-dances are still unknown to them. Jigs and reels, in which four or five couples join, take their place, the fiddler changing his tune and often playing one of the few national lively airs preserved from early times, resembling strongly in character the Irish."\* It was about this time that four part singing was first introduced into the Island by a man called Shepherd, who wrote down several of the old Manx sacred airs, but he did not publish them,† so that Manx tunes first appeared in print in a book entitled "The Mona Melodies. A Collection of Ancient and Original Airs of the Isle of Man,"‡ which was published in 1820. It will suffice to say that this book abounds in errors against musical canons, but the worst fault committed by its authors is the distortion of the melodies in the fruitless effort to make them fit the feeble verses which Barrow composed to accompany them. Inferior as are the words, for instance, of *Mylecharaine*, *Kirree fo Niaghtey*, *Berrey Dhone*, and *Caillin Veg Dhone*§ to the music to which they are set, they are, at least, not so inappropriate as the following :

(1) *Mylecharaine*—

"Dear Mona farewell, for why should I stay,  
'Mid scenes of grief and pain :  
Tho' sad be the hour and gloomy the day  
I leave my dear Molly Charane.  
Oh ! bright are thy charms and brilliant thine eyes,  
Thine heart without a stain ;  
And all parting sorrows, fears, and sighs  
Are thine, my sweet Molly Charane."

My readers will bear in mind that *Mylecharaine* was a man !

\* *Agriculture of the Isle of Man*, page 12.

† I have not been able to obtain them, but they are, I believe, to be published by Messrs. Gill and Clague, in their forthcoming book of Manx music.

‡ They were "arranged for the voice with a Pianoforte accompaniment by an Amateur." Diligent enquiry has failed to discover who he was. The words were written by Mr. J. Barrow, who was organist of St. George's Church in Douglas. The book was dedicated to the Duchess of Kent and was published "at Mitchell's Musical Library and Instrument Warehouse, 159 New Bond Street and 13 Southampton Row, Russell Square. Price 8s." It is now exceedingly scarce.

§ These songs are headed by the Manx titles as given.

(2) *Kirree fo Niaghtey*—

"At close of day when o'er the ocean gleaming,  
The lingering sunbeams kissed each murm'ring billow,  
A sea nymph waking from her tranquil dreaming,  
Thus sang slow rising from her em'rald pillow."

(3) *Berrey Dhone*—

"Often hath the Poet's lay,  
Delighted sung the praise of beauty;  
Beauty still hath been the shrine  
Where verse hath paid its noblest duty."

(4) *Caillin Veg Dhone*—

"The storm is up, the howling blast  
Is raging o'er the lone bleak hill;  
Where'er its angry course hath past  
Impatient foams each mountain rill."

After perusing these effusions no one will be surprised to find that, in their introduction, the authors felicitate themselves on having placed "so wild and unpolished a Muse" in "fetters." They have certainly done so. Having thus criticised the first collection of Manx music, I will describe the manner in which the present collection has been made, hoping that it, in its turn, may not deserve condemnation. Careful inquiries have been made in every parish in the Island with reference to those who were acquainted with old tunes. Competent musicians have then visited them and have taken down the music from their lips.\* In cases where the versions given have varied slightly, that which appeared to be more correct has been taken. But in the few cases where the tunes of the same song vary considerably, such as in *Yn Bollan Bane*, *Hop-tu-naa*, and *Mylechrairie* two versions are given. In the last well-known tune there are numerous slight variations, in addition to the broad distinction between the version in the major key and that in the minor. The version in the major key is the most widely known, but that in the minor key, for which I am indebted to Mr. James B. Nicholson, is undoubtedly the older of the two. This process, then, has resulted in the acquisition of the following tunes and versions of tunes:

Yn Coayl jeh ny Baatyn-Skeddan (1st version) and Yn Bollan Bane (1st version) (Mr. John Cain, Douglas); Yn Bollan Bane (2nd version), Thurot as Elliot, Hop-tu-naa, Car-y-Phoosee (1st version), (the late Philip Cain, Baldwin); Kiark Katreeney (Mr. John Bridson, Colby); Mannin Veg Veen, Marrinys yn Tiger, Ushtey Millish,

\* Twenty-nine tunes have been obtained by Mr. H. Bridson, two by Mr. J. E. Kelly of Peel, two by Mrs. Ferrier, one each by Mr. James B. Nicholson, Miss A. Gell, and Miss Graves.

Graih my Chree, Inneenyn Eirinee, Juan y Jaggad Keear, Snieu Wheeul Snieu (Mr. Thomas Crellin, Peel); Ta Mee Nish Keayne, Ny Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey, Eisht as Nish (Mr. Thos. Wynter, Andreas); Ec ny Fiddleryn (Mr. H. Cregeen, Peel); Jemmy as Nancy\* (1st version) (Mr. W. Harrison, Andreas); Yn Graihder Jouylagh, Dooinnie Seyr v'ayns Exeter, Arrane Sooree (Mr. John Quayle, Glen Meay); Ushag Veg Ruy, Helg yn Dreain, Mylecharaine major, (Mr. H. Bridson, Cronkbourne); Mylecharaine minor, (Mr. Jas. B. Nicholson, Douglas); Roie Ben Shenn Tammy, Hop-tu-naa (2nd version) (Mrs. Ferrier, Castletown); Lullaby.† Yn Coayl jeh ny Baateyn Skeddan (2nd version), Mraane Kilkenny, Car-y-Phoosee (2nd version), Eirey Cronk yn Ollee (Miss Mary Gawne, Peel); Yn Shenn Dolphin, Jemmy as Nancy,\* (2nd version), (Mr. James Gawne, Peel.)

Great care has been taken to obtain these tunes in their original form, and no preconception as to the probability of their having been in Celtic or other modes has been suffered to interfere with a faithful reproduction of the melodic phrases as heard from the lips of their singers. Of the remaining ten tunes, the nine which follow are from the "Mona Melodies:" (a),

Tappagyn Jiargey, Illiam Dhone, Caillin Veg Dhone, My Graih Nagh Baare,\* Sheign Dooi,\* My Henn Ghooi, Berrey Dhone, Skeeyley Breeshey, Isabel Foalsey.\*

and one, *Kirree fo Niaghtey*(b), from Volume XVI of the *Manx Society's* publications. As regards the origin of these tunes, I cannot venture to give any opinion, but I would point out that, excepting two, of which variants are found in England, Scotland, and Ireland, two more, one of which bears a strong likeness to an English nursery song and the other to an Irish melody, and three or four others which are dubious,† the most diligent comparison has failed to find any close likeness between them and the national airs of the adjacent countries, though their general character is decidedly Irish. It is certain, however, that the rigid criticism to which I hope they will be subjected will result in the discovery of further re-

\* Without words. † Sung to English words.

(a) There are thirteen melodies altogether in this collection, but of these I have been able to get two orally, and one, *Kirree fo Niaghtey*, is taken from the better version in Vol. XVI of the *Manx Society's* publications. Of the remaining ten tunes, all of which are unknown at the present day, I have copied nine unaltered, and have discarded the tenth which does not appear to be of Celtic origin, and bears the distinctly non-Celtic name of 'Wandescope.'

(b) This is from a MS. of the late J. F. Crellin of Orrysdale. In my version, however, the accidentals have been omitted, so as to present the tune in its probably original form.

‡ Two bars of another tune resemble those of a well-known Irish air. I have not in any case mentioned the names of the tunes in question, as I think it better that the ingenuity of my critics should be exercised in discovering them.

semblances. And, indeed, it is probable that Manxmen, living as they do in an island situated between Ireland, Scotland, and the north of England, have appropriated some of the music of these countries.\* And now for a few words about the harmonizing of the melodies. They have all, with the exception of the minor version of Mylecharaine,† been admirably arranged by Miss Wood, A.R.C.O., with the assistance of Miss McKnight, F.R.C.O., and their work, as regards the greater number of the tunes, has been submitted to the revision of Mr. Colin Brown, the great authority on Celtic music. With reference to the harmonies, it must be remembered that, as they are, of course, not original, they are not supposed to be of any value for historical or scientific purposes, but, as being beautiful in themselves and suggested by the tunes and their development, there is good reason to believe that they will be acceptable to the musical public. I hope that the result of this little book will be to admit the music of the Isle of Man to a distinct, though humble, share in the great body of national music which is now being so generally collected, and that in it may be found, in the striking words of a recent writer, "the national idioms in their simplest and most unsophisticated expression."‡ For I can state, with confidence, that a "prettified Englished presentation"§ of these old melodies has carefully been avoided, and that every effort has been made to preserve them with all their "strange, outlandish, and unconventional qualities."§

And now there only remains the pleasant task of thanking those who have so kindly and cordially co-operated with me. To Mr. W. J. Cain I have already referred, and so I need only add that his assistance has been invaluable. The enjoyment my readers will derive from Mr. J. M. Nicholson's charming and sympathetic illustrations will enable them to perceive how greatly I am indebted to him, and, in the same way, they will appreciate how much Mr. T. E. Brown's able and

\* There were formerly more Manx tunes in existence than there are now, as is shown by the facts that out of the thirteen melodies published in 1820, only three are known at the present day, and that, as I have been frequently assured, many tunes have recently been lost by the death of those who alone were acquainted with them. There are, doubtless, also many tunes now in existence which I have not been able to secure, especially dance tunes, to which I have not particularly directed my attention. I may mention here that I have collected a number of the peculiar sacred tunes which are sung to the Carols, with a view to publication in a separate volume.

† Harmonised by Mr. James B. Nicholson.

‡ *Studies in Modern Music*, 2nd Series (W. H. Hadow), p. 24.

§ Lecture by Sir A. Mackenzie on "National Music," at the Royal Institution.



suggestive preface has added to the value of this publication. Coming to the music, I have to acknowledge the skill and perseverance which Mr. H. Bridson has shown in obtaining so many of the tunes. His work has been difficult and, indeed, it would have been found impossible by any one who is not only a thorough musician but a good Manxman. I need not dwell upon my obligations to Miss Wood and Miss McKnight for their clever and beautiful harmonies, and to Mr. Colin Brown for his advice and guidance, as they are self-evident. Then there are the many friends† who have contributed ballads and tunes, and, finally, there are the printers, Messrs. G. and R. Johnson, who have carried out their part of the work with extreme care.

A. W. MOORE.

Cronkbourne,  
September 1896.

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Since the above was sent to the press the volume of "Manx National Songs," arranged by Mr. W. H. Gill, has been published, and so I have the opportunity of cordially thanking Mr. Gill for the kind remarks he has made about me in his able introductory account of "Manx Music," and of congratulating him and his coadjutors, The Deemster Gill and Dr. J. Clague, on having preserved some beautiful melodies.



MYTHICAL, SEMI-HISTORICAL,  
AND HISTORICAL BALLADS





## FIN AS OSHIN.



IE Fin as Oshin magh dy helg,

\* Fal, lal, lo, as fal, lal, la.

Lesh sheshaght trean as moddee elg,

Cha row un dooinney sloo ny keead,

Coshee cha bieu che row ny lheid ;

Lesh feedyn Coo eisht hie ad magh,

Trooid Slieau as Coan dy yannoo Cragh.

—Quoi daag ad ec y thie agh Orree beg,†

Cadley dy kiune fo scadoon'n creg!

Slane three feed Quallian aeg gyn unnane sloo,

\* \* \* \* \*

Lesh three feed cailleeyn dy yeeaghyn moo.

—Dooyrt Inneen Fin ayns Craid as Corree,

“Kys yiow mayd nish cooilleen er Orree?”

—Dooyrt Inneen Oshin : “kiangle mayd eh,

\* Chorus after every line.

† Orree Beg—Young Orree—not from his size, but age;—where there are two of the same family, Father and Son, of the same name, the younger is stiled beg—i.e., the lesser. This Orree beg is supposed to have been a Scandinavian prince, prisoner on his parole, with Fingal—and like some modern Gallants, to make love to both the young Ladies at the same time,—and thus they shew their resentment. He declines the Hunting party, for an opportunity of intriguing (sic) with one or other of the Ladies. Meantime he falls asleep in a Grotto in the heat of the day—but when he awoke and found the indignity done him, he resolves, in revenge, to burn Fingal's palace—takes his huge Bill, an instrument like a Hoe, with which they hack and grub up Gorze and Heath, or Ling, &c., for firing—hies him to the Forest, and made up eight large burthens, such as eight modern men could not heave from the ground, and with these he fired the House as above described.

Lesh Folt y ching chionn gys y Clea,  
 As chur mayd Aile gys y cass cha bieu."  
 Clysht tappee eisht hug Orree ass,  
 Tra dennee'n smuir roie ass e chiass,  
 Loo \**Mollaght Mynney* ad dy stroie,  
 Va er n'yannoo craid er Mac y Ree!  
 Dy farbagh breearrey ry Ghrian as Eayst,  
 Dy losht ad hene as thieyn neesht.  
 —Hie Orree beg magh dys ny Sleityn,  
 As Speih mooar connee er e geayltyl.  
 Hoght bart mooar trome hug eh lesh cart,  
 Hoght Kionnanyl currit ayns dagh Bart.  
 Hoght deiney lheid's sy theihll nish t'ayn  
 Cha droggagh bart jeh shoh ny v'ayn.  
 Ayns dagh uinnag hug eh Bart, as ayns dagh dorrys,  
 Agh mean y Thie mooar hene yn Bart mooar sollys.  
 —Va Fin as Oshin nish shelg dy chionn,  
 Lesh ooilley nyn treanee ayns ollish as joan.  
 —Yaagh woar ren sheeyney ass y neear,  
 Troggal ayns bodjallyn agglagh myr rere.  
 —Roie Fin as roie Oshin, derrey d'aase Oshin skee :  
 Agh she Fin mooar hene chum sodjey nish roie.  
 Eisht dyllee Fin huggey lesh Coraa trome,  
 "Cha vel faagit ain nish agh tholtanyl lhome!"  
 —Quoi ren yn assee shoh nagh re Orree beg?  
 Va'r chosney voue chelleerid gys oig fo yn creg.  
 —Raad plooghit lesh Yaagh hayrn ad magh er y cass,  
 \* \* \* \* \*



## FIN AND OSHIN.



**F**IN and Oshin went out to hunt,  
 †Fal, lal, loo, as fal, lal la.  
 With a noble train of men and dogs,  
 Not less in number than one hundred men,  
 So swift of foot and keen, none were their like;  
 With scores of Bandogs fierce they sallied forth,

\* *Mollaght Mynney*, is the bitterest curse in our language, that leaves neither Root nor Branch, like the *Skeabthoan*, the besom of destruction.

† Chorus after every line.

O'er Hill and Dale, much Havock for to make.  
 —Whom left they then at home but youthful Orree,  
 Who slept secure beneath the shadowy rock!  
 Full three score Greyhounds, with their whelps they  
 left,

(With three score lovely maidens young and fair,)\*  
 As many old dames to attend the young.

—Says Fin's fair Daughter, in Disdain and Scorn,  
 "How on young Orree shall we be revenged?"

—Says Oshin's Daughter:

"Fast to the Harrows we will tie his Hair,  
 And to his nimble feet, we'll set a train of Fire."

Then up starts Orree, with a nimble spring,  
 Feeling his feet a broiling with the heat,

With Curses direful, vowing to destroy,  
 Those who presum'd t' affront a King, his Son!

Swearing most bitterly by Sun and Moon,  
 To burn themselves and all their habitations.

—Then to the Mountain hies he fast away,  
 His heavy Gorse-hack poized upon his shoulders.

Eight ponderous burthens thence he carried off,  
 And eight large Faggots cram'd in ilka Burthen.

Not eight such men as in the world are now  
 Could from the Ground one of these burthen's raise.

Into each Window, he a Burthen thrust,

Into each Door, a Burthen of the same,

But, the grand blazing Burthen, on the floor,  
 Of the great Hall he laid, and set on fire.

—Meanwhile, our Heroes, Fin and Oshin hight,

They and their hardy men pursued the chase,  
 Eager, in sweat and dust, all cover'd o'er.

—Vast clouds full floating from the west  
 Were seen, like Billows dreadfull, as I ween.

—Then Fin he ran, and Oshin also ran,  
 Till faint, and out of breath, he sat him down:

But Fin the hardy chief, still held it out.

Then lift he up his lamentable Voice,

Calling to Oshin, who was far behind,

"We've nothing left but rueful, ruin'd walls!"

—This mischief who has done? Who but young  
 Orree,

Who fled, and in a rocky Cavern hid himself.

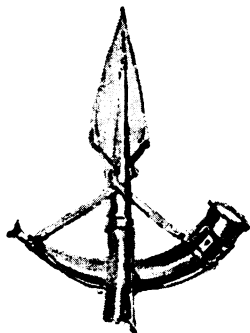
\* Not in the Manx.

—Then choak'd with Smoke, they drag him by the  
heels,  
\*(And tore him Limb from Limb (they say) with  
Horses wild).†

\* Not in the Manx.

† *Cætera desunt*.—But the Catastrophe is said to be that they tore him Limb from Limb with wild Horses. The tearing criminals assunder with Horses fastened to each limb is the punishment in the old statutes of the Isle of Mann to be inflicted on those who should presume to draw a weapon, or strike, or violate the peace within the verge of the Court of Tynwald, or any Court held by the King of Mann, or his Governor.

(The above notes are by Deemster Peter Heywood).



# MANNANAN BEG MAC Y LEIRR, NY SLANE COONTEY JEH ELLAN VANNIN

Soilshaghey cre'n mayll va ny Mannanee geeck da  
 Mannanan; kys ren Noo Pharick eshyn y imman  
 ersooyl as e heshaght; kys hug Noo Pharick yn  
 Creestiaght; as coontey jeh ny chied Aspickyn va  
 syn Ellan. Myrgeddin coontey jeh'n chied Ree va  
 Mannin, as e Lhuight; coontey jey ny Chiarnyn;  
 as kys hainkyn Ellan gys Clein Stanley.

**D**Y neaishtagh shiu agh rish my skeayll,  
 As cur tasteys dys my *chant*,  
 Myr share dy voddym's lesh my veeal,  
 Yinnin diu geill jeh'n ellan sheeant.

Quoi yn chied er ec row rieau ee,  
 Ny kys eisht myr haghyn da;  
 Ny kys hug Pharick yn creestiaght,  
 Ny kys myr haink ee gys Stanlaa.

Mannanan-Beg va mac y Leirr,  
 Shen yn chied er ec row rieau ee;  
 Agh myr share oddym's cur-my-ner,  
 Cha row eh hene agh an-chreestee.

Cha nee lesh e chliwe ren eh ee reayll,  
 Cha nee lesh e hideyn, ny lesh e vhow;  
 Agh tra vaikagh eh lhuingys troailt,  
 Ollagh eh ee mygeayrt lesh kay.

Yinnagh eh dooinney hassoo er broogh,  
 Er-lhieue shiu hene dy beagh ayn keead;  
 As shen myr dreayll Mannanan keoie  
 Yn ellan shoh lesh eh cosney-bwoid.

Yn mayll d'eeck dagh unnane ass e cheer  
 Va bart dy leagher ghlass dagh blein;  
 As va shen orroo d'eeck myr keesh,  
 Trooid magh ny cheerey dagh Oiel-Eoin.

# LITTLE MANNANAN, SON OF LEIRR, OR A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE ISLE OF MAN

Showing what rent the Manxmen paid to Mannanan ;  
how St. Patrick banished him and his company ;  
how St. Patrick introduced the Sacrament ; and an  
account of the first Bishops who were in the Island.  
Also an account of the first King that was in Man,  
and his Posterity ; an account of the Lords ; and  
how the Island came to the Stanley Family.

❦

**I**F you would listen to my tale,  
And pay attention to my chant,  
I'll with my mouth, as best I can,  
Tell you of the holy island.

Who was the first that e'er had her,  
Or what then happened to him ;  
Or how Patrick brought the sacrament,  
Or how it first came to Stanley.

Mannanan-Beg\* was son of Leirr,  
He was the first that e'er had her  
But as it seemeth unto me,  
He himself was but a heathen.

'Twas not with his sword he kept her,  
Nor with his arrows, nor his bow ;  
But when he would see ships sailing,  
He hid her right round with a fog.

He'd set a man upon a brow,  
You'd think there were a hundred there ;  
And thus did wild Mannanan guard  
That island with all its booty.

The rent each paid out of his land,  
Was a bundle of green rushes ;†  
And that was on them as a tax,  
Throughout the country each John's Eve.

\* i.e. "Little Mannanan."

† "coarse grass, every year."



Paart ragh lesh y leagher seose  
 Gys yn slieau mooar ta heose Barool ;  
 Paart elley aagagh yn leagher wass,  
 Ec Mannanan erskyn yn Keamool.

My shen eisht ren adsyn beaghey,  
 Er-lhiam pene dy by-veg nyn geesh,  
 Gyn kiarail as gyn imnea,  
 Ny doccar dy lhiegey er nyn skeeys.

Eisht haink ayn Pharick Noo nyn mean ;  
 She dooinney-noo, v'eh lane dy artue ;  
 Dimman eh Mannanan er y tonn,  
 As e grogh vooinjer dy lieh-chiart.

As jeusyn ooilley dy row olk,  
 Orroo cha ren eh veg y ghrayse ;  
 Dy row jeh slught ny buitshyn-chrout,  
 Nagh ren eh stroie as cooyrt dy baase.

Vannee eh'n cheer veih kione dy kione,  
 As rieuu cha daag eh boght ayn-jee,  
 Dy row jeh lhiurid lhiannoo beg,  
 Dy dob rieuu dy ve ny Creestee.

Shen myr haink y chied Chredjue Mannin,  
 Ec Pharick Noo er ny chur ayn ;  
 As Creest dy niartagh aynin eh,  
 As neesht myrgeddin ayns nyn gloan.

Eisht vannee Pharick Karmane Noo,  
 As daag eh eh yn aspick ayn,  
 Dy niartagh yn credjue ny smoo,  
 As caballyn beggey ren eh ayn.

Ayns dagh treen-balley ren eh unnane,  
 Da'n sleih shen ayn dy heet dy ghuee ;  
 Myrgeddin ren eh keeill Charmane,  
 Ta ayns y Pheeley foast ny hoie.

My dug Karmane er e obbyr kione,  
 Hug Jee fys er, as hooar eh baase ;  
 Myr shione diu hene yn chaghter chionn,  
 Cha vel fer ayn hed jeh-lesh saase.

Some went up with the rushes to  
 The great mountain up at Barool ;  
 Others would leave the grass below,  
 With Mannanan above Keamool.

In this way then they lived, I think  
 Myself their tribute very small,  
 Without care or anxiety,  
 Or labour to cause\* weariness.

Then came Saint Patrick in their midst  
 He was a saint full of virtue ;  
 He sent Mannanan on the wave  
 Away, with all his bad† servants.

And of all those that were evil,  
 To them he showed but little grace ;  
 Those that were of the conjuror's race,  
 He destroyed and put to death.

He blessed the land from end to end,  
 And ne'er left a poor person there,  
 That was bigger than a child,‡ who  
 Refused to be a Christian.

Thus it was the first Faith§ came  
 To Man,|| by St. Patrick put in ;  
 And to strengthen Christ within us,  
 And within our children also.

Patrick then blessed St. German,  
 And left him the bishop in it,  
 To strengthen the faith more and more,  
 And little chapels he made there.

In every treen-land made he one,  
 For these folk to come in to pray ;  
 St. German's church he also made,  
 That to this day sits in the Peel.¶

Before German finished his work,  
 God sent for him, and then he died ;  
 Ye know from this swift messenger,  
 None will escape by any means.

\* "to fall into,"      + "uneven."      ‡ "the length of a little child:"

† Perhaps the writer meant "Faith first came."      || i.e., the Isle of Man."

¶ The fort, i.e., Peel Castle.

Hooar eshyn baase as t'eh ny lhie,  
 Raad yn broogh va leah er n'inschley.  
 Crosh dy chlagh t'ec e ghaa chass,  
 Ayns e keeill hene foast ayns y Pheeley.

Eisht haink Maughold ayn veih'n heear,  
 As ghow eh thalloo ec y Chione,  
 As hrog eh keeill as rollick mygeart,  
 Yn ynnyd by-vian lesh beaghey ayn.

Ny caballyn doardee Karmane Noo  
 D'an sleih shen-ayn dy heet dy ghuee ;  
 Hug Maughold shiartanse jeu ayns unnane,  
 As myr shen ren eh skeeraghyn cooie.

Hooar Maughold baase as t'eh ny lhie  
 Ayns e keeill hene neesht ec y Chione ;  
 As y nah aspick haink ny-yei,  
 Myr share shione dooys, she eh va Lonnan.

Connaghan yn nah er eisht haink ayn,  
 As haink Marooney reesht yn trass ;  
 T'ad shen nyn droor ayns keeill Marooney,  
 As ayns shen vees ad son dy bra.

Nish lhig mayd shaghey ny deiney-noo,  
 As chymney mayd nyn anmeenyn gys Mac Yee,  
 Cha neeu fir-agglish voylley ny smoo,  
 Derrey hig ad fenish Ree dagh Ree.

Myr shen eisht ren adsyn beaghey,  
 Gyn dooinney ayn yinnagh orroo corree ;  
 Agh goll dy gheddyn pardoon veih'n Raue,  
 Er-derry haink hucsyn Ree Gorree ;

Lesh e lhuingys as pooar y ree,  
 As ghow eh thalloo ec y Lhane.  
 Shen y chield er ec row rieu ee,  
 Dy ve ny ree er yn ellan.

Cha geayll mee dy ren eh skielley,  
 Chamoo ren eh marroo ayn-jee ;  
 Agh aym ta fys dy daink jeh slught  
 Three reeaghyn jeig jeh Ree Gorree.

He saw death, and he lieth, where  
The bank was soon to be laid low.  
A cross of stone is at his feet,  
In his own church yet in the Peel.

Then came in Maughold from the west,  
And he came on shore\* at the Head,  
And built a church and yard around,  
At the place he would fain abide.

The chapels St. German ordered  
For the people to come to prayers ;  
Maughold joined some of them in one,  
And thus made proper parishes.

Maughold died and he lies also  
In his own church too at the Head ;  
The next bishop that came after,  
As far as I know, was Lonnan.

Connaghan the next then came in,  
And then arrived Marown the third ;  
These three are laid in Kirk Marown,  
And there they always will remain.

Now let us pass these saintly men,  
And to God's Son commit their souls,  
We need not praise these church-men more,  
Till they're before the King of Kings.

In this way then they passed their time,†  
There was no man would anger them ;  
But getting a pardon from Rome,  
Till there came to them King Gorree ;

With his strong ships and kingly power,  
At the Lhane he came to the shore.  
He was the first that e'er had her,  
To be the king of the island.

I never heard that he did harm,  
He did kill not any one there ;  
But I know there came of his race  
Full thirteen kings of King Gorree.

\* "took the land."

† "they lived."

Eisht haink ayn Quinney as haink ayn Quail,  
 Haink towse dy leigh as reill ayn-jee ;  
 Ny keeshyn mooarey as y mayll,  
 Vees dy hirrey dy bragh er dooinney erbee.

My ta red erbee jannoo skielley diu,  
 Cur-jee nyn mollaht er Mannanee ;  
 She ad by-vessey d'an ellan sheeant,  
 Ec dagh drogh leigh y yannoo ayn-jee.

Eisht haink ayn Ollister mooar, mac ree Albey,  
 Lesh lhuingys hrean dy-brau ayn-jee ;  
 As er-lhiam pene dy by-vooar lesh foalsaght,  
 Cha nee lesh dunallys smoo chragh eh ee.

Cha daag eh bio jeh slught y ree,  
 Mac ny inneen d'yymyrkey kione ;  
 Agh va unnane myr baare fod ee,  
 Hie dy hirrey cooney gys ree Gaul.

O Albanee, my vow uss feeu,  
 As dty haghter oc dy heet ayn ;  
 Cammah nagh duirree oo as ve nyn ree,  
 Myr vow yn mac ny ree Laughlin ?

Agh s'beg eh lhiam, dy veg eh lhiat,  
 Ny fee t'ad rock, rock erskyn dty chione ;  
 Agh lhig dooys loayrt jeh'n inneen aeg,  
 Neayr as nagh daag oo bio agh ee,  
 Haink jeh slught ree Laughlin,  
 As v'ee inneen da Ree Gorree.

Cha leah as chragh y noid y cheer,  
 Nagh jagh eh roish as daag eh ee ?  
 Myr yinnagh y sowin choo rish e quallian,  
 Ee aagail ny lhie er beggan bree.

Cha leah as cragh y noid y cheer,  
 Nagh jagh eh roish noon gys Nalbin ?  
 As gow ish lhuingys neesht dy feer,  
 As hie ee rhymbee gys ree Hostyn.

Cha leah as haink ee gys y Chooyrt,  
 Ren eh j'ee soiagh dy feer choar ;  
 As da ny deiney haink maree,  
 Hug y ree palchey d'argid's d'airh.

Then came in Quinney\* and then Quaill,\*  
 Of law and rule, a measure came;  
 With greater taxes and the rent,  
 Which will be always demanded.†

If there's a thing that does you harm,  
 Give your curse upon the Manxmen;  
 For the blessed isle, they were the worst,  
 At making each bad law in her.

Then came great Ollister, Scotland's king's son,  
 With strong shipping, he bravely came to it;  
 But I myself think it was more by guile,  
 And not by courage he made most havoc.

Not one of the king's race he left alive,  
 Nor son nor daughter to sustain his head;  
 Excepting one, who as well as she could,  
 Went to seek help from the King of France.

O Scotchman, if thou wert worthy,  
 And thy messenger to come in;  
 Why didst thou not stop and rule,‡ as  
 Did the son of Norway's king?

I care but little that 'tis thine,  
 The ravens croak above thine head;  
 But let me tell of the young girl,  
 For thou left her only alive,  
 She came of the king of Norway's seed,  
 And was the daughter of King Goree.

As soon as the foe spoiled the land,  
 Did he not depart and leave her?  
 As the she greyhound with her whelp,  
 Leaving her lying with scant strength.

As soon as the foe spoiled the land,  
 Did he not go o'er to Scotland?  
 And she truly took shipping too,  
 And went her way to England's king.

As soon as she came to the Court,  
 He treated her very kindly;  
 And to the men that came with her,  
 Gave plenty of silver and gold.

\* Well-known Manx names, but the meaning is decidedly obscure.

† "Of any man," omitted.      ‡ "be our King."

Nagh ren eh fenaght j'ee quoi v'ee,  
 Ny cre eilken v'ec gys e Chooyrt ;  
 "Ta mish," dooyrt ee, "inneen da ree,  
 Erreish ve spoillit as gyn kiannoort.

"She mysh dty vyghin as dty ghrayse,  
 Ta mish nish lhoobey hoods, O ree ;  
 Cha vel mee gearree cooid ny maase,  
 Agh gearree ort dy chynmey mee."

"Shee dy vea hooiin," dooyrt ree Hostyn ;  
 As ren eh poosey ish dy bieu,  
 (V'ee slught Laughlin, inneen Gorree,)   
 Rish Sir William dy Vountague.

Eisht Sir William va ree Vannin,  
 Cha hoie eh jee agh beggan feeu ;  
 Son chreck eh ee as ghow eh maase,  
 O ree, red bastagh dy ren rieau.

Rish yn Chairn Scroop chreck eshyn ee,  
 O ree, nagh moal hug saynt da maase ;  
 Ga ve ayns foayr mooar rish y ree,  
 Gerrit ny-yei hur eshyn baase.

Agh fys nyn gooishyn cha vel aym,  
 Lhig dauesyn sailliu fysseree ;  
 Agh aym ta fys er shoh dy feer,  
 Dy row lane maase mie ec y ree.

Haink yn ellan eisht gys y ree,  
 Conaant Scroop myr shoh dy jarroo,  
 Nagh beagh ny sodjey echey j'ee,  
 Ny veagh e vioys er y thalloo.

Haink yn ellan reesht gys y ree,  
 As mooar y bree cha row echey ayn ;  
 Hug eh da Earl Northumberland ee,  
 Agh cha dug eh ee da e chloan.

Adsyn veagh dunnal ayns caggey  
 Yoghe ad giootyn mooar myr bailliu ;  
 Agh ayns caggey mooar Salisbury  
 Va Earl Northumberland er ny varroo.

Did he not ask her who she was,  
 Or what her errand to his Court ?  
 " I am " she said " a king's daughter,  
 Though robbed and without a guardian.

'Tis for thy mercy and thy grace,  
 That I now bend to thee, O king ;  
 I ask not for goods or cattle,  
 But crave of thee to pity me."

" Welcome to us," cried England's king ;  
 He got her married soon, (she was  
 Of Norway's race, Gorree's daughter),  
 To Sir William of Montagu.

Then Sir William was king of Man,  
 But he thought her\* of little worth ;  
 For he sold her and bought cattle,  
 O king, what a pity it was.

Unto the Lord Scroop he sold it,  
 How mean, king, to covet cattle ;  
 Though in great favour with the king,  
 Shortly after he† suffered death.

Knowledge of their affairs, I've not ;  
 Let those gain knowledge who wish to ;  
 But this I know well, that the king  
 Had a number of good cattle.

Then the island came to the king,  
 Scroop's covenant so appointed,  
 That he should have no more of it,  
 Than during his life on the earth.

The isle came again to the king,  
 'Twas of no importance to him ;  
 He gave it to Northumberland's  
 Great Earl, but not to his children.

Those that would be bold in battle  
 Would get great presents, as they pleased ;  
 But in Sal'sbury's great battle  
 The Earl of Northumberland was slain.

\* *i.e.* Man.      † *i.e.* Lord Scroop.



Quoi hagher eisht gys y vagher,  
 Agh Sir Juan Stanley cosney bwoid ;  
 Myr by-vannee haink er y laa,  
 Lesh e chliwe geyre ve sheer goll trooid.

Myr ree, by-veg er hene nyn mea,  
 Yiarragh eh dooinney sheese dyn glare ;  
 Varragh eh lesh un vuilley shleiy,  
 Cabbyl as dooinney gys y laare.

Cre dy aash veagh claigin e kione ?  
 Gyn ging cha ragh eh ass ;  
 Ny cre by-eillit veagh e ghreym,  
 Roshtagh e chliwe geyre e chryss.

Tra scuirr y magher, as gow eh fea,  
 Eisht boggey mooar ayns hene ghow'n ree ;  
 As deie eh huggey Sir Juan Stanley  
 Dy ghoaill eh leagh jeh maase as nhee.

“ Kyndagh dy vel uss er my rere,  
 Sheer cosney bwoid dooys, as dhyt hene ;  
 Gow son dty leagh Ellan Vannin,  
 Son leagh dy hogher dy bragh beayn.”

Shen myr haink yn ellan gys nyn laue,  
 As shen myr haink Clein Stanley ayn ;  
 As ree lurg ree freayll shin veih gaue,  
 As mooarane bleeanyn Chiarnyn ayn.

Eisht tra hooar Sir Juan Stanley baase,  
 Haink reesht Sir Juan geiyrt e vac ;  
 Va mooarane blein heear ayns Neirin,  
 Ny lieutenant feer oasle oc.

Eisht haink Thomase Derby ruggit ny ree ;  
 Eh-hene va ceau yn crubber airh ;  
 Cha row yn chiarn ayns Sostyn 'sthie,  
 Lesh whilleen shirveishee 'sy cheer.

Er Albanee chooillean eh hene,  
 As hie eh noon gys Keeill-Choobragh,  
 As ren eh lheid y craghtys thieyn,  
 Dy vel paart ayn foast gyn mullagh.

Who happened to come to the field,  
But Sir John Stanley seeking gain ;  
To him came blessing on that day,  
With his sharp sword he went through all.

Like as king, he thought little of life,  
Without boasting, he would cut down  
A man ; with one spear's thrust he threw  
To the ground both horseman and horse.

What rest would there be for his scalp ?\*  
Without heads he would not depart ;  
Howsoe'er his back was armoured,  
His sharp sword would reach his girdle.

When the fight ceased, and all was quiet,  
Then the king rejoiced in himself ;  
And he called John Stanley to take  
His reward in cattle and goods.

“ Because thou hast by my orders  
Gained spoil for me and thyself ;  
Take for reward the Isle of Man,  
To be thy reward for ever.”

Thus the island came to their hand,  
And thus the Stanley clan came in ;  
And king after king keeping us  
From danger, many years Lords here.

Then when Sir John Stanley died,  
There came again Sir John, his son ;  
Who'd been in Ireland many years,  
A very noble lieutenant.

Then came Thomas Derby, born king ;  
'Twas he wore the golden crupper ;  
There was not one lord in England,  
With so many servants in the land.

On Scotchmen he revenged himself,  
He went over to Kirkcudbright,  
And made such havoc of houses,  
That some of them are yet unroofed.

\* “ his head's scalp.”

Nagh bwaagh shen dasyn dooinney aeg  
 Dy goaill chooilleen by-vooar jeh gaue,  
 Roish haink rieu er e ghob faasaag,  
 As e gheiney chur lesh ass dy slane ?

Ayns un thousane queig cheead as shiaght,  
 She ayns mee ny Boaldiney ve,  
 Ghow eh thalloo ayns Roonyssvie,  
 Er boirey'n theay hug eh slane fea.

Lheid y thie as dreayl eshyn hene,  
 Son ree ny ruggerey hroggit hrean ;  
 Cha vaik sleih lheid rish milley blein,  
 Chamoo hee reesht 'syn earish ain.

Agh arragh dy voylley cha jeanyms ny smoo,  
 Choud as booie deiney feanish my hooill ;  
 Er-aggle dy daghyrt daue rhym y ghra,  
 Dy nee son leagh veign sheer brynnoile.

Agh faagym da'n nah ghooiney hig my yei,  
 Dy voylley hene myr sheeagh chur da ;  
 Tra vees e chryss ny lhie 'syn oaie,  
 Yiow'n dooinney gloyr myr sheeagh cur ad.



Was not that pretty in such a young man,  
To take revenge regardless of danger,  
Before ever a beard came on his mouth,  
And to carry his men safe home with him ?

In fifteen hundred and seven,  
And it was in the month of May,  
He came on shore at Ronaldsway,  
And ended a public tumult.

Such a house as he kept himself,  
For a born king bravely nurtured,  
Folks ne'er saw such for countless years,  
Neither in our time will again.

But further praise I will not give,  
So long as I live among men ;\*  
For fear they might chance say to me,  
That 'tis for gain I flatter so.

But I leave the man that comes after me,  
To give praise to him, as he'll find him worth ;  
When his crest† will be laid down in the grave,  
He will get the glory he ought to have.

\* "as long as living men are before my eyes."      † "belt or girdle."



# COONTEY-GHIARE JEH ELLAN VANNIN.

**J**EHN Ellan shoh, mychione eck te fo'm loayrt,  
 Neem y chooid share son coontey feer y choyrty.  
 T'ee Ellan veg ayns keayn Noo Yeorge ny lhie,  
 S'ga t'ee beg, t'ee costallagh dy mie.  
 Ta cheer ny Albey er y twoaie j'ee soit,  
 As Anglesey ta er y jiass j'ee lhie-t.  
 Ta Lancashire lhie vo'ee 'sy chiar,  
 As Nerin ayns y sheear, myr ta mee cur-myner.  
 Yn chummey eck ta er yn aght shoh noain :  
 T'ee lane vie liauyr, cha vel ee agh feer choon,  
 Veih Kione-ny-Harey, 'syn aynr sodjey twoaie  
 Er dys y Cholloo ; cha vel fys ayms' quoi  
 Ren ee y howse, mish cha ren veg y lheid.  
 Ta'd gra dy jean ee towse jeih veeilley as feed.  
 Er son y lheed eck slane veih cheu dy heu,  
 Myr ta mee lhaih, ta ny screeunyn streeu ;  
 Paart sailliu nuy, ny jeih, ny red gyn veg,  
 As paart ta shassoo er queig veeilly-yeig.  
 Agh lheid er-hastagh, ta mee cur daue ny reih  
 Dy ghoail ee son nuy, queig-jeig, ny jeih.  
 Kiare baljyn-vargee foast dyn enmys ta,  
 Jeu nee-ym loayrt, my lowys shiu agh tra.  
 Hoshiaght, *Balley-Chashtal* jeh goo vooar,  
 As balley chronnal t'ee shickyr dy-liooar.  
 Ta'n valley soit er-gerrey da yn cheayn,  
 King-reill yn Ellan bunnys ta ayns shen.  
 Ta purt fardalagh ayn, as keint dy cheyee ;  
 Olk ta'd shen hene, agh s'olk dy mooar ta'n vaie.  
 T'an chashtal aalin neesht, as veih shen hellym  
 Ta'n valley shoh er lesh v'er ghoail e ennym.  
 Ayns shoh ta slattyssyn y cheerey freilt,  
 As liorish leighyn chair ta'n Ellan reilt.  
 Nish ta mee cheet dys *Doolish*, sooill y cheer,  
 As t'ee, yn valley s'aalin t'ayn, dy feer.  
 Ga t'ee neu-feeu dys baljyn yoorree elley,  
 Foast shegin dooin choontey jee, ga t'ee ny smelley.  
 T'an valley shoh jeant magh lesh cummaltee,  
 Dy yoorreeyn chammah as dy Vanninee.  
 Myr shen ta'n vaie, ta purt vie lhuingys ayn ;

## A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

OF this Island, of which I mean to speak,  
I'll do my best to give a true account.  
She is a small Isle in St. George's Sea,  
Though she is small, she is very precious.  
The country of the Scotch is to the north,  
And Anglesey's Isle lies on her south side.  
Lancashire lies on the east side of her,  
And Ireland on the west I do behold.  
Her shape undoubtedly is as follows :\*  
She's rather long, she is very narrow,†  
From Point of Ayre, the portion furthest north,  
To the Calf Isle ; I have no knowledge who  
Did measure her, for I did no such thing.  
They say that she measures just thirty miles.  
As regards her whole breadth from side to side,  
I understand the measurements differ ;‡  
Some think nine, or ten, or some such trifle,  
And some persist 'tis fifteen miles at least.  
But to the observant I give the choice  
To take her for nine, fifteen, or ten.  
Four market-towns unmentioned yet there are,  
Of them I'll speak, if you'll but spare the time.  
First, Castletown of very great renown,  
And sure enough 'tis a notable town.  
The town is situate close to the sea,  
The Island's chief rulers are mostly there.  
There is a poor harbour, and a kind of quay ;  
Full bad are these, but full worse is the bay.  
The castle's fine, and from it, I believe,  
The town its appellation has taken.  
'Tis here the statutes of the Island are kept,  
And by just laws the Island is governed.  
Now come I to Douglas, the country's eye,  
And she's the most beautiful town truly,  
Though she's not equal§ to some foreign towns,  
Yet must we prize her, though inferior.  
This town has numbers of inhabitants,  
Who are foreigners as well as Manxmen.  
As for the bay, there's a good shipping port ;

\* "of necessity."      † "she is not but very."

‡ "as I read, the writings are at strife."      § "unworthy."

Cooïd ta prowit ec ny shlee ny un ashoon.  
 'Sy valley shoh, dy smooïnaght er y voayl,  
 Ta dellal vïoyr ayns lane chaghlaaghyn chooid.  
 Ny thieyn ta mie as sie cordail rish fort.  
 Ny stadyn-vea, cha kiart as oddyms loayrt,  
 Paart berchagh as paart boght jeh'n chummaltee  
 'Sy valley shoh, myr ta stayd ymmoddee.  
 Nish *Purt-ny-Hinshey* 'sy trass ynnyd ta  
 Cheet stiagh ayns cair dy ve er ny imraa.  
 T'an valley shoh 'sy sheear hwoaie ny lhie ;  
 T'ee beg dy feer, agh lane dy liooar dy leih.  
 Ayns shoh ta cashtal neesht er ynnyd sunt,  
 Dy schleioil troggit lesh creggyn chreoi son grunt.  
 Ta baie ayn neesht, yn sauchys eck cha s'aym ;  
 Agh smie da lheid ve ayn son cour traa feme.  
 Chamoo neem lane y ghra ayns moylley'n phurt ;  
 Myr t'adsyn feddyn eh lhig dagh er loayrt.  
 Ny-yeih 'sy vaie ta lhuïngys cliaghtey raad,  
 As ayns yn awin paart folmaghey nyn laad.  
 Eisht liorish shoh shegin daue ve castre-cair,  
 Er-nonneï ennaght ad mooads nyn ghanjeyr.  
 Reggyryn neesht ny vud oc, ta mee toïggal,  
 Ta lane vie bioyr ayns caghlaaghyn ghellal.  
 Ny thieyn t'oc mie as sie, myr boayl ny ghaa.  
 Cree smoo mychione eck bailliu mee dy ghra ?  
*Rhumsaa* 'sy chiarroo ynnyd ta cheet stiagh,  
 Ny veg roie raait, t'ee sodjey twoaie dy bragh.  
 Dy loayrt dy feer, ga t'ee yn valley sloo  
 'Sy cheer shoh, noain ny-yeih ta foddeï smoo  
 Dy chummaltee, as dy reggyryn ayn,  
 Cooïd ta cur er nyn meaghey ve cha goaun,  
 Cha bliass da ve ayns balley veagh wheesh elley ;  
 Son shen scoan ta'd veg share, agh foddeï smelley.  
 Ayns traaghyn ta'n dellal oc mie bioyr,  
 As t'ad, ec traaghyn elley, lhagg dy liooar.  
 Lane joarreeyn ta ayn-jee jeh ny Albanee,  
 Paart t'ayn ta cheet as goll, as paart ny cummaltee.  
 Ta purt vie ayn, as baie veg share cha lhiass,  
 Chamoo ta lheid 'sy cheer, er twoaie ny jiass.  
 Ny thieyn injil to'c ta soilshaght er cheu-mooie  
 Ymmyrch vooar ny neu-freooïe ny cummaltee.  
 Nish stayd ny Baljyn-vargee inshit ta,  
 Mychione ny Baljyn-veggeï shegin gimraa.  
 Jeh shoh ta kiare ny wheig ayns earroo noain,

Goods are taxed\* there from more than one nation.  
 In this town, just to think about the place,  
 There's a brisk trade in many kinds of goods.  
 The houses good and bad as means vary.  
 Life's conditions, as far as I can tell,  
 Are that of the folk some are rich, some poor  
 In this town, as is the state of many.  
 Now Port-ny-Hinshey† in the third place doth  
 Come in by good right to be mentioned.  
 This little town lies on the north-west side ;  
 She is little truly, but full of people.  
 Here too's a castle on a healthy place,  
 Skilfully built with hard rocks for foundation.‡  
 There is a bay, how safe I do not know ;  
 'Tis well that such should be in time of need.  
 Nor will I say much in the harbour's praise ;  
 As each one finds it, so let each one speak.  
 Yet in the bay ships are wont to anchor,  
 And in the river some discharge cargo.  
 By this 'twould seem these must be passable,  
 Else the greatness of their danger they'd feel.  
 Some few among them too, I understand,  
 Are trading actively in various ways.  
 The houses are good and bad, as elsewhere,  
 What more about her would you have me say ?  
 Ramsey in the fourth place comes in, before  
 Not mentioned, she is the farthest north.  
 To speak truly, though she is the smallest town  
 Within this country, yet she has far more  
 Inhabitants for her extent than most,§  
 Which causes provisions to be so scarce,  
 As need not be in a town twice the size ;  
 For that they are not better, but far worse.  
 Sometimes their trade is reasonably brisk,  
 And slack enough they are at other times.  
 Many strangers who are Scotchmen live here,  
 Some come and go, and some are residents.  
 There's a good harbour, an excellent bay,  
 Nought like it in the country, north or south.  
 Their low houses show on the face of them  
 Great need or heedlessness in the dwellers.  
 Now the state of the Market-towns is told,  
 About the Villages we must discourse.  
 Of these without doubt there are four or five,

\* "proved."      † "Port of the Island," i.e., Peel.      ‡ "ground."

‡ "of inhabitants and some few," but this is obscure.



Agh feer fardalagh ta'd, dy chooilley unnane.  
 Ta aer ny cheerey coontit feer slayntoil,  
 As dooghys y thallooin ta fegooish foill.  
 Gymmyrkey curnaght, pishyr, corkey's oayrn.  
 As shoggyl neesht. Yn sleih ta fegooish moyrn  
 Son y chooid smoo, as dooie rish joarreeyn.  
 Ta'd giastallagh rish boghtyn nyn jeer hene.  
 Ollagh, cabbil, kirree, guoiee, as goair,  
 Ta'n cheer dy ymmyrkey ayns palchys vooar.  
 Monney dy fuygh, cha vel 'sy cheer shoh gaase,  
 Keayrt palchey va, agh genney nish te'r naase.  
 Ta oc son aile, kypp, rhennagh, conney 's moain,  
 Ayns ynnydyn jeh cheer ta shen hene goaun.  
 Ny baljyn-vargee bunnys ta jeant magh  
 Lesh aile ta joarree, lheid's geayl, cheet stiagh.  
 Ayns shee as fea yn sleih ta ceau nyn draa,  
 As reill yn Ellan er yn aght shoh ta :  
 Ta un Chiannoort, 's daa Vriw 'sy Whaiyl-Theay,  
 As ny quaiylyn elley, inshym ad dy Leah.  
 Aspick ny cheerey ta, as daa Phesson marish,  
 T'ad shoh nyn droor ta jannoo yn Whaiyl-Agglish.  
 Mysh mean ny cheerey, myr cashtal ny hoie,  
 Immyr dy sleityn twoaie as jiass ta roie.  
 Ny vud oc shoh yn slieau, son yryd ta  
 Cronnal dy mie as feeu dy liooar gimraa,  
 Emmyssit Sniaul ; veih'n vullagh syn un cheayrt  
 Troor dy reeriaghtyn hee shiu criunn mygeayrt.  
 Ayns earish t'er 'ngholl shaghey, ny Manninee  
 Va ashoon niartal, as sleih mooar caggee ;  
 Agh nish cha vel wheesh boirey cheet nyn raad.  
 S'maynrey 'n skeeal ! feer vaynrey ta nyn stayd !  
 Yn cheer shoh noain, my ta shiu er chlashtyn jeh,  
 Dyn dooyt nagh vel yn skeeal ta foddey shlea  
 Na'n cheer shoh hene, yn goo myr shoh ta goll  
 Ta ferrishyn as beishtyn ayns dagh voayl  
 Jeh'n cheer veg shoh, as kinjagh te d'imraa  
 Dy vel ad er nyn vakin oie as laa.  
 Nish cre dy ghra 'sy chooish yn shoh cha's'aym,  
 Agh son lane pleat cha naik'ym monney feme.  
 Paart trooid faase-chredjue, paart trooid faasid vooar  
 As mee-hushtey myr shoh nee ad m'ansoor ;  
 " Ta lheid dy feer." Cre oddyms roo y ghra ?  
 My jirrym, dty hilley oo er dty volley ta,  
 Jir ad " nagh vel," as cowraghyn ta'd ginsh

But every one of them is very small.  
 The country air is thought very healthful,  
 And the nature of the soil is faultless.  
 It brings forth wheat and pease, oats and barley,  
 And rye also. The people are without pride  
 For the most part, and kindly to strangers.  
 They are charitable to their own poor.  
 Cattle, horses, sheep, geese and goats also,  
 The country produces in great plenty.  
 Much wood does not in this country flourish,  
 Once there was plenty, but 'tis now grown scarce.  
 They have for fires both logs, fern, gorse, and turf,  
 But in parts of the land e'en these are rare.  
 The market towns are now mainly supplied  
 With foreign fuel, like coal, imported.  
 In peace and quiet the folk spend their time,  
 And the Isle is governed in this manner :  
 There's one Gov'nor and two Deemsters in the  
 Common-law Court, the others I'll soon tell.  
 The Bishop and two Vicars are the three  
 Who form the Court Ecclesiastical.\*  
 Like a castle set in the country's midst,  
 There's a range of mountains runs north and south.  
 Among these the mountain, that for height is  
 Conspicuous and worthy of mention,  
 Named Snaefell ; from the summit at once  
 Three kingdoms you will see stretched round about.  
 In times that have passed away, the Manxmen  
 Were a strong nation and great warriors ;  
 But now no disturbance e'er comes their way.  
 What happy tidings ! What a happy state !  
 In this country in truth, as you have heard,  
 No doubt the report has spread wider far  
 Than this country itself, the tale goes that  
 There are fairies and ogres everywhere  
 In this little land, and 'tis often said  
 That they are visible both night and day.  
 Now what to say 'bout this I do not know,  
 But for much talk, I perceive no need.  
 Some through unbelief and some through weakness  
 And ignorance will thus answer me :  
 " There are such truly." What can I tell them ?  
 If I should say, thy sight doth thee deceive,  
 They will say " it does not," and tell how signs

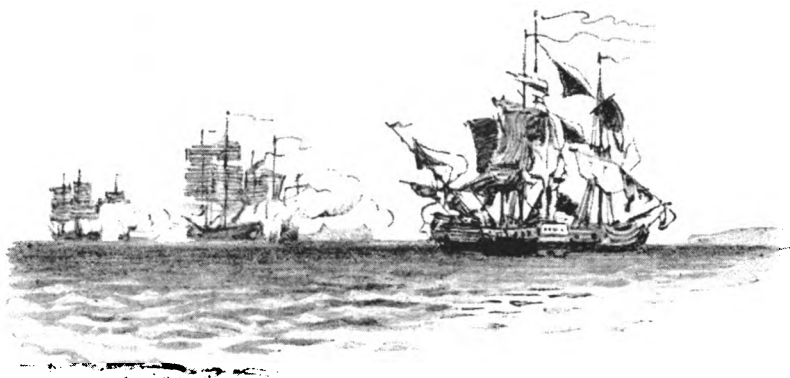
\* " the Bishop of the country and two Parsons with (him), these three constitute the Ecclesiastical Court."

Ve myr shoh noain, ve'h cha baghtal shoh ny wheesh  
 Cha jiryim roo, "cha veer dhyt," as myr shen  
 Ta skeealyn gaase, ta'd credjit as ta'd beayn.  
 Nish lhig dagh er, tra 'chlinnys eh lheid shoh,  
 Edyr mychione corp varroo ny corp vio,  
 Yn ymmyd saillish yannoo jeh yn skeeal,  
 Cordail rish goo as sheeltys feer e veeal  
 Ta ginsh da lheid, agh share lhiam eh dy mooar  
 Eh ve dyn chredjal; as shickyr te dy liooar  
 Ta lheid ny niaghtyn toilliu lane dy chraid,  
 Coooid ta'd dy gheddyn dagh voayl ta'd goaill raad.  
 Bunnys ny oddyms ghra mychione y cheer;  
 Vel ooilley shoh ny taym's ve raa-it dy feer.  
 Myr shen 'sy traa cha jeanyms lesh my veeal  
 Ny smoo y ghra, agh ta jerrey er my skeeal.



Were like this certainly, as clear as this.  
I cannot say "thou speak'st not truth;" and so  
Stories do grow, are believed and remain.  
Now let each one, when he hears such as this,  
Either about the dead or the living,  
Make what use he pleases of the story,  
According to the truthfulness of him  
Who tells him it, but I would much rather  
Him to be disbelieved; and sure enough  
Such narrations deserve much ridicule,  
A thing they ought to get where're they go.  
This is near all that I can say about  
The country; I hope that 'tis all truthful.  
So that on this occasion, I will say  
No more, but there's an end to my story.





## THUROT AS ELLIOT.

**E**C balley veg ny Frangee, er dorrid ny bleaney,  
Flod veg dy hiyn-chaggee ren geddyn fo hiaull ;  
As, choud as veagh Thurot kion-reiltagh e gheiney,  
Cha bailloo ve orroo dy jinnagh ad coayl.

Sheer caggey noi yn ree ain, gyn aggle ny nearey,  
As roostey as spooilley yn ymmodee siyn,  
Yn gheay ren ee sheidey er ardjyn ny Haarey,  
As gimman ad stiagh er reeriaght yn ree ain.

Eisht hie ad rish dy goaill Carrickfergus ayns Nherin,  
As myr va ad cheet faagys gys ny voallaghyn v'ayn,  
Ard-chaptan jeh yn valley dooyrt rish e hidooryn :  
“ Shegin dooin ad y oltagh lesh bulladyn veih nyn gunn.”

Ny-yeih shoh ayns tra gerrid va'n phoodyr oc baarrit,  
Nagh voddagh ad dy hassoo as eddin dy chur daue,  
Eisht captan jeh yn valley dooyrt reesht rish e gheiney :  
“ Nish shegin dooin roie orroo lesh cliwenyn ayns laue.”

Va yn stayd oc danjeyragh dy cronnal ry-akin,  
Eisht dooyrt ee roo : “ Shegin dooin cur seose huc ayns traa,  
Erson foddee mayd jerkal rish baase fegooish myghin,  
Neayr as nagh vel shin abyl nyn noidjyn y hyndaa.”

As myr shen haink ad stiagh 'sy valley ny mairagh,  
 Dy yannoo myr bailloo rish ooilley ny va ayn.  
 Mysh lieh-cheead dy Frangee va ayns shen neuvioagh,  
 Daag Thurot cheu-chooylloo nyn lhie ayns y joan.

Tra va Carrick-veg-Fergus oc spooillit dy bollagh,  
 Nagh chiare ad eisht dy roshtyn yn Ellan shoh cha n'hione ;  
 Agh s'beggan erree vocsyn er quoi veagh nyn hailtagh,  
 Yinnagh yn daanys ocsyn cur-lesh ooilley gys kione.

She Elliot veeit ad rish, quoi orroo ren lhiggey,  
 As lesh eddin ghebejagh\* doad eh orroo aile.  
 Hie Thurot inooar dy-chione, lesh ooilley'n voyrn echey,  
 Agh sheese begin da lhoobey er-boayrd yn "Velleisle."

Tra haink ad rish dy-cheilley, as gunnaghyn lhiggey,  
 As ny cronragyn getlagh, goll shiar as goll sheear,  
 Fuill Frangagh myr ushtey dy palchey va deayrtey,  
 As "Belleisle" vooar y Thurot va thowillt myr y chreear.

Ny Frangee myr eeastyn va scart er ny deckyn ;  
 Tra hirrey ad son Thurot fud shilley cha trimshagh,  
 Va eshyn eisht ny chadley ayns diunid ny marrey ;  
 Cha lhiass dauesyn ve moyrnagh ass Thurot mooar ny smoo.

Slane shey-feed ayns coontey dy reih gunnaghyn Frangagh  
 Noi gunnaghyn jeh Elliot queig-feed as kiare ;  
 Three longyn noi three, ren ad cagey shen dy barbagh ;  
 Er derrey hooar Thurot e voynyn ayns yn aer.

Va oyr mie ec ny Frangee dy ghobberan dy sharroo,  
 Erson yn obbyr va jeant ayns three lieh jeh yn oor ;  
 Three-cheead neesht jeh cheshaght va lhottit ny marroo,  
 As dussan dy cheeadyn goll stiagh 'sy thie-stoyr.

Va queig jeh ny Sosthynee slane marroo myrgeeddin,  
 As 'nane-jeig as feed gortit dy dewil ayns y chah ;  
 Agh shimmey v'er ennaghtyn guin yn traa cheddin v'ayn,  
 Erbe yn Elliot dunnal ren cosney er shen laa.

Nagh dunnal yn dooinney va'n Offisher Forbés,  
 Ghow cullyr lhong jeh Thurot er-boayd yn chied er ;  
 As Thomason myrgeeddin hie sheese ayns yn arkey,  
 Dy yeigh ny thuill-vaish eck lesh barragh as gierr.

\* Debejagh, "daring, desperate." Not found in the dictionary.

Fir-veaghee jeh Vannin v'er cheu heear yn Ellan,  
 Eer Aspick Vark Hildesley, as ooilley e hie,  
 Ren jeeaghyn dy tastagh, as fakin as clashtyn,  
 Veih hoshiaght dy yerrey, yn caggey mooar va cloie.

Croan-sprit jeh yn "Velleisle," tra ve currit er shiaulley,  
 Ve eiyrit as immanit kiart stiagh er g traie,  
 Ve soit ec yn aspick son cooinaght jeh 'n chaggey,  
 Er yn ynnyd ard-chronnal er-gerrey da e hie.

Eisht mygeayrt Kione-ny-Haarey hie ny deiney-seyrey,  
 As hug ad lhieu nyn gappee kiart stiagh baiy Rumsaa.  
 Ec yn irree-ny-greiney ny Frangee va keayney,  
 Tra honnick ad Thurot vooar currit sheese dys e fea.

Tra hoig shin ayns Ellan Vannin cre'n ghaue v'er n'gholl  
 shaghey,  
 As cre raad va ny deiney v'er reayll shin veih ghaue,  
 Ny ard phobble ny cheerey, eer mraane chammah 's deiney,  
 Haink ad cooidjagh dy veeiteill as dy oltaghey daue.

Va genmys nyn reih caarjyn ec theay as shiolteyryn,  
 Va mooar jeant jeh yn cheshaght, quoi ren cur lesh y laa ;  
 As rieu neayr's ren hiaull Ree Illiam dys Nherin,  
 Cha ren rieu lheid ny laaghyn soilshean harrish Rumsaa.

O sleih cheerey as shiolteyryn, trog-jee seose arraneyn ;  
 Ny Frangee ta ad castit er dy chooilley heu ;  
 Ta yn chaptan oc cadley ayns diunid ny marrey ;  
 Ny lhig dauesyn ve moyrnagh ass Thurot mooar ny smoo.

Nish lhiien mayd yn veilley, as iu mayd dy cheilley,  
 Lesh shee-dy-vea feer gennal gys George-yn-Troor nyn ree.  
 Son she ny siyn-chaggee, ta shin orroo shiaulley,  
 Va yn saase dreill ny noidjyn ass-y-raad ny Manninee.



## THUROT AND ELLIOT.

AT a little French township, in the dark time of the year,  
 A small fleet of war vessels did get ready to sail ;  
 And, as long as Thurot was chief ruler of the men,  
 It would not be thought by them that they could be losers.

Oft against our king they fought, without terror or disgrace,  
 And robbing and then spoiling much of our shipping,  
 The wind it was blowing hard on the coast of the Ayre,\*  
 And drove them straight on to the dominions of our king.

Then went they forth to capture Carrickfergus in Ireland,  
 And as they advanced near to the walls that were there,  
 The chief captain of the town said unto his soldiers :  
 "We must give them a salute with bullets from our guns."

In a short time after this their powder was all spent,  
 And they were not able to stand up and face the foe,  
 Then the captain of the town said again to his men :  
 "Now we must rush out on them with our swords in our hands."

Their state was dangerous, as could then plainly be seen,  
 Then said he unto them : "We must surrender in time,  
 Because we may look forward to death without mercy,  
 Since we are not able to turn off our enemies."

And so they came straight into the town on the morrow,  
 To do just as they desired with all that was therein.  
 Near half a hundred Frenchmen were quite lifeless in there,  
 But Thurot left them all behind lying down in the dust.

When little Carrickfergus was completely strippéd,  
 They then meant to arrive in this Island all unknown ;  
 But how little did they think who would first meet them there,‡  
 Who all their impertinence would bring unto an end.

It was Elliot that they met, who made an attack on them,  
 And with a most daring front openéd† fire on them.  
 Right ahead went great Thurot, with all his wonted pride,  
 But he had to surrender on board of the "Belleisle."

\* "The Point of Ayre."

† "who would be their qaltagh," i.e., the first person to meet them.      ‡ "lit."



When they all came together, and were firing the guns,  
And the top-masts were flying, going east and going west,  
The Frenchmen's blood like water most freely was spilling,  
And Thurot's great ship "Belleisle" was riddled like a sieve.

The Frenchmen just like fishes were spread out on the decks ;  
When they sought for Thurot 'midst such a sad sight,  
He was then fast asleep in the depths of the sea ;  
They need not be so proud of great Thurot any more.

There were six score fully of the choicest French guns  
Against Elliot's cannons, which were five score and four ;  
Three ships of battle against three, they fought very fiercely,  
Till Thurot he discovered his heels up in the air.

The Frenchmen had good reason to lament bitterly,  
For the business that was done in three halves of an hour ;  
Of the sailors three hundred were wounded sore or dead,  
And a dozen of hundreds going into the hold.

There were five of the English, who were dead there also,  
And thirty-one more wounded severely in the fray ;  
But many a one would have felt wounded at that same time,  
Had not the gallant Elliot won the fight on that day.

How valliant a man was the officer Forbés,  
The first who took the colour of Thurot's ship on board ;  
And Thomason also, who went down into the sea,  
To fasten up her death-holes\* with tow ends and tallow.

The inhabitants of Mannin on the Island's west side,  
Even Bishop Mark Hildesley, and all his household too,  
Were observing most keenly, and seeing and hearing,  
From beginning unto end, how the big fight was played.

The bowsprit of the "Belleisle," when it was broken off, ‡  
Was then drifted and driven straight in upon the shore,  
'Twas set up by the bishop to record the battle,  
On the most conspicuous place quite close unto his house.

Then around the Point of Ayre went on the gallant men,  
They carried their prisoners right into Ramsey bay.  
At the rising of the sun the Frenchmen were mourning,  
When they beheld great Thurot consigned unto his rest.

\* holes made by the cannon shot under the water.

‡ "given on sailing."

When we had learned in Manxland what danger had gone past,  
And where the men were lying that kept us from danger,  
The chief folk of the country, e'en women and men too,  
Together came to meet and give a welcome to them.

They were calléd their best\* friends by landsmen and sailors,  
Much was made of the sailors,† who had won on that day;  
And never since King William had sailed unto Ireland,  
Were there such bright days shining over Ramsey.

O country folk and sailors, raise your voices and sing;  
The Frenchmen are defeated upon every quarter;  
Their chief captain he sleepeth in the depth of the sea;  
They need not be so proud of great Thurot any more.

Now we will the bowl fill up, and we'll drink together,  
With a most cheerful welcome to George the Third our king;  
Because they are his warships whereon we are sailing,  
Which have kept our enemies away from the Manxmen.

\* "choice,"

† "company."



# MANNINEE DOBBERAN HARRISH SEAGHYN MANNIN VEEN.

Y N chied ree ayn va Mannanan Beg Mac y Leirr,  
Cha row eh laccal keesh, agh mayl beg ass y cheer,  
Cha mooar eh dooin jough, chamoo gless dy feeyn,  
Agh bart leaghyr glass shen ooilley dagh blein.

Chorus { Trog erriu, trog erriu, O Vanninee chree,  
Trog erriu, trog erriu, nagh caill shiu nyn mree,  
Trog erriu, trog erriu, O Vanninee dooie,  
As yiow shiu veih'n ree yn cairys ta cooie.

V'ad beaghey myr shoh, gyn kiarail ny imnea,  
As Mannanan reill harroo ayns shee lesh y kay,  
Gynsagh daue cairys, cha row echey Ghoo Yee  
Jig skielley da Mannin, eisht va'n ree ain Creestee.

Trog erriu, &c.

Tra harrish Sostyn va Ree Yamys reill, [whaaail.  
Ny Kiare-as-feed ayns charraneyn hie gys Lunnin ny  
Lhig dauesyn t'ayn nish agh myr shoh jannoo reesht,  
As nee ad hauail Mannin veen woish y keesh.

Trog erriu, &c.

Ren troo, farg, as goanlys, cur mow Illiam Dhone,  
Ta bodjal feer dhoo, getlagh nish er y tonn ;  
Ver eh boand er nyn dhieyn, nyn dhalloo as nee,  
My hig keeshyn da Mannin, nee ad brishey nyn shee.

Trog erriu, &c.

As shiuish fir crauee, ny chaghteryn shee,  
O gow jee kiarail, bee ny boghtyn laccal bee ;  
Coyrlee jee, coyrlee jee, coyrlee jee dy braew,  
Dy chur chaghter da'n ree, O coyrlee chur jee daue.

Trog erriu, &c.

O eirinee, eirinee, eirinee boght,  
Er lhiam bee shiu laccal chammah bee as yn jough.  
Lheid yn anchairys shoh dy bragh cha row rieu ;  
Yn bodjal lurg shoh bee nyn dhalloo goit veue.

Trog erriu, &c.

## MANXMEN MOURNING OVER THE TROUBLES OF DEAR MANNIN.

THE first king therein was Mannanan Beg Mac y Leirr,  
He did not want taxes, but small rent from the land.  
He did not begrudge us beer, nor a glass of wine,  
But a load of green rushes\* in each year was all.†

Chorus { Arouse ye, arouse ye, O ye Manxmen dear,  
Arouse ye, arouse ye, do not lose your pluck,  
Arouse ye, arouse ye, O ye Manxmen true,‡  
And ye'll get from the king the justice that's due.

They lived in this way, without care or trouble,  
And Mannanan ruling them in peace with the mist,  
Teaching them justice, he possessed not God's Word  
Till the News§ came to Man, then our king was Christian.

Arouse ye, &c.

When over England King James did rule,  
The Keys† went to London to meet him in carranes.  
Let those who are in|| now but do the same again,  
And they will deliver dear Man from the tax.

Arouse ye, &c.

Envy, hate, and malice destroyed Illiam Dhone,  
The cloud 's very black, hov'ring now on the wave ;  
It will weigh on our houses, on our land and all,  
If taxes come to Mannin, they will break up our peace.

Arouse ye, &c.

And ye holy men, the messengers of peace,  
O take ye good heed, the poor will be wanting food ;  
Advise ye, advise ye, advise ye bravely,  
To send to the king, O advice give ye them.

Arouse ye, &c.

O husbandmen, husbandmen, husbandmen poor,  
Methinks you'll be wanting both the food and the drink.  
Such injustice as this there never has been ;  
The next cloud will be the land taken from you.

Arouse ye, &c.

\* "coarse grass." † i.e., all the taxes he exacted. ‡ "native."

† The Four-and-twenty. ‡ i.e., the Gospel.

|| i.e., those who are members of the Keys now.

Agh mannagh jean Sostyn cur keesh er y feeyn,  
 Yiu mayd slaynt gys y ree as slaynt y ven-rein,  
 Ny noidyn dewil castit as shin hene ec shee,  
 Nee mayd giu as ve gennal, lesh slaynt ec nyn gree.

Trog erriu, &c.

Ver mayd moylley da Sostyn, as moylley d'an ree ;  
 Ayns giu gys nyn slaynt, cha n'aase mayd dy bragh skee,  
 As tra nee ny noidyn oc chaglym dy chiu,  
 Nyn v'uill nee mayd dheartey dy hauail ad voue.

Chorus	{	Trog erriu, trog erriu, lesh dunnallys cree,
		Trog erriu, trog erriu, na bee shiu cha dree,
		Trog erriu, trog erriu, O Vanninee chree,
		As foddee dy bee mayd foast gennal ayns shee.



But if England will not put tax on the wine,  
We'll drink health to the king and health to the queen,  
Our fierce foes overcome and ourselves at peace,  
We'll drink and be joyful, with health at our hearts.

Arouse ye, &c.

We will give praise to England, and praise to the king ;  
Of drinking their health, we will never get tired,  
And when their enemies shall gather thickly,  
We will pour out our blood to deliver them.

Chorus { Arouse ye, arouse ye, with boldness of heart,  
Arouse ye, arouse ye, do not be so slow,  
Arouse ye, arouse ye, O ye Manxmen dear,  
And perhaps we may yet be merry in peace.



## ER GENNEY HOMBAGHEY.



**O** SLEIH my chree, cre nee mayd nish ?  
 Er-son thombaghey ta shin brisht ;  
 Son lhiaght y cleeau ta goaill ny geay ;  
 Cha rou shin rieu ayns stayd cha treih.

Pootch y thombaghey ta goit son sporran,  
 As pingyn ruy ta caignit myr arran,  
 Cha vel yn spolg 'sy chraccan-raun ;  
 Cha der yn eairk un soar dy yoan.

Eairkyn vees yeealt dys vees ad brisht,  
 As *boxyn* tin screebit as scryst,  
 Ny-yeih vou shoh cha vow mayd couyr  
 Veih voayl ny maidjey, skynn, ny showyr.

Yn stroin ta gaccan son e cair,  
 As y bine jeeigyn er e baare ;  
*Sthill* gearree son un soar dy yoan ;  
 Va cha gerjoilagh gys y chione.

Yn phoib va roee goll gys my ghob,  
 Te nish fo sooie neear cooyl y hob ;  
 Cre'n viljid as yn eunys v'ayn,  
 Tra v'an jaagh cassey mysh my chione.

*Puff* dy jaagh ragh sheer fud-thie,  
 Cha nuiragh un charchuillag 'sthie ;  
 Ny doo-ollee chea er-son nyn mioys,  
 Goaill dooyrt lesh jaagh dy beagh ad *roast*.

Mygeayrt my chione ve coodagh rea,  
 Myr slieau combaasit runt leesh kay ;  
 Va'n phoib myr lilee ayns e vlaa,  
 As gaih gyn-loght cur shaghey'n traa.

Cre nee mayd nish er-son y duillag,  
 Agh slane vondeish goaill jeh'n vullag ?  
 Dy yannoo shen, as ceau yn traa,  
 Dy yarrood luss jiarg Virginia.

## ON DEARTH OF TOBACCO.



O DEAR folk, what shall we do now ?  
 Because for tobacco we are broke ;  
 For the seat of the breast takes wind ;  
 We ne'er were in such a sad state.

The tobacco pouch is ta'en for a purse,  
 And the brown pennies are chewed up like bread,  
 There is not a pinch in the sealskin ;  
 E'en the horn gives no smell of dust.

Horns will be hammered till broken,  
 And tin boxes be scraped and peeled,  
 E'en from these things there's no relief  
 From place of the stick, knife, or staff.\*

The nose doth complain for its right,  
 And the drop shining on its tip ;  
 Still seeking for one smell of dust ;  
 'Twas so comforting to the head.

The pipe that once went in my mouth,  
 Is now 'neath soot behind the hole ;  
 What sweetness and joy there was,  
 When the smoke curled around my head.

A smoke puff would go through the house,  
 A fly would not stay there with it ;  
 The spiders fleeing for their lives,  
 Fearing that they would be roasted.†

'Bout my head 'twas often‡ hov'ring,  
 Like a hill surrounded with mist ;  
 The pipe was like a lily in its bloom,  
 And a faultless toy passing the time.

What shall we do without the leaf,  
 But take advantage of the barrel ?  
 Just to do that, and pass the time,  
 To forget Virginia's red weed.

\* The meaning here is rather obscure.

† by the smoke.

‡ or "regularly."





# CHILDREN'S SONGS.



# USHAG VEG RUY.

U SHAG veg ruy ny moanee doo,  
 Ny moanee doo, ny moanee doo,  
 Ushag veg ruy ny moanee doo,  
 C'raad chaddil oo riy'r 'syn oie ? } \*

Chaddil mish riy'r er baare y dress,  
 Er baare y dress, er baare y dress,  
 Chaddil mish riy'r er baare y dress,  
 As ugh ! my cadley cha treih !

Chaddil mish riy'r er baare y crouw,  
 Er baare y crouw, er baare y crouw,†  
 Chaddil mish riy'r er baare y crouw,  
 As ugh ! my cadley cha treih !

Chaddil mish riy'r er baare y thooane,‡  
 Er baare y thooane, er baare y thooane,  
 Chaddil mish riy'r er baare y thooane,  
 As ugh ! my cadley cha treih !

Chaddil mish riy'r eddyr daa guillag,  
 Eddy'r daa guillag, eddy'r daa guillag,  
 Chaddil mish riy'r eddyr daa guillag,  
 Myr yinnagh yn oikan§ eddyr daa lhuishag,  
 As O ! my cadley cha kiune !

\* Repeat this verse before the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses.

† A bunch growing on one stalk or stem.

‡ "A rib or lath on the roof of the house, under the scraws." (Cregeen.)

§ *Oikan* is a very young baby.



## LITTLE RED BIRD.

LITTLE red bird of the black turf ground,  
 Of the black turf ground, of the black turf ground, } \*  
 Little red bird of the black turf ground,  
 Where did you sleep last night ?

I slept last night on the top of the briar,  
 On the top of the briar, on the top of the briar,  
 I slept last night on the top of the briar,  
 And oh ! what a wretched sleep !

I slept last night on the top of the bush,  
 On the top of the bush, on the top of the bush,  
 I slept last night on the top of the bush,  
 And oh ! what a wretched sleep !

I slept last night on the ridge of the roof,  
 On the ridge of the roof, on the ridge of the roof,  
 I slept last night on the ridge of the roof,  
 And oh ! what a wretched sleep !

I slept last night between two leaves,  
 Between two leaves, between two leaves,  
 I slept last night between two leaves,  
 As a babe 'twixt two blankets quite at ease,  
 And oh ! what a peaceful sleep !

\* Repeat this verse before the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses.



## YN DOOINNEY BOGHT.

YN dooinney boght va reuyrey,  
 Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,  
 Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,  
 Huggey as veih, huggey as veih ;  
 As ee kiebbey er ee geaylin,  
 As ee kiebbey er ee geaylin,  
 As ee kiebbey er ee geaylin,  
 Huggey as veih, huggey as veih.

Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,  
 Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,  
 Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,  
 Huggey as veih, huggey as veih ;  
 As haare yn annag doo eh,  
 As haare yn annag doo eh,  
 As haare yn annag doo eh,  
 Huggey as veih, huggey as veih.



## FER DY CLIEN CLICK.

FER dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Fer dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Fer dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Soorey er my naunt Joanney.

Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Soorey er my naunt Joanney.

Fer dy clien Cluck haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Fer dy clien Cluck haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Fer dy clien Cluck haink neear ass Nherin,  
 Soorey er my naunt Joanney.

## THE POOR MAN.

THE poor man was digging,  
 The poor man was digging,  
 The poor man was digging,  
 To and fro, to and fro ;  
 And his spade on his shoulder,  
 And his spade on his shoulder,  
 And his spade on his shoulder,  
 To and fro, to and fro.

---

The poor man was digging,  
 The poor man was digging,  
 The poor man was digging,  
 To and fro, to and fro ;  
 And he caught the black crow,  
 And he caught the black crow,  
 And he caught the black crow,  
 To and fro, to and fro.



## ONE NAMED CLICK.

ONE named Click came west from Ireland,  
 One named Click came west from Ireland,  
 One named Click came west from Ireland,  
 Courting my aunt Judith.

One named Clock came west from Ireland,  
 One named Clock came west from Ireland,  
 One named Clock came west from Ireland,  
 Courting my aunt Judith.

One named Cluck came west from Ireland,  
 One named Cluck came west from Ireland,  
 One named Cluck came west from Ireland,  
 Courting my aunt Judith.

## THE DOAGAN.

SHOH dhyt y Doagan,  
 Cre dooyrt y Doagan ?  
 Dar y chrosh, dar y chron,  
 Dar y maidjei beg, jeeragh ny cam,  
 Ayns y cheylley veg shid hoal.  
 My verrys oo yn kione jeh' n Doagan,  
 Veryms y kione jeeds er-y-hon.



## JUAN Y JAGGAD KEEAR.

LHIG eh bullad veih yn sheear,  
 As woaihl eh Juan y jaggad keear ;  
 Ren eh howlley goll-rish creear ;  
 As Juan y Quirk va keayney. (3 times)  
 Ren eh howlley goll-rish creear ;  
 As Juan y Quirk va keayney.

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*Cock a gun* as lhig eh sheear,\*  
 Howll eh yn jaggad goll-rish creear ;  
 As Caley boght va keayney. (3 times)  
 Howll eh yn jaggad goll-rish creear ;  
 As Caley boght va keayney.



## ARRANE NY PAITCHYN.

TA ooilley dy mie,  
 Sharroo as sie,  
 Soorey er Joannei.  
 Dooble my-hene,  
 Ooilley ny v'ayn,  
 Soorey er Joannei.  
 Ta ooilley dy mie,  
 Son Illiam fer-thie,  
 Soorey er Joannei.

\* Another and more corrupt version.

## THE DOAGAN.

THIS to thee the Doagan,  
 What says the Doagan?  
 Upon the cross, upon the block,  
 Upon the little staff, straight or crooked,  
 In the little wood over yonder.  
 If thou will't give the head of the Droagan,  
 I will give thy head for it.

## JOHN OF THE GREY JACKET.

HE sent a bullet from the west,  
 And it struck Johnny of the grey jacket;  
 Like a sieve it bored him through;  
 Johnny Quirk was mourning. (3 times)  
 Like a sieve it bored him through;  
 And Johnny Quirk was mourning.

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He cocked the gun and fired it west,  
 It bored the jacket like a sieve;  
 And poor Caley was mourning. (3 times)  
 It bored the jacket like a sieve;  
 And poor Caley was mourning.

## CHILDREN'S SONG.

ALL is well,  
 Bitter and bad.  
 Courting Judith.  
 Double myself,  
 All that was in,  
 Courting Judith.  
 All is well,  
 For William the master,\*  
 Courting Judith.

\* Man of the house.



## TAPPAGYN JIARGEY.

YIOW tappagyn jiargey,  
 As rybbanyn *green*,  
 My Vetsey veg villish,  
 My vees oo lhiam pene.

CHORUS—Robin y ree, Robin y ree,  
 Ridlan, aboo, aban, fal dy ridlan,  
 Robin y ree, Robin y ree.

Yiou tappagyn jiargey,  
 As rybbanyn ghoo,  
 Bee oo Ven-rein y Voaldyn,  
 Shen foddee oo loo.  
 Robin, &c.

O! Vetsey veg villish,  
 Nee oo brishey my chree;  
 T'ad graa d'el oo toorit,  
 Lesh Robin y ree.  
 Robin, &c.



## MY CAILLIN VEG DHONE.

“CRE-RAAD t'ou goll, my caillin veg dhone?  
 As cre-raad t'ou goll, my caillin veg aeg?  
 Cre-raad t'ou goll, my aalin, my eayn?”  
 “Ta mee goll dys y bwoaillee,” dooyrt ee.

“Cre'n fa t'ou goll shen, my caillin veg dhone?  
 Cre'n fa t'ou goll shen, my caillin veg aeg?  
 Cre'n fa t'ou goll shen, my aalin, my eayn?”  
 “Ta mee goll shen, dy vlieaun,” dooyrt ee.

“No'm kied goll mayrt, my caillin veg dhone?  
 No'm kied goll mayrt, my caillin veg aeg?  
 No'm kied goll mayrt, my aalin, my eayn?”  
 “Tar marym, eisht, O dooinney,” dooyrt ee.

## RED TOP-KNOTS.



THOU shalt get red top-knots,  
And ribbons of green,  
My dear little Betsey,  
If thou wilt be mine.

CHORUS—Robin the king, Robin the king,  
Ridlan, aboo, aban, fal the ridlan,  
Robin the king, Robin the king.

Thou shalt get red top-knots,  
And ribbons of black ;  
Thou shalt be Queen of the May,  
That thou mayest swear.  
Robin, &c.

O ! dear little Betsey,  
Thou wilt break my heart ;  
They say thou are art courted  
By Robin the king.  
Robin, &c.



## MY LITTLE BROWN GIRL.



“WHERE goest thou, my little brown girl ?  
And where goest thou, my little girlie ?  
Where goest thou, my beauty, my lamb ?”  
“I am going to the fold,” said she.

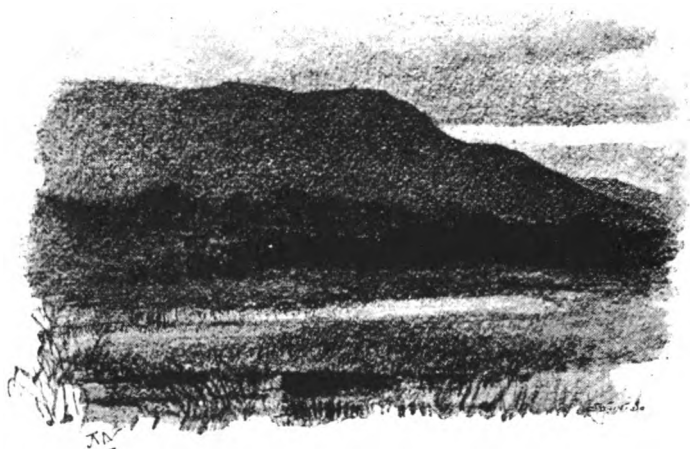
“Why goest thou there, my little brown girl ?  
Why goest thou there, my little girlie ?  
Why goest thou there, my beauty, my lamb ?”  
“I am going there to milk,” said she.

“May I go with thee, my little brown girl ?  
May I go with thee, my little girlie ?  
May I go with thee, my beauty, my lamb ?”  
“Come with me, then, O man,” said she.



# SONGS CONNECTED WITH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS





## MYLECHARAINE.

INNEEN—O Vylecharaine, c'raad hooar oo dty sthoyr ?  
My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;

JISSIG—Nagh dooar mee 'sy Churragh eh down, down  
dy-liooar ?

As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

INNEEN—O Vylecharaine, c'raad hooar oo dty shock ?  
My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;

JISSIG—Nagh dooar mee 'sy Churragh eh eddyr daa  
vlock ?

As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

INNEEN—O Vylecharaine, c'raad hooar oo ny t'ayd ?  
My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;

JISSIG—Nagh dooar mee 'sy Churragh eh eddyr daa foaid ?  
As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

Hug mee my eggey-varree as my eggey-lieen,  
My lomarcán daag oo mee ;

As hug mee dow-ollee son toghyr da'n 'neen,  
As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

INNEEN—O yishig, O yishig, ta mee nish goaill nearey,  
 My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;  
 T'ou goll gys y cheeil ayns dy charraneyn vaney.  
 As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

O yishig, O yishig, jeeagh er my vraagyn  
 stoamey  
 My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;  
 As uss goll mygeayrt ayns dty charraneyn vaney.  
 As dy lomarcán daag oo mee.

She, un charrane ghoo, as fer elley vane,  
 My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;  
 Vylecharaine goll dy Ghoolish Jesarn,  
 As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

She, daa phiyr oashyr, as un phiyr vraag,  
 My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;  
 Cheau uss, Vylecharaine, ayns kiare-bleeantyn-  
 jeig,  
 As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

JISSIG—O vuddee, O vuddee, cha lhiass dhyts goaill  
 nearey,  
 My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;  
 Son t'ayms ayns my chishtey ver orts dy ghearey,  
 As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

MOLLAGHT—My hiaght mynney-mollaght ort, O Vylecharaine,  
 My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;  
 Son uss v'an chied ghooiñney hug toghyr da  
 mraane ;  
 As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

She mollaght dagh dooiñney ta ruggal inneen,  
 My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;  
 Kyndagh rish Juan Drummey as Mylecharaine,  
 As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

Son whooar Juan Drummey y chooid er y chronk,  
 My-lomarcán daag oo mee ;  
 Whooar Mylecharaine y chooid er y faaie,  
 As my-lomarcán daag oo mee.

## MYLECHARAINE.

DAUGHTER—O Mylecharaine, where gott'st thou thy store ?  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;

FATHER—Did I not get it in the Curragh, deep, deep  
enough ?  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

DAUGHTER—O Mylecharaine, where got'st thou thy stock ?  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;

FATHER—Did I not get it in the Curragh between two  
blocks ?  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

DAUGHTER—O Mylecharaine, where gott'st thou what's thine ?\*

Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
FATHER—Did I not get it in the Curragh between two  
sods ?  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

I gave my web of tow and my web of flax,  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
And I gave my ox for the daughter's dower,  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

DAUGHTER—O father, O father, I am now ashamed,  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
Thou art going to church in white *carranes*,†  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

O father, O father, look at my smart shoes,  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
And thou going about in thy white *carranes*,  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

Yes, one *carrane* black, and the other one white,  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
O Mylecharaine going to Douglas on Saturday,  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

Yes, two pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes,  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
Thou didst wear, Mylecharaine, in fourteen years,  
Lonely didst thou leave me.

\* "What thou hast."

† Shoes with the hair on.

FATHER—O damsel, O damsel, thou needs't not be  
ashamed,  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
For I have in my chest what will cause thee to  
laugh,  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

CURSE—My seven bitter curses on thee, O Mylecharaine  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
For thou'rt the first man who to women gave  
dower,  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

A curse on each man that rears a daughter,  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
As did Juan Drummey and Mylecharaine,  
And lonely didst thou leave me.

For Juan Drummey got the wealth on the hill,  
Lonely didst thou leave me ;  
Mylecharaine got the wealth on the flat,  
And lonely didst thou leave me.





## USHTEY MILLISH 'SY GAREE.

V A ayns shen Illiam y Close,  
 As Quilliam Glione Meay,  
 Shooyl ayns ny raadjyn mooarey,  
 Gagglagh ooilley my sleih,  
 Goll gys Ballacashtal,  
 Cheet thie morrey brishey 'n laa,  
 Singal " Ushtey millish 'sy garee,  
 Cha gaill mayd eh dy-braa."

Cha rou ayns yn Ving Liauyr  
 Agh three deiney ass dagh skeerey,  
 Dy shirrey magh coorse-ushtey  
 Son ard mwyllin Greebey,  
 Paayrt jeu er yn laue yesh,  
 As paayrt er yn laue chiare,  
 As roie ad coorse yn ushtey,  
 Ayns boayl nagh row cair.

Va'n coorse yn ushtey heear,  
 Agh va'n ushtey roie hiar,  
 Son va shen ooilley kyndagh  
 Jeh argid as jeh airh.  
 Ny cabbil ain va giu jeh,  
 As ny ollagh tra v'ad paa,  
 As ushtey millish 'sy garee,  
 Cha gaill mayd eh dy braa.



## SWEET WATER IN THE COMMON.



THERE was William of the Close,  
And Quilliam Glen Meay,  
Walking upon the high-road,  
Fright'ning all the people,  
Going to Castletown,  
Coming home at break of day,  
Singing "sweet water in the common,  
We will never lose it."

In the Long Jury\* there were  
But three men from each parish,  
To seek out the water course  
For the chief mill at Greeba.  
Part of them on the right hand,  
And part on the left hand,  
And they ran the water-course,  
Where it had no right to be.

The water-course was west,  
But the water ran east,  
That was all on account of  
The silver and the gold.  
Our horses they drank of it,  
And the cattle when thirsty,  
And sweet water in the common,  
We will never lose it.

\* See Introduction.



## QUOIFYN LIEEN VOOAR.



**O**ILLEY ny vraane aegey  
 Nagh n'aase dy bragh mooar,  
 Ceau gownyn jeh sheeidey,  
 As quoifyn lieen vooar.  
 Lesh rufflyn er nyn mwann'lyn,  
 As mantlyn giare doo,  
 Dy violagh ny guillyn,  
 Eiyrt orroo ny smoo.

My horragh ny noidjyn,  
 Voish yn cheu heear,  
 Veagh dagh ven aeg bwaagh  
 Goit son grenadier ;  
 Veagh ny noidjyn agglit,  
 Nagh bioune ad nyn phooar,  
 Veagh ad ooilloo agglit,  
 Lesh ny quoifyn lieen vooar.



## ARRANE OIE VIE.



**M**Y guillyn vie, te traa goll thie ;  
 Ta'n stoyll ta foym greinnagh me roym ;  
 Te signal dooin dy ghleasagh ;  
 Te tayrn dys tra ny liabbagh.

My guillyn vie, te traa goll thie ;  
 Ta'n dooid cheet er y chiollagh ;\*  
 Te geginagh shin dy goll dy lhie ;  
 Te bunnys tra dy graa oie vie.

\* Or, Ta'n smarage gaase doo 'sy chiollagh.

## BIG FLAX CAPS.



ALL the young women that  
Will never grow big,  
Wearing gowns made of silk,  
And big caps of flax.  
With ruffles on their necks,  
And short black mantles,  
To induce the young men,  
To follow them more.

If the en'mies should come,  
From the western side,  
Each pretty girl would be  
Ta'en for a grenadier ;  
The foes would be frightened,  
They'd not know their power,  
They would be all frightened,  
By the big flax caps.



## GOOD NIGHT SONG.



MY good boys, it's time to go home ;  
The stool that's under me urges me to be off ;  
It signals us to move off ;  
It draws to time of going to bed.

My good boys, it's time to go home ;  
The darkness comes upon the hearth ;\*  
It forces to go to bed ;  
It's nearly time to say good night.

\* Or, The cinder grows black on the hearth.

## OLLICK GENNAL.

OLLICK ghennal erriu, as blein feer vie ;  
Seihll as slaynt da'n slane lught-thie ;  
Bea, gennallys as bioyr eu ry-cheilley.  
Shee as graih eddyr mraane as deiney ;  
Cooïd as cowryn, stock as stoyr.  
Palchey puddase as skeddán dy-líoar ;  
Arran as caashey, eeym as roauyr ;  
Baase myr lugh ayns ullin ny soalt ;  
Cadley sauchey tra vees shiu ny lhie,  
Gyn feeackle y jiargan, cadley dy mie.



## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.\*



A MERRY Christmas to you, and a good year ;  
 Luck and health to the whole house ;  
 Life, joy, and sprightliness to every one.†  
 Peace and love between men and women ;  
 Goods and riches, stock and store.  
 Lots of potatoes, herring enough ;  
 Bread and cheese, and butter and beef.  
 Death like a mouse in a barn haggart‡;  
 Sleeping safely when you are in bed,  
 §Undisturbed by the flea's tooth, sleeping well.

\* From Cregeen's Dictionary.

† Literally "to you together."

‡ The meaning of this is, probably: may death when it comes upon you find you happy and comfortable as a mouse in a well-stocked barn.

§ Literally "without."



## ARRANE NY MUMMERYN.

ROIE, ben Juan Timmie,  
 Roie, ben jeh'n eirey ;  
 Roie, mraane phoosee, aeg as shenn,  
 Ny reddyn boiragh.  
 Hurrow the waddle,  
 Dim a dim a doddle,  
 Roie, mraane phoosee, aeg as shenn,  
 Dim a dim a doddle.

(Rev. T. E. Brown).

Roie, ben jeh'n Timmie ;  
 Roie, ben jeh'n eiragh ;  
 Roie, ny phoosee beg as shenn,  
 Ny reddyn boiragh.  
 Harrow dthy woddle,  
 Dimma, dimma, doddle.

(Rev. J. W. Kewley).

Ree, ben jeh'n Timmie ;  
 Ree, ben jeh'n Ira ;  
 Ree, yn spudda veg as shedyn,,  
 Redyn builyn boiragh.  
 Ho ro the waddle,  
 Dim a dim a doddle,  
 Ree, yn spudda veg as shedyn,  
 Dim a dim a doddle.\*

(J. C. Cannell).

Ree, ben shenn Tammy ;  
 Ree, ben shen Era ;  
 Ree, a spit a veg a,  
 Shuna reg as birra.  
 Ho ro the waddle,  
 Drim a drim a doddle,  
 Drim a drim a doddle,  
 Ree, as spit a veg a,  
 Drim a doddle, drim a drim a doddle.†

(Mrs. Ferrier).

\* More corrupt than No.'s 1 and 2.

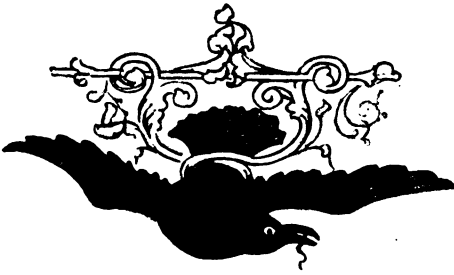
† Still more corrupt, and, except the first two lines, quite untranslatable.

## THE MUMMERS' SONG.



R UN, John Timmie's wife,  
Run, the heir's wife,  
Run, married women, young and old,  
The noisy things.  
Hurrow the waddle,  
Dim a dim a doddle,  
Run, married women, young and old,  
Dim a dim a doddle.\*

(Translation of No. 1.)\*





# HELG YN DREAIN.

‘HEMMAYD gys y keyll,’ dooyrt Robbin y Vobbin;  
 ‘Hemmayd gys y keyll,’ dooyrt Richard y Robin;  
 ‘Hemmayd gys y keyll,’ dooyrt Juan y Thalloo;  
 ‘Hemmayd gys y keyll,’ dooyrt ooilley unnane.

‘Cre nee mayd ayns shen?’ dooyrt, &c.\*

‘Helg mayd yn dreain,’

‘C’raad t’eshyn? C’raad t’eshyn?’

‘Sy crow glass ayns-shid,’

‘Ta mee fackin eshyn,’

‘Cre’n aght yiw mayd sheese eh?’

‘Lesh maidjyn as claghyn,’

‘T’eh marroo, t’eh marroo,’

‘Cre’n aght yiw mayd thie eh?’

‘Nee mayd cairt failley,’

‘Quoi lesh vees y cairt?’†

‘Juan Illiam y Fell,’

‘Quoi vees immanagh?’

‘Filley ‘n Tweet,’

‘T’eh ec y thie,’

‘Cre’n aght yiw mayd broit eh?’

‘Ayns y phann thie-imlee.’

‘Cre’n aght yiw mayd ayn eh?’

‘Lesh barryn yiarn as tiedd,’

‘T’eshyn ayn, t’eshyn ayn,’

‘T’eshyn broit, t’eshyn broit,’

‘Cre’n aght yiw mayd magh eh?’

\* Each line is repeated four times with “dooyrt Robin y Vobbin, dooyrt Richard y Robbin, dooyrt Juan y Thalloo, dooyrt ooilley unnane,” as in first verse.

† “whose will be the cart.”

## HUNT THE WREN.

‘W E’LL away to the wood,’ says Robin the Bobbin,  
 ‘ We’ll away to the wood,’ says Richard the Robbin;  
 ‘ We’ll away to the wood,’ says Jack of the Land.  
 ‘ We’ll away to the wood,’ says every one.  
 ‘ What shall we do there ? says, &c.’\*  
 ‘ We will hunt the wren,’  
 ‘ Where is he ? where is he ?’  
 ‘ In yonder green bush,’  
 ‘ I see him, I see him,’  
 ‘ How shall we get him down ?’  
 ‘ With sticks and stones,’  
 ‘ He is dead, he is dead,’  
 ‘ How shall we get him home ?’  
 ‘ We’ll hire a cart,’  
 ‘ Whose cart shall we hire ?’  
 ‘ Johnny Bill Fell’s,’  
 ‘ Who will stand driver ?’  
 ‘ Filley the Tweet,’  
 ‘ He’s home, he’s home,’  
 ‘ How shall we get him boiled ?’  
 ‘ In the brewery pan,’  
 ‘ How shall we get him in ?’  
 ‘ With iron bars and a rope,’  
 ‘ He is in, he is in,’  
 ‘ He is boiled, he is boiled,’  
 ‘ How shall we get him out ?’

\* Each line is repeated four times with “says Robin the Bobbin, says Richard the Robbin, says Jack of the Land, says every one,” as in first versp.

' Lesh gollage mie liauyr,'  
 ' T'eh goit magh, t'eh goit magh,\*'  
 ' Quoi vees ec y yinnair?'  
 ' Yn ree as ven-rein,'  
 ' Cre'n aght yiw mayd eeit eh?'  
 ' Lesh skinn as aall,'  
 ' T'eh eeit, t'eh eeit,'  
 ' Sooillyn son ny doail,'  
 ' Lurgyn son ny croobee,'  
 ' Scrobban son ny moght,'  
 ' Crauyn son ny moddee,'  
 ' Yn dreain, yn dreain, ree eeanllee ooilley,  
 Ta shin er tayrtyn, Laa'l Steoain, 'sy connee;  
 Ga t'eh beg, ta e cleinney ymmoddee,  
 Ta mee guee oo, ven vie, chur bine dooin dy iu.†'

\* "He's taken out."

† "Give us a little drop to drink."



‘ With a long pitchfork,’  
‘ He is out, he is out,’  
‘ Who will be at the dinner ?’  
‘ The king and the queen,’  
‘ How shall we get him eaten ?’  
‘ With knives and forks,’  
‘ He is eat, he is eat,’  
‘ The eyes for the blind,’  
‘ The legs for the lame,’  
‘ The pluck for the poor,’  
‘ The bones for the dogs,’

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
We have caught, Stephen’s Feast-day, in the furze;  
Although he is little, his family’s great,  
I pray you, good dame, do give us a drink.



## HOP-TU-NAA.



<b>S</b> HOH shenn oie Houiney ;	Hop-tu-naa.
T'an eayst soilshean ;	Trol-la-laa.
Kellagh ny kiarkyn ;	Hop-tu-naa.
Shibber ny gauin ;	Trol-la laa.
Cre'n gauin marr mayd ?	Hop-tu-naa.
Yn gauin veg vreac.	Trol-la-laa.
Yn chione kerroo,	Hop-tu-naa.
Ver mayd 'sy phot diu ;	Trol-la-laa.
Yn kerroo veg cooyl,	Hop-tu-naa.
Cur dooin, cur dooin.	Trol-la-laa.
Hayst mee yn anvroe,	Hop-tu-naa.
Scoald mee my hengey,	Trol-la-laa.
Roie mee gys y chibber,	Hop-tu-naa.
As diu mee my haie,	Trol-la-laa.
Er my raad thie,	Hop-tu-naa.
Veeit mee kayt-vuitsh ;	Trol-la-laa.
Va yn chayt-scryssey,	Hop-tu-naa.
As ren mee roie ersooyl.	Trol-la-laa.
Cre'n raad ren oo roie ?	Hop-tu-naa.
Roie mee gys Albin.	Trol-la-laa.
Cred v'ad jannoo ayns shen ?	Hop-tu-naa.
Fuinney bonnagyn as rostey sthaigyn.	Trol-la-laa.

Hop-tu-naa, Trol-la-laa.

(LOAYRT) My ta shiu goll dy chur red erbee dooin, cur  
dooin tappee eh,

Ny vees mayd ersooyl liorish soilshey yn eayst.

Hop-tu-naa, Trol-la-laa.



## KIARK KATREENEY.



**K**IARK Katreeney marroo ;  
Gow's y kione,  
As goyms ny cassyn,  
As ver mayd ee fo'n thalloo.



## YN FOLDER GASTEY.

**Y**N Fenoderee hie da'n lheeannee,  
 Dy hroggal druight y vadrán glass,  
 Luss-y-voidyn as luss-yn-ollee,  
 V'eh stampey fo e ghaa chass.  
 V'eh sheeyney magh er laare yn lheeannee ;  
 Cheau yn faiyr er y cheu chiare,  
 Hug eh yindys orrin nuirree,  
 As t'eh myleeaney foddey share.  
 V'eh sheeyney magh er laare yn lheeannee.  
 Ghiarey ny lussyn ayns y vlaa,  
 Lubber-lub ayns y curragh shuinagh,  
 Myr v'eh goll va ooilleey craa.  
 Yn yiarn echey va ghiarey ooilleey,  
 Scryssey yn lheeannee rish y foaidyn,  
 As, my va ribbag faagit shassoo,  
 V'eh cur stampey lesh e voyn.

## ARRANE NY FERISHYN.

**C**RED dy jinnagh yn' slouree as y drolloo  
 Troggal seose ayns caggey cheoie ;  
 Maidjey'n phot, as ny jystyn ooilleey,  
 Ooilleey feiyrál noi-ry-hoi ?  
 Maidjey'n phot as ny vuirdyn kiarklagh,  
 Cressad, goggan, jyst as claare,  
 Ooilleey caggey, scryssey dy sonnaasagh,  
 Tra veeagh oo cleddit er y laare.  
 Cred dy jinnagh yn Tarroo-ushtey spottagh,  
 As yn Ghlashtin oo y ghoail,  
 As yn Fenoderee yn glionney, sprangagh,  
 Clooiesagh y yannoo jeed noi'n voal ?  
 Finn McCooile, as ooilleey e heshaght,  
 Ferrish ny glionney, as y Vuggane,  
 Dy jymsagh ad cooidjagh mysh dty lhiabbee,  
 Eisht roie ad lesh oo ayns suggane.

## THE NIMBLE MOWER.

THE Fenoderee went to the meadow,  
 To lift the dew at the grey dawn,  
 The maiden-hair and the cattle-herb,  
 He was stamping under both his feet.

He was stretching out on the ground\* of the meadow;  
 He threw the grass on the left hand,  
 He caused us to wonder last year,  
 And this year he is far better.

He was stretching out on the ground of the meadow,  
 Cutting the herbs in bloom,  
 The bog-bean in the rushy curragh,  
 As he went it was all shaking.

The scythe he had was cutting everything,  
 Skinning the meadow to the sods,  
 And, if a wisp were left standing,  
 He stamped it with his heel.

## SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

WHAT if the chimney-hook and the pot-hook  
 Should rise up in mad war;  
 The pot-stick and all the dishes,  
 All sounding against each other?

The pot stick and the round tables,  
 Crucible, noggin, dish and bowl,  
 All fighting, scratching riotously,  
 When thou wouldst be felled upon the floor.

What if the spotted Water-bull,  
 And the Glastin would take thee,  
 And the Fenoderee of the glen, waddling,  
 To make of thee a bolster against the wall?

Finn McCoole and all his company,  
 The Fairy of the glen, and the Buggane,  
 If they would gather together about thy bed,  
 They would then run off with thee in a straw rope.

\* "The floor."



## BERREY DHONE.

VEL oo sthie Berrey Dhone,  
 C'raad t'ou shooyl,  
 Mannagh vel oo ayns immyr glass,  
 Lhiattaghey Barule ?

Hem-mayd roin gys y clieau,  
 Dy hroggal y voain,  
 As dy yeeaghyn jig Berrey Dhone,  
 Thie er yn oie.

Hooyl me Karraghyn,  
 As hooyl mee Sniaul,  
 Agh va Berrey cooyl dorrys,  
 As y lhiack er e kiøne.

Hooyl mee Karraghyn,  
 As hooyl mee Clieau Beg,  
 Va Berrey cooyl dorrys,  
 Cha shickyr as creg.

Hooyl mee Penny-Phot,  
 As hooyl mee y Clieau Ouyr,  
 Va Berrey cooyl dorrys,  
 Eddyr carkyl y stoyr.

\* \* \* \* \*

Va'n dooinney boght shooyl  
 Lesh fliaghey as chirrym,  
 Agh caillagh braddagh y thack  
 Ren y ghow y fanney.

Va'n dooinney boght shooyl  
 Lesh fliaghey as kay,  
 Agh caillagh braddagh y thack  
 D'ee yn dow lesh y mea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Margad-y-stomachee  
 Va beaghey Cornay ;  
 Va breechyn as jirkin ec  
 Cour y yurnaa.

## BERREY BROWN.

ART thou in, Berry Brown,  
Where walks't thou,  
If thou'rt not on the grassy glades,  
Down beside Barule?

We will to the mountain go,  
To uplift the turf,  
And to see if Berrey will  
Come home at night.

I walked o'er Karraghyn,  
And I walked o'er Sniaul,  
But Berrey was behind the door,  
And the slate on his head.

I walked o'er Karraghyn,  
And I walked o'er the Slieau Beg,  
Berrey was behind the door,  
As sure as a rock.

I walked o'er Penny-Phot,  
And I walked o'er the Slieau Ouyr,  
Berrey was behind the door,  
'Tween the hoops of the store.

\* \* \* \* \*

The poor man was walking  
In the wet and the dry,  
But the old thief with the sack,  
She had then flayed the ox.

The poor man was walking  
In wet and in mist,  
But the old thief with the sack  
Ate the ox with the fat.

\* \* \* \*

Marg'ret-the-stomacher,\*  
She lived at Cornay;  
She had breeches and jackets  
For the journey.

\* So called from her costume.

Va breechyn as jirkin ec,  
As oanrey brawe bwee,  
Va breechyn as jirkin ec,  
Cour shooyl ny hoie.

Va breechyn as jirkin ec,  
As oanrey brawe glass,  
Va breechyn as jirkin ec  
Cour y goll magh.

Tra va ny sleih ayns thie  
Ec nyn jinnair,  
Va skell bwee ayns y glione  
Roie lesh y cheh.

Tra va ny sleih ayns thie  
Ec nyn shibbyr,  
Va Margad-y-stomachee  
Scummal y jyst.

Nagh re magh er yn oie  
D'aase ny mraane paa,  
Hie kerroo jeh Berrey Dhone  
Derrey Rumsaa ?

Hie lieh jeh yn aane,  
As lieh jeh yn cree,  
Dys my Hiarn as my Ven-seyr  
Jeh Balla-youghey.

Hie ish er chur gys y chriy,  
Agh whooar ee wooie foayr,  
Haank ee raad y Mullagh Ouyr,  
As greim ee er goayr.



She had breeches and jackets,  
And brave yellow skirts,  
She had breeches and jackets  
For walking at night.

She had breeches and jackets,  
And brave greenish skirts,  
She had breeches and jackets  
For going out.

When the folk were at home  
At their dinner,  
There was a yellow glimpse\*  
Running with the hide.

When the folk were at home  
At their supper,  
Marg'ret-the-stomacher was  
Skimming the dish.

Was it not late when the  
Women grew thirsty,  
A quarter of Berrey Brown  
Went to Ramsey?

Half of the liver,  
And half of the heart,  
Went to my Lord and Lady  
Of Balla-youghey.

She was sent to the gallows,  
But she got favour,†  
She came home by Mullagh Ouyr,  
And picked up a goat.

\* Omitted in the English "in the glen."

† do. "from them."



## YN BOLLAN BANE.



(LOAYRT) **M**OGHREY jesarn, yn chied moghrey jeh'n vlein; va moghrey mooar sniaghtey ayn. Hie mee seose gys y clieau mooar dy chur shilley beg er ny chirree. Roie yn moddey three cheayrtyn mygeayrt y clieau mooar, agh daase yn moddey skee. Gow mee yn lhangeid keyragh, as hug mee er ny chiare cassyn echey. Ceau mee er my ghreeym eh, as haink mee roym thie. Va mee cheet sheese yn laaghagh, tra cheayl mee feiyr, as deaisht mee. V'ad (ny ferishyn) cur lesh er y vhow mooar :

(KIAULLEY) Ry do diddle diddle dum (3 times)  
Bollan bane, diddle dum (do.)

(LOAYRT) Ceau mee yn moddey er my ghreeym reesht, as rosh me choud as Slieau Churn. Eisht ceau mee yn moddey jeh my ghreeym sheese, as hie mee dy phrowal yn arrane. Ah-treih! V'eh jarroodit aym. Cheu chooylloo lhiam reesht. V'ad chur lesh er y vhow mooar :

(KIAULLEY) Ry do, etc.

(LOAYRT) Ceau mee yn moddey er my ghreeym, as haink mee roym thie. Va mee cheet sheese yn faaie jeh Cooyrt yn Aspick. Ve moghrey Jy-doonee, v'an ghrian soilshean, as hie mee dy phrowal yn arrane.

(KIAULLEY) Ry do, etc.

(LOAYRT) Rosh mee thie, ceau mee yn moddey fo yn voayrd, as hoie mee sheese ayns y stoyldrommey voar. Hie mee dy phrowal yn arrane, tra dirree Mall as dooyrt ee, "Paddy boght, nee moghrey Jy-doonee t'ayd?" "Fow royd dy lhie, Mall," dooyrt mee, "ny verym yn ghrian soilshean trooid ny hasnaghyn ayd gollrish oashyr ribbit."

(KIAULLEY) Ry do, etc.

## THE WHITE WORT.

(SPOKEN) SATURDAY morning, the first morning of the year; it was a very snowy morning. I went up to the big mountain to put a little sight on the sheep. The dog ran three times round the big mountain, but the dog grew tired. I took the sheep lanket, and I put it on his four feet. I threw him on my back, and I came away home. I was coming down the miry meadow, when I heard a noise, and I listened. They (the fairies) were carrying on on the big bow (fiddle):

(SUNG) Ry do diddle diddle dum (3 times)  
White wort, diddle dum (do.)

(SPOKEN) I threw the dog on my back again, and I got as far as Slieau Churn. Then I threw the dog down off my back, and I went to prove the song. Alas! I had forgotten it. Back with me again. They were carrying on on the big bow:

(SUNG) Ry do, &c.

(SPOKEN) I threw the dog on my back, and I came away home. I was coming down the Bishop's Court flat. It was Sunday morning, the sun was shining and I went to prove the song.

(SUNG) Ry do, &c.

(SPOKEN) I reached home, I threw the dog under the table, and I sat down in the big arm chair. I went to prove the song, when Moll\* got up and she said, "Poor Paddy, is it Sunday morning that thou'st got?" "Away to bed with thee Moll," said I, "or I will make the sun shine through thy ribs like a ribbed stocking."

(SUNG) Ry do, &c.

\* His wife.



LOVE SONGS.







## ARRANE SOOREE

DooINNEY-AEG—" Lesh sooree ayns y geurey,  
An vennick veign ny lhie,  
Agh shooyll ayns y dorragey,  
Scoan fakin yn raad thie.

" Veign goll gys ny unniagyn,  
As crankal shirrey entreil,  
Yn flighey yealley orrym,  
As my lieckanyn gaase gial.

" O shimmey oie liauyr geurey,  
Ta mee rieu er ceau,  
Ny hassoo ec ny unniagyn,  
Derrey veign er creau.

" My cassyn neesht veagh fliugh,  
As draggit lane dy laagh ;  
Cha leah yinnyn yarrood eh,  
Dy vakin's ben aeg bwaagh.

" Yn ushtey roie jeh my olt,  
As my feeacklyn snaggaree,  
Yn crackan jeh my juntyn,  
Booil er y gless cheu-mooie.

"Graa : ' my graih as my gerjagh,  
Nish lhiggys oo mee stiagh,  
Son dy voym's agh un oor  
Jeh dy heshaght villish noght.' "

VEN-AEG—" Fow royd voish yn unniag,  
Fow royd ta mee dy graa,  
Son cha jean-ym lhiggey stiagh oo,  
Ta fys aym's er ny shaare."

DOOINNEY-AEG—" My dy my obbal thow,  
As dy vel oo mee chur jeh ?  
Son rieau va mee smooïnaghtyn,  
Dy re oo veeagh my reih."

VEN-AEG—" Dy bragh, ny dy bragh, guilley,  
Cha bee aym's ayd son ben,  
Son cha vell mee goll dy phoosey,  
My taitnys hene vys aym."

DOOINNEY-AEG—" Hug ee eisht yn filleag urree,  
As haink ee sheesh my whaail,  
Lesh phaagaghyn cha graihagh,  
Myr shoh renshin meeiteil.

"Va ny creeaghyn ain cha kenjal  
Lesh yn gerjagh va ain cooidjagh;  
Nagh geayll shin rieau lheid roie,  
As scoan my nee shiu arragh."



## COURTING SONG.



YOUNG MAN—" With courting in the winter,  
I'd seldom be in bed,  
But walking in the darkness,  
Scarce seeing the road home.

"I would go to the windows,  
And rap seeking entrance,  
The rain pouring upon me,  
And my cheeks growing pale.

“ Many a long winter's night,  
Frequently have I passed,  
Standing there at the windows,  
Until I was shiv'ring.

“ My feet also would be wet,  
And dragged o'er with mire ;  
But I would soon forget it,  
When I saw a nice girl.

“ Water pouring from my hair,  
And my teeth chattering,  
The skin off my knuckles, with  
Tapping the glass outside.

“ Saying : ‘ My love, my comfort,  
Now do thou let me in,  
Could I have but one hour of  
Thy company to-night ? ’ ”

YOUNG WOMAN—“ Get away from the window,  
Get away I tell thee,  
For I will not let you in,  
I know better than that.”

YOUNG MAN—“ Dost thou think thou'lt reject me,  
And that thou'lt put me off ?  
For I have always believed  
That thou would'st be my lot.”

YOUNG WOMAN—“ No never, no never, young man.  
Will I be thy woman,  
For I'm not going to marry,  
My own pleasure I will have.”

YOUNG MAN—“ Then she threw her shawl o'er her,  
And came down to meet me,  
With kisses, oh ! how loving,  
This way we did meet.

“ Our hearts were so mellow with  
Our mutual pleasure ;  
You never heard such before,  
And you scarce will again.”

## CAR-Y-PHOOSÉE.



YN CHUYR—Haik shuyr ven-y-phoosee stiagh,  
 (She mooie ayns yn uhllin v'ee),  
 Graa : “ dy beign's er phoosey ayns traa,  
 Cha beign's nish ayns stayd cha treih.”

## CHORUS.\*

She, poost, as poost, as poost, as poost,  
 As poost dy-liooar vees shin,  
 Nagh nhare shin foddey ve poost, ve poost,  
 Na taggloo smessey ve j'yn ?

“ Agh my-lhie ny-lomarcán va mee,  
 S'beg gerjagh v'aym dy bragh ;  
 Agh foddey baare lhiam nish  
 Ve poost rish guilley vie reagh.”

YN VRAAR—Haik stiagh eisht braar ven-y-phoosee,  
 As loayr eh mychione e huyr :  
 “ Dy bione diu ee chammah as ta mish,  
 Cha phoosey shiu ee son un oor.

“ T'ee moyrnagh, ard as litcheragh,  
 As lhie feer foddey er-laa ;  
 Chyndaa ee hene 'sy lhiabbee ;  
 Myr shoh t'ee ceau ee traá.

“ Mannagh n'oyms ben share na ish,  
 Feer cha poosym's ben dy braa ;  
 Son hem shaghey dy chooilley ven-aeg,  
 Fegooish cur orroo traá-laa.”

BEN-Y-PHOOSÉE—Eisht loayr roo, ven-y-phoosee :  
 “ S'beg tushtey t'eu dy hoiggal !  
 Dooys dy phoosey dooinney son graih,  
 Cha vel eh agh ayns fardail.

“ Dyn thie, ny cooid, ny cowryn,  
 Carmeish, curlead, ny lhuisag ;  
 Tra hig boghtynid stiagh 'sy dorrys,  
 Ta graih goll magh er yn uinnag.”

\* Chorus after each Verse.

YN VOIR—Haïnk moir ven-y-phoosee stiagh,  
 As loayr ee rish e inneen :  
 “ Tra hie mish hoshiaght dy phoosey,  
 Cha rou jalloo aym lhiam pene.”

“ Agh gooyñ dy eglieen-olley,  
 Fegooish eer smoc dy cheau ;  
 Agh nish ta'ym ollagh as cabbil,  
 As palchey dy liooar t'aym jeu.

“ V'aym gooyñ dy eglieen-olley,  
 Marish apryn dy saloon,  
 Quoig dy henn lieen skeddan,  
 As bussal dy speeinit huin.”

YN AYR—Eisht dooyrt ayr ven-y-phoosee :

“ Ny treig uss rish dty ghraih ;  
 My te son laccal toghyr,  
 Verym's dhyt dty haih.

Yiow'n colbagh vreck er sthrap,  
 As nagh re oo hene vees souyr ?  
 As yiow'n chenn vock vane goll-eig,  
 Dy hayrn yn arroo 'syn ouyr.”



## WEDDING SONG.



THE SISTER—The sister of the bride came in,  
 (She had been out in the stack yard),  
 Saying “ If I had been wed in time,  
 I should not have been in this sad plight.”

### CHORUS.\*

Yes, married, and married, and married, and married,  
 And married enough we shall be,  
 Is it not better to be married, be married,  
 Than to have worse talk about us ?

“ But it was lying alone I was,  
 Little comfort ever I had ;  
 But I would now much prefer  
 To be married to a spirited lad.”

\* Chorus after each Verse.

THE BROTHER—Then came in the brother of the bride,  
And spoke about his sister :

“ If you knew her as well as I do,  
You would not marry her for one hour.

“ She is proud, conceited and lazy,  
And lies in bed very far on in the day ;  
Turning herself in the bed ;  
This is the way she spends her time.

“ If I could not get a better woman<sup>†</sup> than her,  
Truly I would never marry ;  
For I will go past every young woman,  
Without giving them the time of day.”

THE BRIDE—Then spoke the bride to them :

“ How little sense you have to understand !  
For me to marry a man for love,  
It 's altogether vain.\*

“ Without house, or property, or goods,  
Without sheet, quilt, or blanket,  
When poverty comes in at the door,  
Love goes out of the window.”

THE MOTHER—The mother of the bride came in,  
And spoke to her daughter :

“ When I went first to marry,  
I had nothing of my own.

“ Only a gown of linsey-woolsey,  
Without even a shift to wear ;  
But now I have cattle and horses,  
And plenty I have of them.

“ I had a gown of linsey-woolsey,  
With an apron of shalloon,  
Five old herring nets,  
And a handkerchief of peeled rushes.”

THE FATHER—Then said the father of the bride :

“ Do not forsake thy love ;  
If it is for want of dowry,  
I will give thee enough.

“ Thou shalt have the speckled heifer on a string,  
And is it not thyself that will be comfortable ?  
And thou shalt have the old white horse that 's failing,  
To draw the corn in the autumn.”

\* “ Is nothing but.”

## YN VEN-AINSHTER DEWIL.



**M**YR hie mee magh gys Sostyn,  
 She ben-seyrveet mee ayn,  
 As faill mooar ren ee chebbal dou,  
 My aillin r'ee\* son blein.

Eisht lesh ny chebbyn mooar eck,†  
 Nagh daill mee r'ee myr shoh,  
 Dy ghol maree gys Hollant,  
 My veagh shin ooilley bio.

Eisht lesh dooin faagail Sostyn,  
 Ve gys my hrimshey trome,  
 Erson ren my ven-ainshter  
 Er-tuittym ayns graih rhym.

“Ta aym thie mooar as thalloo,  
 Marish argid as airh,  
 Shen ooilley neem's stowal ort,  
 My nee oo phoosey mee.”

“Gur-e-mie eu, ven-ainshter,  
 Cha jargyms poosey nish,  
 Ta mee er n'yannoo gialdyn,  
 Nagh vod feer jesh ve brisht.

“Ta shen rish my ghraih Sally,  
 Yn ard-sharvaant eu hene,  
 O! cred shiu mee, ven-ainshter,  
 My chree ta lesh ee shen.”

Nagh ren ee, my ven-ainshter,  
 Goaill lane dy chorree rhym?  
 Nagh loo ee seose as vreear ee,  
 Dy ghoaill my vyoys voym?

Tra nagh jinnin poosey ee,  
 Dy ve son ben dou hene,  
 Ghow ee shuityn feer aggairagh,  
 Dy chur mee ayns pryssoon.

\* ‘Hire to.’

† With her large offers.”

## THE CRUEL MISTRESS.

A S I went out to England,  
A lady met me there,  
And wages good she offered me,  
If I 'd serve her for a year.

Then tempted with her offers,  
I did engage to her,  
To go with her to Holland,  
If we should all be spared.

Then when we did leave England,  
It was my bitter grief,  
Because my old mistress in  
Love had fallen with me.

“ I have a big house and land,  
With silver and with gold,  
All this I will give to thee,  
If thou wilt marry me.”

“ I thank you kindly, mistress,  
I cannot marry now,  
For I have made a promise,  
That cannot be broken.

“ It is to my dear Sally,  
Your own chief waiting-maid,  
Oh ! do believe me, mistress,  
My heart it is with her.

Then did she not, my mistress,  
Get very wrath with me ?  
Did she not take oath and vow,  
To take my life from me ?

When I would not marry her,  
To be my wedded wife,  
Unjust suits she took 'gainst me,  
To put me in prison.



Va fainey er y vair eck,  
 Myr s'hollagh v'ee dyn grayse,  
*Slif* ee eh ayns my *phoggad*,  
 Jerkal rhymes surranse baase.

Nagh re lesh fer-oyck-y-chee  
 Hie mee er chur lesh seose,  
 Kiongoyrt rish bing dy gheiney,  
 Dy ve er my vriwnys ?

Loayr mee jeh reddyng jeeragh,  
 Ny-yeih, cha row couyr ayn ;  
 Son loo ee seose dy vol mee ee,  
 Eisht hie mee ayns pryssoon.

Eisht shiuish guillyn aegey,  
 Ta geaishtagh rhymys nish,  
 Nagh jean-jee jeemys gamman,  
 Ny craid mygeayrt-y-mish.

Son ga nagh vel mee foiljagh,  
 Yn seihll shegin dou faagail ;  
 O ! bannaght ayd, ghraih Sally,  
 Son graih rhyt neem's partail.

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## MOIR AS INNEEN.

**M** OIR as inneen eck shinney,  
 Cheayll mee taggloo yn laa ;  
 Va'n cowag oc ny s'chenney,  
 Ny oddyms nish y gra.  
 Nagh row adsyn resooney,  
 As v'ad cur shaghey yn traa,  
 Va'd taggloo foast jeh poosey ;  
 As shoh va adsyn gra :

INNEEN—"Vummig, cuin hems dy phoosey ?  
 Son foddey liauyr y traa,  
 Dy gheddin dou hene cooney,  
 Fendeilagh oie as laa ;  
 Son lheid y heshey fuirriagh,  
 Veagh cooie dys my stayd.  
 Son ta mee foast miandagh,  
 Choud as ta mee reagh as aeg.

A ring was on her finger,  
She was so bare of grace,  
She slipped it in my pocket,  
Thinking I'd suffer death.

Was it not by a p'liceman  
I was being brought up,  
To go before a jury,  
To receive my judgment ?

Quite straight I spoke the truth, yet  
Remedy there was none ;  
She swore that I deceived her ;  
Then went I in prison.

Then all ye young men, who are  
Now list'ning unto me,  
Of me do not make your game,  
Nor mock about this thing.

For though I am not guilty,  
I have to leave the world ;  
Blessing on thee, dear Sally,  
For love of thee I die.

---

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

---

MOTHER and eldest daughter,  
I heard talking one day,  
Their chatter was much faster,  
Than I can now tell it.  
For thus they were reasoning,  
As they were passing the time,  
Still talking of marriage ;  
And this was what they said :

DAUGHTER—" When shall I be wed, mother ?  
The time is very long,  
To get myself a helper,  
And defender night and day ;  
For such a faithful partner  
Would be suitable to my state.  
For I still have a craving,  
While I am young and gay.

“ Er-lhiam dy vel mee gennaghtyn,  
 Yearrey myr shen dy ve ;  
 My chree ta hüggey griennaghey,  
 Nagh vel fys aym kys ta.  
 Ta ny guillyn cha gammanagh,  
 As aalin gys my hooill,  
 My aigney t'ad dy violagh,  
 As geid my chree ersooyl.”

MOIR—“ Vuddee, ny gow dy phoosey,  
 Son sleaie dhyts hig y tra,  
 Ga guillyn ny dy strugey,  
 As y violagh cheayrt ny gha.  
 T'ou aalin nish ayns coamrey,  
 As bwaagh er dys y hooill ;  
 Yn cheayrt dy jean oo poosey,  
 Nee dty aalid lheie ersooyl.

“ Son dhyts dy ghill dy phoosey,  
 Ga te cha mie as lhiass.  
 Nee oo caghlaa ayns dty eddin,  
 As dty lieckan nee gaase glass ;  
 Bee oo seaghnit moghey as anmagh,  
 Kiarrail son jough as bee,  
 As chennidyn as aggle  
 Nee hrimshey da dty chree.

“ Ta cliaghtey ec ny deiney  
 Ve hroiddey rish nyn mraane ;  
 Ny paitchyn beggey keayney,  
 As myr shen doostey argane,  
 Lesh focilyn geyre as corree.  
 Agh shoh ny ta mish gra :  
 ‘ O ven aeg, bee uss *wary*,  
 As gow kiarrail 'sy traa.’ ”

INNEEN—“ Cum uss dty hengey, vummig,  
 T'ou er my yannoo skee,  
 Er-son dty *discoursyn*  
 Cha vel ad *pleasal* mee.  
 Son dooinney sheign dou gheddin,  
 Cha voym dy bragh ny share,  
 Son hig eh dou ny sniessey,  
 Ny mummig, shuyr, ny vraar.

“ I think that I am conscious,  
That such desires exist ;  
My heart is stirred by him,  
I know not why it is.  
For the boys are so sportive,  
And pretty to my eye,  
My inclination they tempt,  
And steal my heart away. ”

MOTHER—“ Girl, do not go to marry,  
Soon the time will come to thee,  
Though the young men may fondle,  
And tempt thee many a time.  
Thou’rt handsome now in dress,  
And comely to the eye ;  
The time that thou wilt marry,  
Thy beauty ’ll fade away.

“ If thou ’lt go to marry, though  
It ’s the best match that can be,  
Thou wilt change in thy countenance,  
And thy cheek will grow pale ;  
Early and late thou wilt be vexed,  
Providing meat and drink,  
And distresses and terror  
Will bring grief to thy heart.

“ ’Tis a custom with the men  
To be scolding their wives ;  
The little children crying,  
And thus stirring up strife,  
With sharp words and with anger.  
But this is what I say :  
‘ O young woman, be wary,  
And take good heed in time. ’ ”

DAUGHTER—“ Hold thy tongue, O mother,  
For thou hast wearied me,  
Because thy discourses  
Are not pleasing to me,  
For a man I must get me,  
I ’ll never get better,  
For he’ll come far nearer me,  
Than mother, sister, brother.

“Dussan dy vleeaney elley  
 Dy cummal orrym-pene,  
 Veign faagit my-lomarcán,  
 As veign my henn inneen.  
 Veign faagit er dty laueyn,  
 Dy slane ve my hreigeil;  
 Veign coontit myr shen vraagyn,  
 Veagh hilgit ayns corneil.”

MOIR—“Myr oo va mee dy jarroo  
 Miandagh dy ve brisht,  
*Just* goll-rish magher arroo  
 Gyn veg y cleiy ve mysh;  
 Gyn carrey as gyn kemmyrk,  
 Gyn sheshey cooie erbee;  
 My veign er ve spooillit,  
 Quoi veagh er hirrys mee?”

INNEEN—“Shen yinnagh trimshey dooys,  
 Ny guillyn er dagh cheu  
 Dy jinnagh ad goll shaghey  
 Gyn fenaght wheesh ‘kys t’ou?’  
 She shen myr veigns ve faagit,  
 My corrag ayns my veéal,  
 Smooïnaght er laghyn my aegid,  
 As er my veggan cheeayll.”



## NANCY SOOILL-GHOO.



E AISHT shiu rhymes, my chaarjin,  
 As striuymys dy insh diu,  
 Mychione piyr aeg va sooree,  
 Nyn lheid scoan cheayll shiu rieu.

Rish foddey v’ad er hooree,  
 Jeeagh shiu kys haink yn jerrey;  
 Phrow yn scollag aeg shoh foalsey,  
 As phoost eh ven-aeg elley.

“ What a dozen more long years  
 To live on by myself,  
 I shall be left all alone,  
 And become an old maid.  
 For I'll be left on thy hands,  
 Entirely forsaken ;  
 Like old shoes I'll be counted,  
 That are thrown in a corner.”

MOTHER—“ Like thee I was verily  
 Craving to be undone,  
 Just like unto a corn-field,  
 With no fence about it ;  
 Without a friend, without help,  
 With no fit companion ;  
 If I had been plundered,  
 Who would have sought for me ? ”

DAUGHTER—“ T'would be very sad for me,  
 That the lads on each side  
 Should pass by without asking ;  
 So much as ‘ How art thou ? ’  
 That is how I would be left,  
 My finger in my mouth,  
 Thinking of my youthful days,  
 And of my want of sense.”



## BLACK-EYED NANCY.



LISTEN to me, my friends, and I  
 Will strive to tell to you,  
 Of a young pair that courting went,  
 In an unheard of style.

For a long time they had courted,  
 Mark you how came the end ;  
 This young man, he unfaithful proved,  
 And wed another lass.

Tra cheayll yn ven-aeg, dy row  
 Ee graih meen ec v'eh phoost,  
 V'ee scaait ayns ee aigney,  
 'Syn oie v'eh freeill ee dooisht.

Ayns boayllyn fadane ooilley,  
 Va taitnys ayns ee chree,  
 Shirrey ooilley grogh heshaght,  
 Agh chea veih aitt as cloie.

T'ee shooyl ayns boayllyn dorragey,  
 Goll ass raad ny deiney;  
 V'ee trimshy as v'ee dobberan,  
 As shoh ny goan v'ee gra :

“Aigh creoi t'orrym phrownal,  
 Cha n'oddym gymmyrkey,  
 My chree ta brisht gyn couyr;  
 As vees er son dy bragh.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Myr hooyll mish magh 'syn astyr  
 Er y raad kione-my-lhei,  
 Nagh cheayll mish jees pleadail,  
 As shoh myr v'adsyn gra :

“Fow voym er-y-chooyl fer 'oalsey,  
 Cha ghredjym oo ny smoo,  
 Son argid daag oo Nancy,  
 Ny sooillyn ec ta doo.”

“Graih my chree, my kenjallys  
 Nagh beg fys ayds kys ve,  
 Yn tra a ta er n'gholl shaghey,  
 Nagh smooar my arrys eh.

Graih my chree, vel oo leih dou,  
 Ga dy ren mee brishey 'n leigh?  
 Te cair yn olk y leih as yarrood,  
 Ta shin 'sy Scriptyr lhaih.

Cha vel foddey er dty henney neagh,  
 As she my wooishal's ve,  
 Dy ghaoill boggey ayns dty heshaght,  
 Ny-yeih cha b'loys ghaoill eh.

And when the maiden heard the news,  
That her dear love was wed,  
Her mind became deranged, so that  
She could not sleep at night.\*

To be in lonely places was  
The sole joy of her heart,  
Seeking bad company, shunning  
All games and merriment.

So she was walking in dark places,  
Out of the way of men ;  
She was lamenting and mourning,  
And these the words she spake :

“ Upon me now ill fortune frowns,  
I cannot support it,  
My heart is broke, there is no cure,  
And so for aye will be.”

\* \* \* \* \*

As I walked out one evening  
On the road down the hill,  
I heard two persons talking, and  
These were the words they said :

“ Away from me, thou false one, I  
Will thee no longer trust,  
For money thou hast deserted  
Nancy with eyes so black.”

Oh ! my heart's love, my kindliness,  
How little did'st thou know,  
The time that now has passed away,  
How much I repent it.

My heart's love, dos't thou me forgive,  
Though I have broken trust ?†  
To forgive and forget is right,  
As we in Scripture read.

'Tis not long since that time was sped,  
And it was e'er my wish,  
To have joy in thy company,  
But I did not dare have it.

\* “ In the night it was keeping her awake.”

† “ The law.”



Ghoail aggle roish ny phrownyn,  
 My gerjagh meen dy'n theill,  
 Captan lhong fegooish cree mie  
 Cha jean dy bragh speideil,"

Ren ee jiargagh ayns y eddin,  
 Goll-rish yn boggoge ruy,  
 Eisht ren ee huitt er keayney,  
 As loayrt ny focklyn shoh :

" My she aigh creoi va roie dou,  
 She mish vees dty ven-poost,  
 Son ooilley'n oyryn hrimshey,  
 T'ou hannah er coyrt dooys."



## NELLY VEEN.



DOOINNEY-AEG—

" Nelly veen as Nelly graihagh,  
 Cur graih dooys lesh ooilley dty chree,  
 As she my ghaa laue veryms dhtys,  
 Dy jem-mayd dy phoosey traas erbee."

VEN-AEG—

" Uss vitchoor oalsey fou ass my hilley,  
 Son er-chee my violagh as my volley t'ou ;  
 Lesh dy hengey oalsey as dty veillyn brynneragh,  
 Tou dy-liooar dy violagh ushagh jeh'n crouw."

DOOINNEY-AEG—

" O Nelly veen, nagh bee orryms groamagh,  
 Son neems kiart cha mie as dooinney erbee,  
 Agh ta mee laadit as myrgeeddin grouid ;  
 Insh dou nish dty aigney, ta mee guee."

VEN-AEG—

" Fys jeh my aigney cha vod oo geddyn,  
 Dy ghoill dy phoosey ta mee ro aeg,  
 As ta mee jeeaghyn orrym-pene,  
 Dy vell mee maynrey myr ven-aeg."

Being afraid of the world's frowns,  
My little comforter,  
A ship's captain without good heart  
Will never gain success."

Then o'er her face a rosy blush\*  
Spread, like the red hedge-rose,  
Then into tears at once she burst,†  
And uttered words like these :

" If my fortune was hard before,  
Yet will I be‡ thy wife,  
Spite of the causes of sorrow,  
Thou'st ere now on me brought."



## NELLY DEAR.



YOUNG MAN—

" Nelly dear and Nelly loving,  
Give me thy love with all thy heart,  
And I will give thee both my hands,  
That we may shortly married be."

YOUNG WOMAN—

" Thou false rogue, get out of my sight,  
For thou would'st me tempt and deceive ;  
With thy false tongue and flattering lips,  
Thou could'st tempt a bird off a bush."

YOUNG MAN—

" O Nelly dear, frown not on me,  
For I'll be good as any man,  
But I am sore oppressed and sad ;  
Tell me now thy mind, I pray."

YOUNG WOMAN—

" Thou cans't not get to know my mind,  
To be married, I am too young,  
And I think myself to be,§  
For a young woman, most content."

\* " Then she reddened in the face."

† " Fell on weeping."

‡ " 'Tis I that will be thy wife."

§ " I am looking at myself that I am happy as a young woman."

Foast ve cheet gys thie yn ven-aeg shoh,  
 Cha dug e shee jee oie ny laa,  
 Fey-yerrey hooar e lurg aigney hene ee,  
 Eisht daag e ee son fyt dy hraa.

Shuish vraane aegey, gou shiu tastey ;  
 Va'n ven-aeg faagit ayns trimshey wheesh,  
 Tra honnick ee nagh row eh cordail rish yialdyn,  
 Hug ee fys er ee graih millish.

Haink e dy foalsey myr ve cliaghtey :  
 "Cre ta er daghyrt dyts graih my chree,  
 Fow uss aarlooy dy goll maryms,  
 As fod mayd phoosey traay erbee."

Hooar ish aarlooy dy goll marish,  
 As hie ad rhymboo ec yn oie,  
 Voll eh ee d'aagail ee chaarjin,  
 Dy goll gys boayl feayn cour ee stroie.

Tra va'n ven-aeg toolit as skee,  
 Lesh osney hrome ren ee y gra :  
 "Er lhiam my vioys y ghoail voyms's tou,  
 Son ta my chree myr shoh gimraa."

DOOINNEY-AEG—

"Tou uss nish er loayrt yn irrin,  
 Erson ny sodjey cha vees oo bio,  
 Er-chee dty vioys y ghoail void,  
 Shen va my eilkin y raad shoh."

VEN-AEG—

"Oh Johnny, Johnny, my graih meen,  
 Ny chur dy laueyn ayns dty uill hene,  
 Sparail my vioys, my graih meen,  
 As gou chymmey jeh dty oikan hene."

DOOINNEY-AEG—

"Nagh bee uss taggloo rhymms ommidjys,"  
 As gys y villey chiangle eh ee,  
 Nagh re kebbey v'echey marish,  
 As ren eh toshiaght yannoo yn oiaie.

Still he kept coming to her\* home,  
 No peace he gave her night nor day,  
 Until he got her to his mind,  
 And then he left her for a while.

Ye young women, now take good heed ;  
 The girl was left in great sorrow,  
 When she found that he did not keep  
 His word, she sent for her sweetheart.

Falsely, as was his wont, he came,  
 Saying, " What ails thee my heart's love,  
 Go and prepare to come with me,  
 We can marry at any time."

She got ready to go with him,  
 And in the night they went away,  
 He induced† her to leave her friends,  
 To go where he might destroy her.

When the poor girl was faint and tired,  
 Heaving a heavy sigh she said :  
 " I know that thou wilt take my life  
 Away, for my heart tells me so."

YOUNG MAN—

" Thou hast now spoken what is true‡,  
 Because thou shalt no longer live,  
 My errand on this road§ was with  
 Intent to take away thy life."

YOUNG WOMAN—

" Oh ! Johnny, Johnny, my dear love,  
 Steep not thy hands in thine own blood,  
 Spare my life, Johnny, my dear love,  
 And have compassion on thy child."

YOUNG MAN—

" Don't speak such foolishness to me "  
 He said, and tied her to a tree.  
 He had|| a spade with him, and so  
 He there began to dig the grave.

\* " This young woman's."      † " Deceived."      ‡ " The truth."

‡ " To go to a desert place with intent to destroy her."

|| " Was it not?"

Hrog ee seose ee roihagyn gys niau,  
 As gow ee padjer gys yn Ayr :  
 "Yn peccah eajee shoh ren mee yannoo,  
 O! cur uss kerraghey myr ta cair."

Hrog ee seose ee roihaghyn gys niau,  
 As gys yn Ayr veen ren ee guee,  
 Dy yannoo aarlooo cour ee annym,  
 Yn traas nagh goghe eh chymmey j'ee.

Va'n dunver shoh eisht cha eulyssagh,  
 Er derrey va eshyn ooilley craa ;  
 Tra gow eh greim j'ee dy cur 'syn oaie,  
 Chelleeragh cheayll eh coraa.

Hie eh er raipay fud ny cheylljin,  
 As moddey-oaldey ren eh stroie ;  
 Shen y raad hur eshyn y baase piantagh,  
 Erson nagh goghe eh chymmey j'ee.

Haik ish dy valley gys ee chaarjin,  
 As boggey mooar ren ad ghoail j'ee.  
 Shenn as aeg hug ee lesh maree,  
 Dy heet dy yeeaghyn er yn oaie.



## ISABEL FOALSEY.



**Y**N Isabel foalsey, t'ee boirey mee hene,  
 As kyndagh r'ee ta mee gaase fiogit as creen ;  
 Lesh sooree as breagey as ginsh reddyn bwaagh,  
 As gialdyn nagh jin ee chooilleeney dy bragh.

Ny cheartyn t'ee gearey as jannoo jeem *sporte*,  
 As eisht cheartyn elley dy graihagh rhym loayrt,  
 Myr shoh ta shin dellal, cur shaghey yn traas,  
 Veih traas lie ayns yn oie dys peesh veg dy laa.

Ny cheartyn goym danys as geddyn veih *kiss*,  
 As eisht nee ee gra rhym "tou maarliagh gyn-yss."  
 Nee shoh shin dys focklyn, as eisht gow mayd cooish ;  
 Veagh tassane dy cowag ain reiltagh shin dooisht.

She lifted up her arms to heav'n,  
And said a prayer to the Father :  
" For this foul sin that I have done,  
Oh ! do Thou punish as is right."

She lifted up her arms to heav'n,  
The loving Father she besought,  
To make ready to take her soul,  
When he'd\* not have pity on her.

This murd'rer then was so angry,  
Till he was all shaking ; when he  
Gripped her to thrust her in the grave,  
Immediately he heard a voice.

He went tearing off through the woods,  
And a wolf destroyed him ; that's where  
He suffered a painful death,  
Because he would not pity her.

She came to the town to her friends,  
And great joy they did take of her.  
Both old and young she took with her,  
To come and look upon the grave.



## FALSE ISABEL.



THE false Isabel, she bothers me so,  
And owing to her I grow withered and sear ,  
With flirting, deceiving, saying pretty things,  
And promising that which she ne'er would fulfil.

Sometimes she is laughing and makes sport of me,  
And at other times she speaks fondly to me,  
In this way we wanton, just passing the time,  
From lying time at night until break of day.†

Sometimes I get bold and steal from her a kiss,  
And then she'll say to me " thou art a sly thief."  
This would bring us to words, then we'd have a chat ;  
A loud whispering would keep us both awake.

\* i.e., " Her sweetheart."

† " A little bit of day."

Tammylt ny lurg shen cheet feiyr mygeart thie,  
 Veagh sliooar ny aglagh ny sleie ny lhie ;  
 Beem oolee as craa, ny hoie heer ec yn aile,  
 Eer ec sooie ta cloie cooyl yn grainle.

Hig polt er yn dorrys, ny chrank er yn gless,  
 My chree lheim myr ushag cheusthie ayns my *vress*,  
 Goail aggle dy dorrageh yn skeealeyder stiagh,  
 Dy beagh eh dy aarlooy dy woailley myr jaagh.

Nagh treih yn red sooree, as goll magh 'syn oie,  
 Fud lane dangeyr moddee, as drogh aigney sleih ;  
 Dy beagh oo fud jiargan uddagh oo chea,  
 Ayns shoh beign dhyt caggey, ny ve coyrt sheese rea.

Tra vees eh er ny goll er peesh veg dy laa,  
 Beem ceaut er son focklyn, cha bee veg aym dy gra ;  
 Irree aym dy lhiastey heer ayns y corneil,  
 As eisht lesh y dorrys beem snauee myr *snail*.

Goll trooid chiu as thanney, v'eh brishey my chree,  
 Goll thie myr ragh maarliagh veagh geid fud ny hoie,  
 Goail aggle as nearey as chea ass y raad ;  
 Cha booiagh v'eh marroo na ve oc son craid.

Dy smooiinaght er sooree, t'eh cur orrym craa,  
 Dy ve dooisht fud ny hoie as skee fey ny laa ;  
 Nagh baare dou ve laccal ben 'choud as veem bio,  
 Ny ve boirit as eiyril as heaghnit myr shoh.

Agh nish ta mee fakin yn seaghyn va aym,  
 Ta mee booiagh ginsh eh magh da dagh unnane,  
 Dy vod ayd goail tastey as voish sooree chea,  
 Ayns aght ennagh seasal dy leeideil nyn mea.



A short while after comes a noise 'bout the house,  
T'would suffice to alarm the people in bed ;  
I'd be guilty and quake, sitting o'er by the fire,  
E'en at the soot playing behind the grid-iron.

Comes a knock at the door, or tap on the glass,  
My heart, like a bird, leaps up within my breast,  
Fearing lest there should come some tale-bearer in,  
Who would then be ready to quarrel\* like smoke.

How wretched is courting, going out at night,  
'Mid great danger of dogs, and ill-will of men ;  
If thou went 'mid vermin thou could'st run away,  
But here thou must struggle, or be laid down flat.

When there shall have arrived a wee bit of day,  
For words I would be spent, I'd nought to say ;  
I would slowly get up o'er in the corner,  
And then towards the door I'd creep like a snail.

Going through thick and thin, 'twas breaking my heart,  
Going home like a thief who 'd steal all the night,  
Afraid and ashamed and running from the road ;  
I 'd rather be dead than be held up to scorn.

Just to think of courting, it makes me shiver,  
To be awake all the night and tired all the day ;  
'Twere better to be lacking a wife all my life,  
Than be bothered and driv'n and worried like this.

But now that I perceive the trouble I had,  
I 'm willing to tell it out to everyone,  
That they may take warning and from courting flee,  
In some easier fashion to spend their life time.

\* Strike.





## IRREE SEOSE.

**I** RREE seose, irree seose,  
 My guilley beg dooie,  
 Son t'an polt nish er ve er y laare,  
 Irree seose, irree seose,  
 My guilley beg dooie,  
 Son t'an polt nish er ve er y laare.  
 T'an grian er hroggal gennal seose,  
 Ta'n faiyr laal\* giarey ayns y close.  
 Irree seose, (Repeat as above).

} CHORUS.

Nagh vel mee, nagh vel mee,  
 My guilley beg dooie,  
 Er-my-chosh cha moghey as y laa ?  
 Nagh vel mee, nagh vel mee,  
 My guilley beg dooie,  
 Er-my-chosh cha moghey as y laa ?  
 Thie ollee glennit magh ayns traal,  
 As lurg shen gobbragh creoi fey laa.  
 Nagh vel mee (Repeat as above).

} CHORUS.

Lurg traal lhie, lurg traal lhie,  
 Myr Manninagh dooie,  
 Lurg oie vie venainster as fer-thie,  
 Lurg traal lhie, lurg traal lhie,  
 Myr Manninagh dooie,  
 Lurg oie vie venainster as fer-thie,  
 Ayns sooree graihagh ceau my hraa,  
 As roshtyn thie ec brishey yn laa.  
 Lurg traal lhie, (Repeat as above).

} CHORUS.

Ga moghey, ga moghey,  
 My guilley beg dooie,  
 Yiow yn polt, yiow yn polt er y laare,  
 Ga moghey, ga moghey,  
 My guilley beg dooie,  
 Yiow yn polt, yiow yn polt er y laare.  
 She shilley verrym er my ghraih,  
 Ooraghyn liauyr lioree soie.  
 Ga moghey, (Repeat as above).

} CHORUS.

\* i.e., "laccal."

## ARISE UP.

**A**RISE up, arise up,  
 My own little boy true,  
 For the knock has now been on the floor,  
 Arise up, arise up,  
 My own little boy true,  
 For the knock has now been on the floor.  
 The cheerful sun has risen up,  
 The grass wants cutting in the close.  
 Arise up, (Repeat as above).

} CHORUS.

Am I not, am I not,  
 My own little boy true,  
 On my foot as early as the day ?  
 Am I not, am I not,  
 My own little boy true,  
 On my foot as early as the day ?  
 The cow-house cleaned out in good time,  
 And then I work hard all the day.  
 Am I not, (Repeat as above).

} CHORUS.

After bed-time, after bed-time,  
 Like a Manxman true,  
 After good-night to mistress and master,  
 After bed-time, after bed-time,  
 Like a Manxman true,  
 After good-night to mistress and master,  
 In love's courtship spending the time,  
 And reaching home at the break of day.  
 After bed-time, (Repeat as above).

} CHORUS.

Though early, though early,  
 My own little boy true,  
 Thou'lt get the knock, the knock on the floor,  
 Though early, though early,  
 My own little boy true,  
 Thou'lt get the knock, the knock on the floor.  
 I must have a look at my love,  
 For long hours sitting by her.  
 Though early, (Repeat as above).

} CHORUS.

## EISHT AS NISH.

K EAYRT va mee aeg,  
 As mish ta mee shenn;  
 Keayrt va daa *sweetheart* aym,  
 Agh nish cha vel nane.  
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey  
 Hurranse liorish mraane!

Son ta graih mie ayn,  
 Agh ta foast graih sie.  
 Keayrt hug mee graih da ben aeg,  
 As ve'h graih rouyr vie.  
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey  
 Hurranse liorish mraane!

Va billey beg gaase  
 Ayns garey my ayrey;  
 V'eh skeaylley ny banglaneyn  
 Eckey foddey as lhean.  
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey  
 Hurranse liorish mraane!

V'eh goll-rish ben aeg shen,  
 V'eck rouyr deiney-soorey;  
 Cha row fys eck ayns ee keeayll  
 Er quoi jeu dy reih.  
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey  
 Hurranse liorish mraane!

Dy beigns er ve maree,  
 Walkal ayns y garey.  
 O! dy beigns er ve maree  
 Ny hoie ec y thie.  
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey  
 Hurranse liorish mraane!

Jeeaghyn ny *pinkyn*,  
 As *roseyn* as *daisyn*,  
 Va mee seiaghey ayns shen,  
 Marish my graih veen.  
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey  
 Hurranse liorish mraane!

## THEN AND NOW.

ONCE I was young,  
 And now I am old ;  
 Once I had two sweethearts, but  
 Now there is not one.  
 How young striplings suffer by  
 The wiles of women !\*

For there is good love.  
 But there's also bad love.  
 Once I loved a young woman,  
 And 'twas too good love.  
 How young striplings suffer by  
 The wiles of women !

A little tree grew  
 In my father's garden ;  
 It was spreading its branches  
 Out both far and wide.  
 How young striplings suffer by  
 The wiles of women !

'Twas like a young woman,  
 Who'd too many lovers ;  
 She had no sort of idea†  
 Which of them to choose.  
 How young striplings suffer by  
 The wiles of women !

Would I had been with her,  
 Walking in the garden,  
 O ! would that I had been with her,  
 Sitting in the house.  
 How young striplings suffer by  
 By the wiles of women !

Looking at the pinks,  
 And roses and daisies,  
 I was sitting down there,  
 With my dear love.  
 How young striplings suffer by  
 The wiles of woman !

\* "How the young boys suffer by women."

† "There was no knowledge at her in her senses."

Tra va shin paitchyn,  
 Va shin dy mennick cloie,  
 As fo yn billey banglanagh  
 Va shin kinjagh soie.  
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey  
 Hurranse liorish mraane !

Agh tra daase dee seose,  
 Yn ben aeg foalsey,  
 Hie ee magh fud ny sleih,  
 As yeigh me moote.  
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey  
 Hurranse liorish mraane !



## MARISH NY FIDDLERYN.

**M**ARISH ny fiddleryn, ayns yn traa Nollick  
 Va hosiaght veeit mee graih my chree,  
 As hoie shin sheese graihagh cooidjagh,  
 Gow shin yn tosiaght jeh nyn hooree.

V'ee doodee aeg, bwoiee as aalin,  
 Va mee kiarail dy phoosee ee.  
 Ta mee yn eirinagh, mooar as berchagh,  
 Ayns lhiatteeyn glassey jeh'n shenn Renwee.

Voish yn oie shen gys kione three bleeaney,  
 Dy-mennick va mish as my graih meeiteil,  
 Yn ghlare v'ec foalsey, as chengey veeley,  
 Nagh jinnagh ee mish dy bragh 'aagail.

My chree va gennal goll dys yn valley,  
 Cha row nhee erbee yinnagh seaghyn dooys ;  
 Yn chied skeeayl cluinn mee moghrey Laa-ynnyd,  
 Dy row my graih rish fer elley phoost.

When we were children,  
 We were often playing,  
 And under the branching tree  
 Were often sitting.  
 How young striplings suffer by  
 The wiles of women!

But when she grew up,  
 The false young damsel,  
 She went into the world,\*  
 And deserted me.†  
 How young striplings suffer by  
 The wiles of woman!



## WITH THE FIDDLERS.

**A**MONG the fiddlers, at the Christmas time,  
 I first my own heart's love did meet,  
 And we sat down together loving,  
 Making beginning of our courtship.

She was a young girl, fair and lovely,  
 I did incline to marry her.  
 I am a farmer, big and wealthy,  
 Upon the green sides of old Renwee.

From that ev'ning till three years were ended,  
 Full often did I and my own love meet,  
 False was her language, and her tongue ran smooth,  
 Declaring that she would ne'er me forsake.

My heart was happy going to the town,  
 There was not a thing that would give me pain;  
 The first news I heard on Ash-Wednesday morn,  
 Was that my love had another wed.

\* "She went out among the people."    † "And left me outside."

## INNEEN JEH'N BOCHILLEY.

SHE 'neen jeh'n bochilley boght,  
 T'ayns lhiattee y chlieau shid hoal ;  
 She dooinney aeg v'er ghoail y raad,  
 Hug eh tastey mie j'ee tra shooyl.

Eisht ghow eh greim j'ee er e vean,  
 As lhiegg eh ee gys thaloo ;  
 Ghow eh chooilleeney-aigney j'ee,  
 Eisht hrog eh ee dy shassoo.

Hug eh e daa chass ayns y streip,  
 As vark eh seose dy tappee,  
 Hug ee e eaddagh mysh e vean,  
 As shooyll ee rish yn cabbyl.

V'ad jannoo er y thaloo kiart,  
 V'ad jannoo er dy braew,  
 Gys haink ad huggey ushtey down,  
 Tra hug ish sheese dy naaue.

Hrog eh ee eisht er y cabbyl glass,  
 As vark eh-hene bock elley,  
 Yn chied ard-valley haink ad rish,  
 Chionnee eh j'ee fainey.

Vark ad voish shen gys cooyrt y ree,  
 As shen va markiagh meeley ;  
 Agh vark eh eisht cheu-sthie jeh'n yiat,  
 As jeigh eh ee er y cheu-mooie.

Eisht gow ee clagh veg ayns e doarn,  
 As woail ee eh er yn *ring*.  
 Quoi ren osley yn dorrys j'ee,  
 Agh yn ree mooar eh-hene.

“ O! moghrey dhyt,” dooyrt y ven-aeg,  
 “ O! moghrey,” dooyrt y ree,  
 “ Ta fer cheusthie ny giattyn ayd,  
 As t'eh er spooilley mee.”

## THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

'TIS the daughter of the poor shepherd,  
That's on the side of yonder hill ;  
A young man going on the road,  
Took good heed of her when walking.

Then did he grip her by her waist,  
And he threw her to the ground ;  
And he gratified himself with her,  
Then he lifted her upright.

He put his feet in the stirrup,  
And he quickly rode upwards,  
She put her clothes about her waist,  
And walked along with the horse.

They were going on the level ground,  
They were going famously,  
Until they came to a deep stream,\*  
When she got her down to swim.

He lifted her then on his grey horse,  
And he rode another steed,  
At the first city they came to,  
He purchased a ring for her.

They rode from thence to the king's court,  
And that was a pleasant ride ;  
But then he rode within the gate,  
And shut her on the outside.

She took a small stone in her hand,  
And struck it on the ring.  
Who did open the door to her.  
But the great king himself.

" Good morning to thee," said the girl,  
" Good morning," said the king,  
" There is a man within thy gates,  
And he has robbéd me."

\* " Water."



“ Nee spooillit t’ou jeh dty argid glass,  
Ny jeh dty airh ta bwee ? ”  
“ T’eh er spooilley mee j’eh my voidynys,  
Red sniessey da my chree.

Cre heill mee v’ayns shen agh dooinney-seyr,  
Ceau bugglyn ayns e vraaghyn ;  
Cre v’ayns shen agh dooinney boght,  
Yn callin echey lane gaihaghyn.”

“ My she shenn-ghuilley eh,” dooyrt y ree,  
“ Yiow uss eh dy phoosey,  
My she yn dooinney jeh ven elley,  
Yiow croggit eh rish yn Coortey.”



"Art thou robbed of thy white money,  
 Or of thy yellow gold."  
 "He has robbed me of my maidenhood,  
 The thing nearest my heart.  
 I thought he was a gentleman,  
 He wore buckles in his shoes ;  
 But he was only a poor man,  
 His body decked with\* gewgaws."  
 "If he's a bachelor," said the king,  
 "He shall be thy husband,†  
 But if he is another's spouse,  
 By the Court he shall be hung."‡

\* "Full of."      † "Thou shalt get him to marry."

‡ "Thou shalt get him hung by the Court."

CUSTOMARY LAWS.—"If any man to a woman by constraint, or force her against her will, if she be a wife, he must suffer the law for her ; if she be a maid or single woman, the Deemster shall give her a rope, a sword, and a ring, and then shall have her choice to hang with the rope, cut off his head with the sword, or marry him with the ring."—(Statutes, Vol. i, p. 55).



## DOOINNEY SEYR V'AYNS EXETER.



**V**A dooinney seyr ayns Exeter  
 Hrog eh inneen, aalin as *fair*,  
 Shey bleeaneey jeig cha d'haink urree,  
 Dys *matchyn* mie va shirrey ee.

Chiarnyn as krinkyn va ec son reih,  
 Agh capthan lhong ren taghyrt thie,  
 (V'eh ny capthan as cre de ve),  
 As ren ee ghra " cha dreigyms eh."

Hie'n capthan roish er e yurnah,  
 As kiart three raighyn va jannoo da,  
 Chaill eh e *lhuck* as chaill eh yn lhong,  
 Trimshey va cheet er ec dagh kione.

Foast jerkal d'row e ghraih fyrrynagh da,  
 Agh ec kione three vee ren ee chyndaa,  
 Tra va'n capthan er y raad thie,  
 Cheayll eh dy re lesh fer elley v'an graih.

Haink y capthan thie as eh cree lheie,  
 Agh hug eh fys urree ny-yeih ;  
 Haink ee ny whail lesh groam syn oai,  
 Briaght cre'n geay va er heebey e thie.

CAPTAN—

" She shoh ny naightyn t'ad ginsh dooys,  
 Dy vel oo mairagh reih ve poose."

INNEEN—

" My cheayll oo shen she'n irrin te,  
 As cre te dhyt my ta lheid reih veh ? "

Hie yn capthan dy lhie yn oie shen,  
 Dirree eh moghrey ayns jeiryn ;  
 She *pen* as *ink* hooar eh dy bieu,  
 As scribeunyn gys e ghraih y scribeu.

## A GENTLEMEN IN EXETER.



A GENTLEMAN in Exeter  
 Reared a daughter, lovely and fair,  
 Sixteen years had not come to her,  
 When good proposals\* she received.

She had her choice of lords and knights,  
 But a ship captain was at home,  
 (He was indeed a captain true),†  
 And she said "I will not leave him."

The captain went forth on his voyage,  
 And just nine months he was away,  
 He lost his luck and his ship too,  
 Trouble came on him at each end.

He still hoped his love was true to him,  
 But at the end of three months she changed,  
 When the captain was on the road home,  
 He heard she belonged to another.

The captain came home his heart melting,  
 But he sent her word nevertheless;  
 She met him with a frown on her face,  
 Demanding what wind had blown him home.

CAPTAIN—

"This is the news they tell me, that  
 Thou art to be wed to-morrow."

GIRL—

"If thou hast heard that it is true,  
 What's that to you if it be so?"

The captain went to bed that night,  
 He rose in the morning in tears;  
 He straightway obtained pen and ink,  
 And wrote a letter to his love.

\* "Matches."    † "He was a captain and so forth."

Ren trimshey as seaghyn lieeney e cree,  
 As ny focklyn shoh screeu eshyn r'ee :  
 " Ny mastey mraane ny 'sfoalsagh t'ou,  
 Gow arrys son yn pheccagh eu."

Ghow ee ny scrieunyn lesh lane moyrn,  
 As lhaih ee eh lesh craid as *scorn* ;  
 Hug ee eh ayns ee poggaid sheese,  
 Chyndaa ee gys y heshaght reesht.

'Sy morrey v'an ben phoost dy jarroo,  
 Roish yn oie v'an capthan marroo ;  
 Yn skeeyll jeh shoh haik ec yinnair,  
 As ren eh ee garaghtee er.

INNEEN—

" Liorish dty kied ayd nish, fer-thie,  
 T'eh ny cair ayms hoshiaght goll dy lhie."

FER-THIE—

" Ayns dty lhiabbee hene, my dy aigney t'eh,  
 Inshee yn sharvaant cre vel eh."

Tra v'ee ish aarloo as goll dy lhie,  
 Quoi yn quaaltagh v'ec agh scaa yn chied graih,  
 " My veelley ort," eisht ren e loo,  
 Lesh groam sy'n oai, " nish giaryms oo."

As deie ee magh lesh coraa gheyr,  
 V'eh sheshaght eck three feed as kiare,  
 Hymsshee ad ooilley mygeayrt-y-mo'ee,  
 Agh cha n'oddagh ad dy cooney jee.

Eisht er ny glooinyn huit ee sheese,  
 Gra " leih dou, leih dou graih millish."

CAPTAN—

" Scrieu mee rhyt jiu, loayr mee rhyt jea,  
 Ta'n traa ro anmagh dy leih dhyt eh."

" Cha firrinagh dhyt as ta d'ennym Jadin,  
 Dy jig oo marym's gys grunt y keayn,  
 Scrieu mee rhyt jiu loayr mee rhyt jea,  
 Ta'n traa ro anmagh dy leih dhyt eh."

Trouble and sorrow filled his heart,  
 And unto her he wrote these words :  
 " Of women thou art the falsest,  
 For thy transgression now repent."

She received the letter with pride,  
 And read it with contempt and scorn ;  
 She thrust it down in her pocket,  
 And turned to the party again.

In the morning the girl was wed,  
 The captain died before the night ;  
 The news of this came at dinner,  
 And it caused her much amusement.

GIRL—

" By thy permission now, husband,  
 'Tis my right to go first to bed."

HUSBAND—

" In thine own bed, if 'tis thy wish,  
 The servant will tell thee where it is."

When to retire\* she was ready,  
 The ghost of her first love met her,†  
 Who swore with a frown on his brow,  
 " Bad luck‡ be on thee, I'll wound thee."

She called out with a bitter cry,  
 Those with her numbered sixty-four,  
 They all gathered round about her,  
 But to help her were unable.

Then she fell right down on her knees,  
 Saying " forgive me, my sweet love."

CAPTAIN—

" To-day I wrote, yesterday I spoke,  
 'Tis too late to forgive thee now."

" As surely as thy name is Jane,  
 Thou shalt come with me below the sea,§  
 To-day I wrote, yesterday I spoke,  
 'Tis too late to forgive thee now."

\* " To go to bed."

† " Who was her first-foot, but the ghost of her first husband."

‡ " My bad wish on thee."      § " To the ground of the sea."

## YN GRAIHDER JOUYLAGH.

TROOID marym nish, trooid marym nish,  
Trooid marym, graih my chree,  
As inshyns dhyts cre haink orrym,  
Er *bankyn* Italy.

T'an lhong aymys nish lhie ayns y phurt,  
Lughtit lesh airh ta buigh,  
Shen ooilley neem's *bestowal* ort :  
Trooid marym, graih my chree.

Neem's coamrey oo lesh sheeidey bwaagh,  
Sheeidey bwaagh foddee eh ve,  
My hig uss marym, graih my chree,  
Dys *bankyn* Italy.

As braagyn berchagh veryms dhyts,  
Braagyn jeh airh ta buigh,  
My hig uss marym, graih my chree,  
Dys *bankyn* Italy.

Myr v'ee ny-hoie sheese er y deck,  
Geaistagh rish yn chiaulleeaght v'ayn,  
Huitt ee er cheayney as dobberan  
Er son y lhiannoo Juan.

"My lhiannoo Juan t'eh faagit noght,  
Gyn ayr ny moir erbee ;  
T'eh faagit noght gyn kemmyrk, boght,  
Faagit fo myghin Jee."

"O soie uss rish my lhiattee nish,  
Soie liorym, graih my chree,  
As inshyms dhyts cre hig orrin  
Er *bankyn* Italy."

## THE DEMON LOVER.

COME with me now, come with me now,  
Come with me, my heart's love,  
And I'll tell thee what came on me,  
On the banks of Italy.

My ship now lies within the port,  
Loaded with yellow gold,  
All this I will bestow on thee :  
Come with me, my heart's love.

I will clothe thee with beauteous silk,  
Silk beauteous as can be,  
If thou'lt come with me, my heart's love,  
To the banks of Italy.

And costly shoes I'll give to thee,  
Shoes made of yellow gold,  
If thou'lt come with me, my heart's love,  
To the banks of Italy.

As she was sitting on the deck,  
List'ning to their sweet melody,  
She was weeping and lamenting  
For the infant Juan.

“ My infant Juan is left to-night,  
Without father or mother ;  
He's left to-night helpless, poor thing,  
Left under God's mercy.”

“ O sit thee now close by my side,  
Sit with me, my heart's love,  
And I'll tell thee what came on us,  
On the banks of Italy.”



## GRAIH MY CHREE.

O ! GRAIH my chree, O ! vel oo marym ?  
 O ! graih my chree, O ! vel uss dooisht ?  
 As mannagh noym yn graih my chree marym,  
 Sheign dou eisht geddyn baase fegooish.



## TA MEE NISH KEAYNEY.

T A mee nish keayney er-y-hon oie as laa,  
 Ta mee nish keayney erson my graih,  
 T'ee er faagail mee ny lomarcán,  
 As treih son-dy-braa.  
 Ta mee nish keayney er-y-hon,  
 Ta mee keayney oie as laa,  
 Ta mee keayney er-y-hon oie as laa.



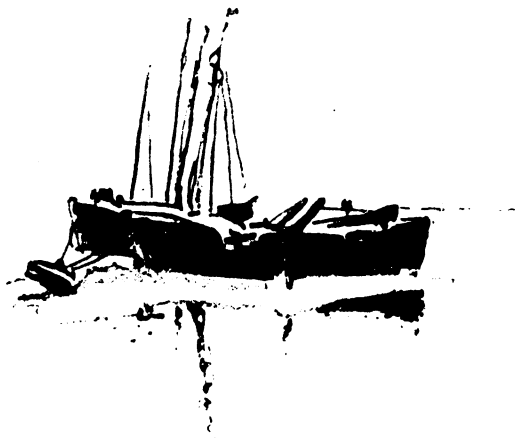
## LOVE OF MY HEART.

LOVE of my heart, oh ! art thou with me ?  
Love of my heart, art thou awake ?  
And if I'll not get my own heart's love with me,  
Then I must die bereft of her.



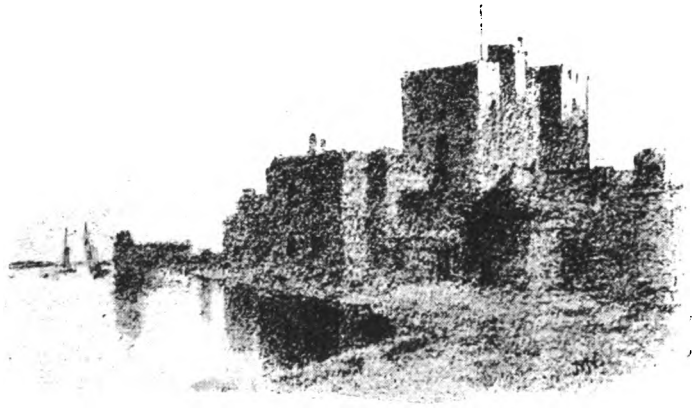
## I AM LAMENTING.

NOW I am lamenting for her night and day,  
Now I am lamenting for my love,  
She has gone and left me all alone,  
And wretched for ever.  
Now I am lamenting for her,  
I'm lamenting night and day,  
I am lamenting for her night and day,





## **PATRIOTIC BALLADS.**



## SHEE AS MAYNRYS NY MANNINEE.

**L** HIG da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt,  
 Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt,  
 Nagh nhione da fea, ny aash erbee, } CHORUS.  
 Choud as ta shee dooin er ny reayll,  
 Fud ashoon beg ny Manninee.

Ee mayd, as iu mayd, gow mayd arrane,  
 As lhig da'n seihll goll bun-ry-skyn;  
 Yn veeal's y feddan kiaull smoo t'ain,  
 Gyn geill da cloie, ny schlei, ny guin.  
 Lhig d'an seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

As nish, my nee drogh hengey erbee  
 Er y cloie gyn-loght ain drogh imraa,  
 Lhig baase y vooghey y ghooiney keoie,  
 Choud as vees shin dy gennal soie.  
 Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Ga dy vel yn shee ain mooarit dooin,  
 Cha lhias dooin ve ayns dooyt erbee,  
 Hee mayd dagh cheer mygeayrt-y-mooin  
 Ayns caggey streeu dy chosney shee.  
     Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Myr shoh veih noidyn ta shin seyr,  
 Eddrym as aer nyn kione as cree,  
 Gyn laadyt lesh y verchys vooar,  
 Agh wheesh shen shickyrt ta nyn shee.  
     Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Airh as y seaghyn geiyrt er airh,  
 Cha dug rieau crosh ny trimshey dooin,  
 Cha vel nyn coamrey deyr ny feayr,  
 T'eh coodagh shin, as t'eh lhien hene.  
     'Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Cha vel shin shirrey reamys smoo,  
 Dy hayrn fo bondiaght shin hene,  
 Myr eeanlee feayslit trooid yn aer,  
 Gys ta nyn skeanyn goit 'sy lieen.  
     Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Nyn bochilyn er y feddan cloie,  
 Cleaynagh nyn graih as nyn shioltane,  
 Veg jiu cha jed er shaghryn voue,  
 Un woaillee as un vochil t'ain.  
     Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Ta ec dagh cree e heshey hene,  
 Nagh vod ve er ny violagh veih,  
 Ta shin ennoil, foast dooinney as ben,  
 Agh glen veih'n loght ta noi yn leih.  
     Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Eh ta booiaagh nyn sheshaght coayl,  
 (Dy ve berchagh nagh vel fys ain),  
 Lhig da smooïnaght er cheer ny Gaul,  
 Cre'n leih as keeshyn dewil t'ayns shen.  
     Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Mainshter yn aitt ta harrin reill,  
 E chree rieu firrinagh da'n ree,  
 T'eh goaill er-hene ooille'y'n charail,  
 As lhiggal dooin ve gennal cloie.  
     Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.

Shoh hoods eisht slaynt nyn mainshter mie,  
 As eh nagh giu yn cappan ass,  
 Lhig da ve eebrit ass y thie,  
 Dy castey-paays 'syn awin Dhoo-Ghlass.  
     Lhig da'n seihll chyndaa mygeayrt, &c.



## PEACE AND HAPPINESS OF THE MANX.

[LITERAL TRANSLATION].



LET the world turn round about,  
 Let the world turn round about,  
 That knows not peace, nor any rest, } CHORUS.  
 As long as peace doth govern us,  
 Among the little Manx nation.

We'll eat, we'll drink and have a song,  
 And let the world go upside down ;  
 The mouth's music's best instrument,  
 It needs not play, nor skill, nor blows.  
     Let the world turn round about, &c.

And now, if any evil tongue  
 Should speak ill of our harmless play,  
 Let death smother the insane man,  
 As long as we do merry sit.  
     Let the world turn round about, &c.

Although our peace much envied be,  
We need not be in any doubt,  
We shall see all lands around us,  
In battle striving to gain peace.  
Let the world turn round about, &c.

Thus from enemies we are free,  
As light as air our head and heart,  
Not burdened with great riches,  
But so much surer is our peace.  
Let the world turn round about, &c.

Gold and the troubles following gold,  
Have ne'er given cross nor woe to us,  
Our clothing's neither dear nor cold,  
It covers us, and its our own.  
Let the world turn round about, &c.

We need not greater liberty,  
To draw ourselves under bondage,  
As birds released through the air,  
Till their wings are ta'en in the net.  
Let the world turn round about, &c.

Our shepherds playing on the flute,  
Charming their sweethearts and their flock,  
Which ne'er will go astray from them,  
We have one fold and one shepherd.  
Let the world turn round about, &c.

For each heart has its own partner,  
That cannot be tempted away,  
We are beloved, yet man and wife,  
And free from faults against the law.  
Let the world turn round about, &c.

He who would lose our company,  
(How to be rich, we do not know,)  
Let him think of the French country,  
What law and harsh taxes are there.  
Let the world turn round about, &c.



The sport's master that rules o'er us,  
 His heart ever true to the king,  
 He takes on himself all the care,  
 And lets us have the merry play.  
     Let the world turn round about, &c.

Then, good master, here's to thy health,  
 And he that will not drain the cup,  
 Let him be cast out of the house,  
 And quench his thirst in the Dhoo-Glass.  
     Let the world turn round about, &c.



## A QUIET LITTLE NATION.

[ARCHDEACON RUTTER'S VERSION].



<p><b>L</b>ET the world run round,          Let the world run round.          And knowe neither end nor station,          Our glory is the test of a merry merry breast,          In this little quiet nation.</p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p>	<p>CHORUS.</p>
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We eat, we drink, we laugh, we sing,  
 To-morrow freely comes and goes,  
 We strike up musick's gentle strings,  
 And understand no other blows.  
     Let the world run round, &c.

If any sour unhallow'd breath,  
 Our harmless sports should dare defile,  
 Let that man fall in love with death,  
 Whils't we the grieffs of life beguile.  
     Let the world run round, &c.

What tho' our peace much envy'd be,  
Our fears they need not to increase,  
For ev'ry where abroad we see  
That men do ever fight for peace.  
Let the world run round, &c.

Thus from all enemies secure,  
Our heads and hearts as light as air,  
Not made the heavy yoke to endure,  
Of too much wealth, or too much care.  
Let the world run round, &c.

Gold, and the troubled strife for gold,  
Are evils unto us unknown ;  
Our clothing 's neither gay nor cold,  
It covers us, and its our own.  
Let the world run round, &c.

We do not liberty contrive,  
Ourselves in bondage for to bring,  
As birds to snare do haste alive,  
By the loose freedom of the wing.  
Let the world run round, &c.

Our shepherds on their reeds do play,  
Charming their sweethearts and their sheep,  
Neither of which do go astray,  
By nature taught their bounds to keep.  
Let the world run round, &c.

Our mistresses are still the same,  
No rivall's blowing at our fire,  
We live and frolic in love's flame,  
Without the pain of fond desire.  
Let the world run round, &c.

If any fool on change be bent,  
And think to thrive the Lord knows when,  
Let him first go and learn what's meant  
By excise and committee men.  
Let the world run round, &c.

The master of these festive sports,  
Commander of the truest hearts,  
Takes to himself the serious thoughts,  
And leaves to us the merry parts.  
Let the world run round, &c.

So now, good Master, health to thee,  
And, if there's one who will not pass  
The cup, let him hence banished be,  
To quench his thirst in the Dhoo-Glass.  
Let the world turn round, &c.



## CREGGYN SCARLEODE.



**M**Y chree-lesh seaghyn tooillit,  
 My aigney trimshey lane,  
 My kione jeh cadley spooillit,  
 Gyn saveen cheet er m'ayrn.  
 My lhie er ynnyd cheddin,  
 Yeeearree aash ayns fardail,  
 Son naght myr ta ny tonnyn,  
 Ta m'aigney foast rouail.

Yn muir lesh goanlys caggey,  
 Ta craa ny creggyn foyrn,  
 As sneih lurg sneih er m'aigney  
 Cur eh my chree ve trome.  
 Ny brooinyn syrjey lhaggit,  
 Lesh tonnyn sheer chleih foue,  
 T'an cheeayll ain mennick mollit,  
 As mooads nyn jerkal mow.

My ta yn sterrym troggal,  
 'Sny bodjalyn dyn seiyt,  
 T'an aer gaase dhoo as gobhal  
 Yn soilshey hed neese veih.  
 Myr bleayst goll fo ny lhongyn,  
 Ga t'ad jeh darragh jeant,  
 Ta'n seihll as mooads ny croneeyn,  
 Cur er my chree ve faiynt.

Myr shoh er chroshyn smooïnaght,  
 Jeh'n creg cloaie mee skee,  
 Foast er my lhong veg smooïnaght,  
 Te aker ayns my chree ;  
 Son cheeayll mee red myr sonnish,  
 Dy bee ain laa caghlaa,  
 Bee'n sterrym dew'l shoh harrish,  
 As voue mayd sollys hraa.

## SCARLET ROCKS.

[LITERAL TRANSLATION]

MY heart with troubles vexéd,  
 My mind with grief filléd,  
 My head of sleep despoiléd,  
 No slumber comes to me.\*  
 On this same place reclining,  
 Desiring rest in vain,  
 For just like unto the billows,  
 My mind is still roaming.

The sea, warring with malice,  
 The rocks beneath me shake,  
 And pang on pang in my mind  
 Cause my heart heaviness.  
 The highest cliffs are loosened,  
 By waves quite undermined,  
 Our sense is often deceived,  
 And our hopes brought to nought.

Before the storm arises,  
 And the clouds are unbroke,†  
 The air grows dark, and hinders  
 The light from coming down.  
 Like shells the ships go under,  
 Though they are made of oak,  
 The world and all its troubles‡  
 Make my heart to be faint.

Thus on my crosses musing,  
 Of the stony rock I'm tired,  
 Still on my small ship thinking,  
 Its anchor in my heart ;  
 I heard§ as by a whisper,  
 That we will have a change,  
 When this fierce storm is over,  
 We'll have a brighter time.

\* "Comes to my share."    † "Unmixed."

‡ "The greatness of its divisions."    § "Knew."

## SCARLET ROCKS.

[ARCHDEACON RUTTER'S VERSION]



**M**Y mind with troubles vexed,  
My heart with grief annoy'd,  
My head with cares perplex'd,  
My all of comfort void,  
Upon this stony pillow  
I seek my rest in vain,  
And, just like yonder billows,  
My thoughts do swell again.

These rocks below are shaken,  
And torn as well as I,  
Our strength is all mistaken,  
And we are found a lie.  
The waves with often beating  
Have eaten into stone,  
Whilst ills with oft repeating  
Have made my heart to groan.

When by a storm are cluster'd  
The waters and the sky,  
And all to ruin muster'd,  
But this poor rock and I.  
Our ships, like shells, are sinking,  
For all their oaken sides :  
O then shall I be thinking,  
Of all deceitful tides.

And thus my harms recounting,  
Upon this cliff I rest ;  
My ship no longer mounting,  
My anchor in my breast,  
Which when it came in hither,  
Methought I heard one say,  
We shall have change of weather,  
And see a fairer day.



## BAASE ILLIAM DHONE.

**Q** UOI yinnagh e hreisht ayns ooashley ny phooar,  
Ayns aegid ny aalid, ny ayns kynney vooar ?  
Son troo, farg as eulys ver mow dooinney erbee ;  
As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree !

V'ou dty Resouyr Vannin, ard-ghooinney ny cheerey  
V'ou goit son dooinney seyr as dooinney creeney,  
As jeh dty ghellal vie cha row shin rieu skee ;  
Nish dty vaase Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree.

V'ou laue-yesh yn eearley, as sooill-yesh y theay ;  
Shen hug dty noidyn gatt wheesh dy'oi ayns feoh.  
She troo, farg as eulys ver mow dooinney erbee ;  
As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree !

Aalin va dty state-halloom va ec Runnysvie  
Eunysagh va dty gharey as ooasle dty hie.  
She troo, farg as goanlys ver mow dooinney erbee ;  
Son dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree !

V'ad gra dy daink screeuyn dy choyrt oo dy baase,  
 Lesh feanishyn foalsey va follym dy'n ghrayse;  
 Va yn ving feer agglagh dy beign dt' aggail mooie;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Nagh dooar clein Cholcad nyn drogh aigney hene,  
 Tra hooar ad nyn oorey, yn gloyr clien Christeen?  
 She troo, farg as goanlys ver mow dooinney erbee;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

She ad va ny vaarderee as ny gheiney foalley,  
 Hug ad saynt da Runnysvie, myr roie da Logh Molley;  
 Er garey-feeyney Naboth va'd kinjagh cloie;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Nagh burrys-enn dooinney nagh hoill eshyn baase?  
 Son fer hug laue ayns fuill, cha fiow eh rieu grayse;  
 Agh fioghey as creen, myr y banglane wuigh;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Gow dys yn Vannister ny Cailleeyn-ghoo;  
 As eie son clein Cholcad derrey vrisheys dty ghoo;  
 Ta'n ennym shen caillit v'euish, Vanninee ghooie;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Son bleeaantyn ny vartyr va Robin ny lhie,  
 She boirey ny cruinney, v'eh chouds v'eh dy mie;  
 E chaarjyn as naboony'n jeh eshyn va skee;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Gow Richard lhuingys, dt' uill er e laue,  
 Agh she Fer-ny-cairal heose hug meeiteil daue;  
 Yn tonn cha d'ymmyrk eh, hie fo eh aynjee;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

As nish raad ta rass ny cass jeusyn er-mayrn,  
 T'ad myr y ghress ghonnagh, ny myr yn onnane;  
 Dy chleiy fo nyn naboony'n v'ad dy sheer chloie;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Dy shooyllagh oo Mannin, cha gluin oo fer gaccan,  
 Ny keayney yn ennym va keayrt ayns Beemachan;  
 Agh keeadyn dy voghtyn ta goltooan as gwee;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!



Gow dys ny Cregganyn, ny dys yn Valla-logh,  
 Cha vow fer jeh'n ennym shen jir rhyt "cheet-stiagh";  
 Ec joarreyn ta nyn dhieyn nyn dhalloo, as nhee;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Scarleod vooar verchagh ta heese ec y traie,  
 Ta ny staigyn-ronney ec fadaneys feeaihee,  
 Yn eirey voght tayrnit sheese, nagh vow greme dy ee;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Ny dunveryn foalley ren eshyn y stroie,  
 V'ad shelgit lesh noidyn, ghewil, ghastey as cheoie,  
 Son cha row fer jeu rieu hooar yn vaase cooie;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Myrgeddin ny dunveryn hug Illiam Dhone mow,  
 Nyn dhieyn, nyn dhalloo, as nyn ennyn ren loau;  
 Son lheie ad ersooyl, myr lheeah-rio ny hoie;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Agh neem's mee hene gherjagh, lesh mooads my hreishteil  
 Dy vaikym banglane my graih ny hoie ayns y whaiyl,  
 Coyrt sneih er e noidyn, lesh ooardrail y ree;  
 As dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Son keayrt dreamal ren mish er y chreg my lhie,  
 Dy slught Illiam Dhone beagh ayns Runnysvie,  
 E noidyn ghewil castit, as eh-hene ec shee,  
 As clein Christeen gennal, as slane ec nyn gree.

Da fir-choyrlee foalsey ayns agglish ny theay,  
 Ver cummaltee Vannin slane dwoaie as feoh,  
 Coyrt caaryn bunrisky, as brishey nyn shee;  
 As dy vaase, Illiam Dhone, te brishey nyn gree!

Chiarn ooasle yn Ellan, eer Athol Ghraysoil,  
 T'ad dolley as molley, lesh foalsaght nyn goyrle,  
 Yn ard-chlagh chorneilagh jeh'n thie vooar y stroie,  
 T'ad noidyn da Mannin, yn Chiarn as y Ree.



## BROWN WILLIAM'S DEATH.



WOULD put his trust in honour or in power,  
 In youth or in beauty, or in great kindred ?  
 For envy, rage and malice will destroy any man ;  
 And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Thou was Man's Receiver, head-man of the land,  
 Thou wast esteemed a man both gentle and wise,  
 And of thy good dealing we were never tired ;  
 Now thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Thou wast the earl's right hand, the people's right eye ;  
 That's what made thy foes rise in rage against thee.  
 'Tis envy, rage and malice will destroy any man ;  
 And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Beautiful was thy estate that was at Ronaldsway,  
 Delightful thy garden and noble thy house.  
 'Tis envy, rage and malice will destroy any man ;  
 And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

They said that letters came to put thee to death,  
 With false witnesses who were devoid of grace ;  
 The jury was frightened t'would be forc'd to condemn ;  
 And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Did not the clan Colcad gain their own bad will,  
 When they got their desire, clan Christeen's glory ?  
 'Tis envy, rage and malice will destroy any man ;  
 For thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

They were the adulterous and lustful men, who  
 Longed for Ronaldsway, as before for Logh Molley ;  
 At Naboth's vineyard they were constantly playing ;  
 And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Is it not well known that he did not deserve death ?  
 For who puts hand in blood, he'll never get grace ;  
 But withered and dry, like a yellow branch ;  
 And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

\* "To leave thee out."

Go to the Nunnery of the black-robed nuns,  
And call for Clan Colcad until thy voice breaks ;  
That name is lost from you, ye native Manxmen ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

For years and years Robin, a cripple, did lie,  
Who troubled the country, long as he was well ;  
His friends and his neighbours of him were wearied ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Richard took ship, having thy blood on his hand ;  
But the Just one above encountered them there ;  
The wave would not bear him, he went under there ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

And now where a root or a branch of them remains,  
The're like the prickly briar, or like the thistle ;  
To undermine their neighbours was their constant game ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

If thou walkest through Man, thou'd not hear one complain,  
Nor mourn o'er the name that was in Beemachan ;  
But hundreds of poor folk who curse it and revile ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Go unto the Creggans,\* or to the Balla-lough,\*  
There's no man of that name will say thee " come in " ;  
Strangers have their houses, their land, and their all ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Great wealthy Scarlet\* is down at the shore,  
Its choicest portions are a wild desolation† ;  
The poor cast‡ down heir has not a scrap to eat ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

The bloody murderers that did destroy him,  
They were hunted by foes, fierce, active and raging,  
Not a man of them e'er saw a natural death ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Likewise the murderers that destroyed Illiam Dhone,  
Their houses, their land, and their names passed away§ ;  
For they melted away, like hoarfrost at night ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

\* The name of the property but here applied to the proprietor, as is common in Man.

† " Desert."      ‡ " Drawn down."      § " Did rot."

But I'll solace myself with my trust's greatness,  
That I'll see my love's scion sitting in the court,†  
Punishing his enemies, by order of the king !  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

For I had a dream once, lying on the rock,  
That Illiam Dhone's offspring should be in Ronaldsway,  
His cruel foes subdued and himself at peace,  
And the clan Christeen joyful, whole at their heart.

To the counsellors false, in Church or in State,  
Bear the people of Mannin both hate and loathing ;  
They put friends in confusion and break up our peace,  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

Noble Lord of the Isle, gracious Athol,  
They blind and deceive with their untrue counsel,  
The chief corner stone of his big house to destroy,  
They are foes to Mannin, the lord, and the king.

† " One of the judges."



The following Distich was written on the execution  
of Illiam Dhone.\*

Lhigg fer ayns y thalloo, fer elley 'syn aer ;  
Agh Illiam MacCowle† lhigg ayns y voayl chair ;  
Son Illiam MacCowle slught ny va bree ;  
She dty vaase, Illiam Dhone, ren brishey nyn gree.

One man fired on the ground, another in the air ;  
But William MacCowle fired in the right place,  
For William MacCowle was of a brave race ;  
And thy death, Illiam Dhone, 'tis that breaks our heart !

\* He was shot at Hango Hill, near Castletown, by six soldiers.

† It is said that William MacCowle was the only one of the soldiers who fired at Illiam Dhone, and that he was rewarded with a grant of land in the north of the island for obeying orders.

## MANNIN VEEN.

**J**OARREE, my t'ou laccal ve  
 Reaylt ayns sauchys, shee as fea,  
 My t'ou shirrey aash dty hene,  
 Eunys sheelt, dyn loght as glen,  
 Ayns shoh vees oo trean as reen,  
 Tar eisht tar dys Mannin Veen.

My t'ou imlee ayns dty lheihll,  
 As da mooadys dyn cur geill,  
 My t'ou noi dagh nhee ta dewil,  
 Reddyn taitnysagh da'n jouyl ;  
 My t'ou dooinney mie as creen,\*  
 Tar, O ! tar dys Mannin Veen.

My ta gennallys dty oai,  
 Graiagh dty naboo myr ta cooie,  
 My t'ou gentyn mie erreeish,  
 Lheid's ta cordail meenid Chreest,  
 Cha vow boayl er fey-ny-cruinn,  
 Sheshaght lheid's t'ayns Mannin Veen.

Shoh yn boayl ta tremmid cree,  
 Feddyn gerjagh, aash as shee.  
 Keeshyn thie cha vel son ginsh,  
 Earroo dty uinnagyn son keesh,  
 Cabbyl, ny dty vooijer hene,  
 Coontyt vees ayns Mannin Veen.

Hroailtagh, eisht, nish gow my ghoo,  
 Cha vel aalid cheerey smoo,  
 Boayl dy vaik oo ny t'ayns shoh ;  
 Cha vel nhee ta noi yn traw.  
 Tar eisht, yoorree, gow dtyt hene  
 Cummal bwaagh ayns Mannin Veen.

\* For Creaney.

## MANNIN VEEN.

**S**TRANGER, if thou seeks't\* to be  
Kept in safety, peace, and quiet,  
If thou needs't rest for thyself,  
Sober joy, faultless and pure,  
Here thou shalt be brave and strong,  
Come then come to Mannin Veen.

If thou'rt meek in thy conduct,†  
And to greatness giv'st no heed,  
If thou'rt 'gainst all‡ that's cruel,  
Things pleasing to the devil;  
If thou'rt a good and wise man,  
Come then come to Mannin Veen.

If thy face is pleasantness,  
Loving thy neighbour as is meet,  
If thou hast§ true compassion,  
As befits Christ's gentleness,  
There's no place in the whole world,  
For such folk|| as Mannin Veen.

Here's where heaviness of heart,  
Comfort, rest and peace receives.  
House taxes there are almost *nil*,¶  
Neither thy windows,\*\* nor horse,  
Nor even thy servant will  
Be counted in Mannin Veen.

Traveller, then, now take my word,  
There is no lovlier country,  
In any place than is here;  
There's nothing that's against the stream,††  
Come, stranger, take to thyself  
An abode in Mannin Veen.

\* "Art desirous."    † "Motion, activity." This is rather obscure.

‡ "Each thing."    § "Conceivest."    || "Company."    ¶ "None to speak of."

\*\* "The number of thy windows for taxing."    †† i.e. Everything is smooth and easy.

DOBBERAN CHENGEY-NY MAYREY  
ELLAN VANNIN.

**M**YR va mee my-lomarcán troaylt harrish Sniaul,  
Tra va yn coleayrtys y hayrn ;  
E coamrey harrish cheu Vannin jeh'n theihll,  
As dooghys cur biallys d'an Chiarn ;

Dy choodaghey 'n seihll lesh cloagey yn oie,  
As aaish y chur-lesh gys sheelnaue,  
Veih boiraghyn seihltagh as laboraght creoi,  
Son ooilleey cretooryn e laue.

Myr shoh va mee faagit dou hene er y clieau,  
Fegooish nhee dy heshiaight erbee,  
Dy ghobberan harrish dagh voirey as streeu,  
Ta seaghney Mannin-my-chree ;

Tra honnick mee ben voght ayns coamrey glass,  
Cheet my-whail ny mastey yn freoagh,  
Lesh ooilleey mygeayrt-y-mooie fryttagh as rasst,  
Roie myr dy beagh ee er-keoiagh !

Va my chree er ny ghleayshaghey ayns my cheu-sthie,  
Tra honnick mee stayd yn cretoor ;  
Son ec y chield hylley jee honnick mee mie,  
Dy row ee er dhuittym veih pooar.

Tra haink ee ny sniessey dou, cheayl mee ee gra :  
"Ogh ! ogh ! ta my heaghyn dy trome,  
Myr shoh dy ve scart veih sheelnaue son dy braa.  
Gys diunid shenn Traa dy ghoill roym !"

Va yn ushag veg ruy goll ro-ee gys yn crouw ;  
Va ny gheayin gys nyn moiraghyn roie ;  
Va yn oie er yn 'aarkey, lesh cochaslys grou,  
Dy gastey cheet veih yn niar-hwoaie ;

Va fainagh ny ghrianey er n'eiyr harrish oirr,  
Ny farkiaghyn dowin yn sheear-ass ;  
Va yn eayst ayns yn shiar er n'irree ayns gloyr ;  
Va ya sheear ayns y coamrey glass.

## MOURNING OVER THE MOTHER TONGUE OF MAN.\*



**A**S I was walking o'er Snaefell alone,  
When the twilight was drawing on;  
Its cloak was o'er the Manx side of the world,  
And nature obeying the Lord;

Covering the world with the night's mantle,  
And giving rest unto mankind,  
From worldly troubles and from hard labor,  
For all the creatures of his hand.

Thus to myself was I left on the hill,  
Without any comrade at all,  
To lament o'er each struggle and strife,  
That troubles Mannin† of my heart;

When I saw a woman in a grey dress,  
To meet me coming 'midst the ling,‡  
Having all her garments tattered and torn,  
And running as if she were mad!

My heart it was then moved within me,  
When I beheld the creature's state;  
For, at the first glance, I clearly perceived,  
That she'd fallen from high estate.

When she came near to me, I heard her say:  
"Oh! oh! my troubles are heavy,  
Thus divided from mankind for aye,  
To old Time's depths to mend my way."

The little red bird going to the bush;  
The lambs running to their mothers;  
The night was on the sea, with a dark frown,§  
It came quickly from the north-east;

The sun's chariot had gone o'er the edge,  
Waiting below in the south-west;  
The moon in the east had ris'n in glory;  
The west was in its robe of green.

\* The "mother tongue" personified mourns. † Isle of Man. ‡ i.e. Heather.

§ "Green grass of the flat."



Tra hoie shin sheese cooidjagh er lhuss glass ny faaie,  
 As dooyrt ee rhym, " Vanninagh, eaisht,  
 As neem dhyt ass ny scriunyn shoh lhaih  
 My hrimshey fo soilshey yn eayst."

Eisht ren ee goaill toshiaght, as lhaih ee myr shoh :  
 " Ayns laghyn ta er ny gholh shaghey,  
 Cha row mee rieu laccal my coamrey noa  
 Dy reayll mee veih feiraght as fliaghey.

Son mish, bee fys ayd er, ta scaan y chenn ghlare,  
 Ec cloan Vannin er my hregeil ;  
 Agh s' beg fys ta ocsyn dy beeagh eh ny share  
 Daue mish dy ve harroo dy reill.

Son mish ta er reayll yn fer joarree ersooyl  
 Son keeadyn dy vleintyn dy hraa ;  
 As va mee er reill veih yn traie gys Barool,  
 Da Manninee dooie son dy braa.

Agh nish ta yn voyrn oc er chur lesh yn Vaarle,  
 Eer seose yn glione mooar Tolt-y-Will,  
 As mastey ny reeastyn er lhiattee Woor Cardle,  
 As creggyn yn Creg-Willy-Sill.

Myr ta'n croaghan 'sy tourey yn maase cur er-ouyl,  
 Ta'n voyrn er ny chur orroo roie,  
 Lesh y ghah, veih kione heear yn Niarbyl gys Groudle,  
 As veih Colloo as ny Ein gys y twoaie ;

Dy-lhiattee veih raaidyn nyn ayraghyn dooie,  
 Nagh ren rieu myr shoh m'y hregeil ;  
 Son va'n aigney oc gyn y Ellan dy stroie,  
 Ny chur ayns y joarree treishteil.

O ! dy jinnagh adsyn ta sthill er y cheu  
 My Ellan veg nish chaglym cooidjagh,  
 Dy chloh veih my hraieyn lesh siyr yn toyrtmow,  
 Ta megeayrt-y-moom nish er 'noaill toshiaght ;

As chyndaa nyn gleayshyn veih ooilley yn chiaull,  
 Ta jeant mygeayrt Mannin Veg Veen,  
 Lesh deiney ta gys dy chooilley nhee doal,  
 Er-lhimmey son berchys daue hene !

When we sat on the green grass together,\*  
 She said to me, " Manxman, listen,  
 And I will from out of these writings read  
 To thee my woe 'neath the moon's light."

Then she began, and in this manner read :  
 " In the days that have passed away,  
 I never had need of my new garments  
 To keep me from the cold and wet.

For know, I am the old language's ghost,  
 The children of Mannin have left me ;  
 How little they know that it would be best  
 For me to bear rule over them.

For 'tis I who've kept the stranger away  
 For some hundreds of years of time ;  
 I would have ruled from the shore to Barool,  
 Over native Manxmen for aye.

Now their pride has brought over the English  
 Up the big glen of Tholt-e-Will,  
 And to the waste spots beside Cardle Vooar,  
 And the rocks of Creg-Willy-Sill.

As the horsefly in summer the cattle  
 Maddens, their pride has made them run,  
 With the sting, from the Niarbyl to Groudle,  
 From Calf and Chickens to the north ;

Leaving† the ways of our good forefathers,  
 Who ne'er in this way forsook me ;  
 For their mind was not to harm the Island,  
 Nor to put trust in the stranger.

Oh ! would that they who are still on the side  
 Of my little Island would gather,  
 To drive from my shores quickly the ruin,  
 That about me has now begun ;

And turn their ears from all the disturbance,  
 That's going on about Mannin Veen,  
 Among men that are blind to everything,  
 Except to riches for themselves !

\* " Green grass of the flat."

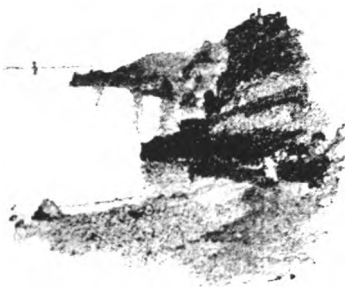
† " Aside from."

Agh quoi ta ad hene ta geamagh myr shoh,  
Agh adsyn ta laccal pooar dy reill  
Harrish Manninee dooie, lesh lorg-reill noa,  
My yiw ad sleih doue dy chur-geill ?

O ! gow shiu my choyrle shiuish sthill ta er-mayrn  
Jeh cummaltee dooie Vannin voght ;  
As ny chur shiu geill da nyn raaidyn shenn vraane  
Mygeayrt-y-mysh lhiggar as jough.

O ! dy jinnagh cummaltee Vannin cordail  
Ny shenn leighyn oc keillit dy reayll,  
As gyn sodjey nyn draa dy stroie ayns fardail,  
Dy eaishtagh rish deiney gyn keeayl !

Agh son aym pene, neem chelleeragh goll roym,  
Dy ollagh mee hene ayns y joan,"  
Dooyrt yn red trimshagh, lesh osney dy trome,  
" Son jeeagh cre cha lheeah ta my chione."



But who are those that cry out thus, but those  
Who are seeking power to rule  
O'er native Manxmen, with a new sceptre,  
If people would pay heed to them ?

Oh ! list to my advice you that remain  
Of the natives of poor Mannin ;  
And do not give heed to old women's ways  
Concerning spirits and beer too.

Oh that the dwellers in Man would agree  
Their old forgotten laws\* to keep,  
And no longer spend all their time in vain,  
Listening to men without wisdom !

But for myself, I will soon go my way  
To conceal myself in the dust,"  
Said the poor creature, with an heavy sigh,  
" For behold how gray my head is."

• "Concealed"





# NAUTICAL BALLADS.





## COAYL JEH NY BAATYN-SKEDDAN.

COOINEE-JEE, shenn as aeg,  
'Sy vlein shiaght cheead yeig  
Kiare-feed as shiaght, er cheayn Ghoolish,  
Myr haink eh gy-kione,  
Va eeaystagh vie ayn,  
Lesh earish feer aalin as villish.

Ny-yeih cha nêe beayn,  
Vayn earish cha kiune;  
My daink kione y chiaghtyn dys jerrey,  
Son va neeal yn aer  
Soilshagh 'magh danjeyr,  
Va sterrym feer agglagh er-gerrey.

Oie'l Vian dy feer feayn,  
 Choud's v'an flod ec y cheayn,  
 Haink dewillys, as paart jeu ren scarrey  
 Veih dy chooilley nhee  
 Va deyr da nyn gree,  
 Eer bioys, liorish dewillys ny marrey.

Te doillee dooin ghra  
 Cre whilleen as va,  
 O'iel Vian, feer ching ec nyn ghreeaghyn ;  
 Cloan faagit gyn-ayr  
 Va keayne dy geyre,  
 As mraane son nyn sheshayhyn jeeaghyn.

Trooid Skeylley-Chreest  
 Va seaghyn as erreeish,  
 Mraane jeeaghyn son nyn vendeilee ;  
 Skimmee Hom Kinlaie  
 V'ad keayne nyn-yei,  
 As sheshaght Yuan Voore Croit-y-Caley.

Thom Qualtrough myrgeddin  
 Va caill't 'syn oie cheddin,  
 Marish y chooid elley jeh e gheiney ;  
 Cha row dooinney jeu bio  
 Jeh'n 'nane as feed shoh ;  
 Nyn ghaarjyn dy sharroo va keayney.

Fastyr aalin feer ve  
 Tra hiaull adsyn jeh  
 Voish Doolish marish baatyn elley ;  
 As rosh ad yn voayl,  
 V'an skeddan dy ghoail,  
 Dyn smooinnaght er assee ny skielley.

Agh gerrid v'an traa,  
 Ren yn earish caghlaa,  
 Yn gheay niar dy niartal ren sheidey ;  
 Dy leah datt yn cheayn,  
 Lesh sterrym as sheean,  
 Haink dorrin lesh dewillys as flaghey.



Eisht hrog ad dy leah  
 Nyn shiaull roish y gheay,  
 Dy jeeragh lesh purt Ghoolish shiaulley ;  
 Tra rosh ad yn vaie,  
 V'an cheayn magh er draie,  
 As yn earish er-gholl foddey smessey.

Ec aker 'sy vaie,  
 Cha faggys da'n traie,  
 Cre berree da ny baatyn va markiagh ?  
 S'dorraghey myr ve,  
 Fegooish soilshey er y key,  
 Ayns aggle nyn maaish v'ad farkiagh.

Dy fieau er y cheayn,  
 Dy lhieneey dy lane,  
 Ve chennid feer agglagh dy jarroo ;  
 Caabhil failleil,  
 As baatyn sinkeil,  
 As scoltey ayns peeshyn, cheet thalloo.

Ve cha dorraghey dhoo,  
 Nagh bleayr daue yn chlieau,  
 Ny tonnyn va freayneey stiagh harroo ;  
 Nagh atchimagh ve,  
 Lesh dorrin as kay,  
 Dy roie roish y gheay dys thalloo.

Er-creau voish yn cheayn,  
 Lesh sterrym as sheean  
 Ny tonnyn myr sleityn v'ad girree ;  
 As ooilley'n traa shen,  
 Va'n cheayn brishey bane,  
 Nagh bleayr daue'n phurt v'ad dy yeeearree.

Mysh oor roish y laa,  
 Ve smooinit va'n traa,  
 Hie Qualtrough dy roie son y thalloo ;  
 V'eh hene as Juan Voore  
 Caill't 'syn un oor,  
 As ooilley ny skimmee va mâroo.

Myrgeddin Kinlaie,  
 Ec faagail yn vaie,  
 Cha bleayr da yn raad dy roie jeeragh ;  
 Traa 'sdorraghey ve,  
 V'eh bwoailt noi'n key,  
 As va'n vaatey sinkit chelleeragh.

Cha row saase s'y theihll  
 Nyn gour dy scapail,  
 Yn vaase va kiongoyrt rish nyn sooillyn ;  
 Yn eam oc va treih,  
 Lesh cree er ny lheie,  
 Ec toshiaght sinkeil boayl va whilleen.

Dy hrial nyn schlei  
 Cha voddagh ad reih,  
 Nyn lheid as v'ad shoh ooilley cooidjagh ;  
 Ny deiney mie cheayn,  
 Ayns y vinnid shen  
 Ny tonnyn y vaaish ren ad choodagh.

Son nyn ghaarjyn deyr  
 Va oyr oc shilley yeir,  
 Chammah mraane, as mraane-hreoghe, as cloan veggey ;  
 Lesh osnaghyn hreih,  
 V'ad currit lhieu thie,  
 As oanluckit marish nyn cleinney.



## LOSS OF THE HERRING BOATS.



RECALL ye, old and young,  
Seventeen hundred  
Eighty and seven, on Douglas sea,  
As it came to pass,  
There was good fishing,  
With weather so fair and delightful.

Yet 'twas not for long,  
The weather was calm ;  
Ere the week had come to an ending,  
The look of the sky  
Showed there was danger,  
That a very fierce storm was at hand.

Wildly on St. Matthew's Eve,  
While the fleet was at sea,  
Came a storm, and part were divided  
From all that was dear  
To their hearts, even  
Life, by the fierceness of the ocean.

It is hard to say  
How many there were,  
On Matthew's Eve, very sick at heart ;  
Children fatherless  
Were sadly crying,  
And women looking for their partners.

Through Kirk-Christ Parish  
Was woe and pity,  
Women seeking for their defenders ;  
Tom Kinley's boat crew  
They were crying for,  
And John Moore's\* of Croit-y-Caley too.

\* i.e. "Crew."

Tom Qualtrough also  
Was lost the same eve,  
With the rest of his men ; not a man  
Was alive, not one  
Of this twenty-one ;  
Their friends were most bitterly weeping.

It was a fair eve  
When they sailed away  
From Douglas with all the other boats ;  
And they reached the place,  
Where the herrings were got,  
Without thought of danger or harm.

But short was the time,  
The weather it changed,  
The wind from the eastward blew strongly ;  
Soon swelled high the sea,  
With uproar and storm,  
Fiercely down came the tempest and rain.

Then hoisted they soon  
Sail before the wind,  
Straight for the port of Douglas sailing ;  
When they reached the bay,  
The tide was far out,  
And the weather much worse had become.

Anchored in the bay,  
Quite close to the shore,  
What would become of the boats riding ?  
It was so very dark,  
No light on the quay,  
In fear of their death they were waiting.

To wait on the sea,  
Till the tide came in,\*  
It was indeed a fearful distress ;  
The cables were failing,  
And vessels were sinking,  
Splitting in pieces, going aground.

It was so black dark,  
No hill could they see,  
Straight over them the waves were foaming ;  
How dreadful it was,  
With tempest and mist,  
To run before the wind to the land.

Terrified by the sea,†  
With storm and uproar  
The waves just like mountains were rising ;  
During all that time,  
The sea breaking white,  
They could not see the port they desired.

An hour before day,  
'Twas thought was the time,  
When Qualtrough went to run for the land ;  
'Twas he and John Moore  
Were lost the same hour,  
And the whole of their crew with them too.

As well was Kinley,  
On leaving the bay,  
Unable to find the way to run ;  
At the darkest time,  
He struck 'gainst the quay,  
And his boat was immediately sunk.

\* "To fill up."

† "Quaking from the sea."

There were no means for  
Them to escape,  
For death was before their very eyes ;  
Bitter was their cry,  
With their hearts melting,  
So many were there at first sinking.

They could have no choice  
To make trial of  
Their skill, so packed were they together ;\*  
Good seamen were they,  
Yet in that moment  
The waves of death covered them over.

All their dearest friends  
Had cause to shed tears,  
Both wives, widows, and little children too ;  
With sorrowful sighs,  
They were taken home,  
And buried among their own people.

\* "Such as were here all together."



## MARRINYS YN TIGER.

R EN deiney-seyrey Vannin,  
 Ayns yryjd, stayd as moyrn,  
 Nyn bingyn cheau dy-cheilley,  
 As chionnee ad shenn lhong.

Va ynnyd oc ayns Doolish,  
 As boaylyn er y cheer,  
 Raad cheau ad pingyn cooidjagh,  
 Dy chionnagh privateer.

Ny pingyn hie dys Sostyn,  
 Va ymmyd daue ayns shen,  
 Dy chionnaghey 'n chenn "Tiger,"  
 'S dy choyrt ee dys y cheayn.

Hie eam magh trooid yn Ellan  
 Son guillin jeh ynsagh-cheayn,  
 Ny guillin roie dy Ghollish,  
 Tra cheayll ad lheid y sheean.

Ayns sheshaghtyn v'ad chymsagh,  
 Cheet voish dagh ayren jeh'n cheer,  
 Dys thie Nick Voore ayns Doolish,  
 Cha liauyr as grenadier.

She Qualtrough vees nyn gaptan,  
 As marish nee mayd goll.  
 As feiyr vooar hie fud Doolish,  
 Lesh lheimmyraght as kiaull.

Caggee mayd noi ny Frangee,  
 As noi America.  
 Ta guillin-vie ayns Mannin,  
 Nagh jean voish noid chyndaa.

Liorish nyn jebbyn aalin,  
 Ny guillin hayrn ad lhieu.  
 Ny eirinee va gyllagh  
 "Kys yiow mayd jeant yn traau."

## THE VOYAGE OF THE TIGER.

THE gentlemen of Mona,  
In grandeur, state and pride,  
Their pennies threw together,  
And purchased an old ship.

They had a place in Douglas,  
And stations up country,  
Where they threw pence together,  
To buy a privateer.

The pennies went to England,  
There was need for them there,  
To purchase the old "Tiger,"  
And to send her to sea.

A call went through the Island,  
For lads with sea-knowledge,  
The lads ran off to Douglas,  
When they heard of this call.\*

In companies they gathered,  
Coming from every part,  
To Nick Moore's house in Douglas,  
Tall as a grenadier.

Qualtrough shall be our captain,  
And with him we will go.  
A great noise went through Douglas,  
With dancing and music.

We'll fight against the Frenchmen,  
And against America.  
There are good lads in Manxland,  
Who will not turn from foes.

By their enticing offers,  
They drew the lads to them:  
The farmers were crying out  
"How shall we plough our land."

\* "Noise."



Va shoh daue ard oyr aggle,  
Quoi eiyrtagh er y cheeaght;  
Dy goan veagh guillin Vannin,  
Son coltar chur fo chreagh.

Va Illiam vooar y Condray,  
As dooinney vooar yn chronk,  
Va'd gyllagh son ny guillin,  
Va wheesh d'inneenyn oc.

O shuish inneenyn Vannin,  
Ta dobberan ayns doo,  
Gra, "nagh vel guillin faagit,  
Agh paitchyn nagh vel feeu.

"Dy vel ad ooilley failt  
Er boayrd yn phrivateer,  
As scoan my ta wheesh faagit  
As roshys fer er kiare.

"As tra nagh vel wheesh faagit  
As roshys fer y pheesh,  
Te foddey share ve follym,  
Cha nee fer eddyr jees."

Giu as cloie er ny caartyn  
Chum roiny n oie as laa,  
Gra, "blebeeyn ny guillin  
Nagh jed noi America."

Myr eginit hie mee maroo,  
As hass mee seose dys gunn,  
As kinjagh va mee dobberan,  
Dy row my ghraih rey rhym.

Ny cheayrtyn va mee smooïnaghtyn  
Nagh vaikin ee dy braa,  
As ceau my laghyn seaghnaagh,  
Ny lhie ayns baie Rumsaa.

This thing they greatly dreaded,  
That none 'd follow the plough;  
Scarce would be Manx lads to put  
Coulter under furrow.

Big Will Condray there was, and  
The big man of the hill,  
Who were calling for young men,  
They had so many girls.\*

O ye daughters of Mona,  
Who are mourning in black,  
Saying "There are no lads left,  
But boys of no account,

"That they all by them are hired  
On board the privateer,  
Scarcely are as many left,  
As will reach one in four.

"When th're not as many left,  
As reach to one apiece,  
'Tis better to be without,  
Than to have one 'tween two."

Drinking and playing at cards,  
Employed us night and day,  
Saying "lads were fools who'd not  
Go against America."

So compelled I went with them,  
And stood up to a gun,  
Incessantly bewailing,  
That my love me'd forsake.†

At times I was thinking  
I'd never see her more,  
And spend my days so sadly,  
Lying in Ramsey bay.

\* "Marriageable daughters."

† "Would be freed from me."

Three laa va shin er hiaulley,  
 Lesh dooin faagail Rumsaa,  
 Tra veeit shin rish y sterrym,  
 Hug er yn eill ain craa.

Va deiney tooillit teaymey,  
 As guillin coayl nyn mree,  
 As Harry Voore va gyllagh,  
 " My ghuillin cum nyn cree."

Yn keayn va gatt as freaney,  
 Ve rastagh erskyn towse,  
 Yn chronnag ain va caillit,  
 Cha dod shin freayl nyn goorse.

Lurg da ve tammylt sheidey,  
 Yn sterrym reesht ghow fea ;  
 As rosh shin shenn oie Ollick  
 Gys aker ayns Mount Bay.

Ec kione three laa reesht aarloo,  
 Eisht hie shin son y cheayn ;  
 As veeit shin lhong voish Holland,  
 As ghow shin ee dooin hene.

Eisht haink shin thie dy Ghoolish,  
 Lesh gunneraght as kiaull,  
 As deiney-seyre Vannin  
 Dy moyrnagh haink nyn guaill,

Ga blaik lhieu fakin spooilley,  
 Va'd moyrnagh gyn resoon,  
 Loayrt baggyrtagh nyn oi ain  
 Dy choyrt shin ayns pryssoon.

Leah hoig shin dys nyn drimshey,  
 Lurg dooin ve'r roshtyn thie,  
 Yn lhong va shin er hayrtyn,  
 Dy row ee goit noi 'n leigh.

Three days we had been sailing,  
After we'd left Ramsey,  
When we met with the tempest,  
That made our flesh quiver.

Men were exhausted pumping,  
And lads lost their pluck,  
And Harry Moore was shouting,  
"My lads keep up your hearts."

The sea was big and foaming,  
Stormy beyond measure,  
Our cross-tree fell overboard,\*  
We could not keep our course.

After a spell of blowing,  
The storm again took rest ;  
On old Christmas Eve† we came  
To anchor in Mount Bay.

At three days' end we're ready  
Again to go to sea ;  
We met a ship from Holland,  
And took her for ourselves.

Then we came home to Douglas,  
With shooting and music,  
The gentlemen of Mona  
To meet us proudly came.

Though they liked seeing plunder,  
They were too proud, saying  
Threat'ningly 'gainst us that they  
Would put us in prison.

We soon knew to our sorrow,  
After we arrived home,  
The ship that we had captur'd,  
Was taken against the law.

\* "Was lost."      † January 5th.

Dooyrt ad dy row'n chooish ain  
 Trieit feanish yn chiannooyrt,  
 As "cha vel briw ayns Mannin  
 Ne briwnys diu y choyrt.

"Nish gow shin reue dys Sostyn,  
 As meeit mayd shiu ayns shen,  
 As shooyl mayd riu er thalloo,  
 Ny shiauill mayd riu er keayn."

Agh ta mish nish ayns Mannin,  
 As vouesyn ta niee seyr;  
 Cha vod ad mee y lhiettal  
 Veih sheshaght my ghraih gheyr.

Shoh'n erree ghow'n chenn "Tiger,"  
 Va'n oyr jeh wheesh dy chiaull;  
 V'ee creckit jeh son toghyr,  
 Da'n lhong va shin er ghoaill.

Ga va shin sheshaght ghennal,  
 As trean ayns corp as cree,  
 Drogh choyrle as drogh leeideillee  
 Ver naardey cooish erbee.

Ta'n foill ta geiyrt da'n Vanninagh,  
 Oyr treihys fer-ny ghah,  
 Te'h creeney lurg laa'n vargee,  
 Agh s'beg vondeish te da.

O shiuish my gheiney cheerey  
 Ta geaishtagh rish m'arrane,  
 My choyrle te diu ve creeney,  
 Choud's ta'n traas er-mayrn.

She'n chooish ta ooillee lhie er,  
 Dy ghoaill kiarail ayns traas,  
 Roish bee laa'n vargee harrish,  
 Nyn drimshey son dy braas.

They said that our case would be  
Tried 'fore the gov'nor, and  
“ There 's no judge in Man that will  
A verdict give for you.”

“ Now go your way to England,  
And we will meet you there,  
And we will walk you on land,  
Or will sail you on sea.”

But I am now in Mannin,  
And from them I am free ;  
Me they cannot hinder from  
My dear love's company.

What befell the old “ Tiger,”  
The cause of so much noise ;  
She was sold to pay the loss,\*  
The captured ship suffered.

Though we were a jovial crew,  
Strong in body and pluck,  
Bad advice and bad leaders  
Will ruin any cause.

The fault that haunts the Manxman,  
A cause of grief to most,  
He one day after the fair 's  
Wise, when it 's of no use.

O my countrymen who are  
Listening to my song,  
My advice to you is be wise,  
As long as there 's time.

It is what all depends on,  
The taking care in time,  
Before the fair day 's over,  
For regret lasts for aye.

\* “ The dowry.”

## YN CHENN DOLPHIN.

YN chiaghtoo laa jeh'n vee September,  
 Hie shin er shiaulley ass baie Rumsaa,  
 Kiarail dy gheddyn dys geaylin Vaughld,  
 Dy akin caslys lane vie traä.

Tra haink traä-hidee, ren y gheay sheidey,  
 Ren y flod akerit ayns y vaie;  
 Tra ceau 'n astyr ren y traä coural,  
 As chuir yn flod magh jeh'n Chione-chraie.

Duirree shin mârroo cubbyl dy laghyn,  
 Cha row monney ry-gheddyn ayn;  
 Kione y trass laa hie shin er shiaulley  
 Jeh geaylin Vaughld, as jiass jeh'n chione.

Hrog shin lught vie dy skeddan ayn,  
 As roin lhieu dy Ghoolish fegooish jough ny bee,  
 Kiarail dy gheddyn reesht dys geaylin Vaughld,  
 Dy akin caslys roish yn oie.

Tra ren shin roshtyn dys geaylin Vaughld,  
 She caslys vie va ry-akin ayn;  
 Chuir shin nyn lieen, marish yn chaslys,  
 Magh jeh Kione Vaughld as jiass jeh'n chione.

Hie shin dy yeeaghyn row'n eeast er snaie,  
 She caslys vie dy lughtagh v'ayn;  
 Hug shin er-boayrd eh as eisht fo hiaull ee,  
 Er son Whitehaven kiarail roshtyn ayn.

Tra v'ee fo hiaull ain, as er nyn arrey,  
 Dy roie by-hiar j'in, as by-lesh y twoaie;  
 Cha smooinee shin er y tidey-varrey,  
 Ny cre'n lhag-haghyrt va cheet nyn-yei.

Tra va shin er-roshtyn dys thalloo Hostyn,  
 Va'n thie-lossan dorragey er kione y key;  
 Neu-oaylagh va shin er boool cha joarree,  
 Dy roie shin nyn maatey stiagh er traie.

## THE OLD DOLPHIN.

THE seventh day of September month,  
 We sailed out of Ramsey bay,  
 Intending to get to Maughold's shoulder,  
 To see a sign\* there in good time.

When the tide-time came the wind was blowing,  
 The fleet was anchored in the bay ;  
 When ev'ning wore on the weather had improved,  
 And the fleet shot† off Clay Head.‡

We continued with them about two days,  
 But little was there to be had ;  
 At the third day's end we went on sailing  
 Off Maughold's shoulder, south of the head.

We got a good haul of herrings there,  
 And away to Douglas without drink or meat,  
 Meaning to return to Maughold's shoulder,  
 To see a sign\* before the night.

When we arrived at Maughold's shoulder,  
 There was a good sign to be seen ;  
 We shot our nets, according to the sign,  
 Off from Maughold and south of the head.

We went to see if fish were in the net,  
 Good sign there was of plenty there ;  
 We put it on board and got under sail,  
 Intending to arrive at Whitehaven.

When she was under sail, and on our watch,§  
 To run for us by east and by north ;  
 Not thinking of the currents of the sea,  
 Nor what mishap was coming on us.

As we were nearing the coast of England,  
 The lighthouse was dark on the end of the quay ;  
 Being unaccustomed to so strange a place,  
 We ran our boat straight in on the shore.

\* i.e., Of the presence of herrings.      † Their nets (understood.)

‡ A headland between Douglas and Laxey.      § This is obscure.



Cheau shin nyn aker gour y yerree,  
 As sniem shin y chabyl dys y key my-yiass,  
 Yerkal dy sauchey son y nah hidey,  
 Tra yinnagh eh lhieeney, dy voghe shin ass.

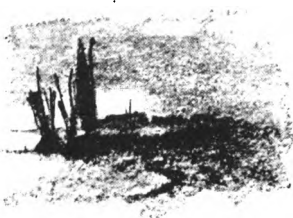
Lesh y lhieeney-varrey ren y gheay sheidey,  
 As ren yn aker sleodey dy siyragh nyn-yei;  
 Va shin eisht eginit dy eamagh son cooney,  
 Agglagh dy ve ceaut er y key my-hwoaie.

Paart j'in va gaccan dy beagh shin caillit,  
 Paart elley gra, "cha naggie dooin foast;"  
 Agh va shin eiginit dy eam son cooney,  
 Dy heet nyn guaiyl dy hauail nyn mioys.

Tra haink magh baatey hooi, va shin ayns sauchys,  
 As hug ee stiagh shin er kione y key,  
 Raad va shin jeeaghyn er y chenn "Dolphin,"  
 Cheet stiagh ayns peeshyn huc er y traie.

Paart j'in va gra, "ta shoh feer dewil dooin,"  
 Paart elley gra, "te dooin feer doogh;  
 Steein-y-Chamaish vees troiddey creoi dooin,  
 Agh foddey smessey vees Steein-ny-Oghe."

Nish ta shin reesht er roshtyn Mannin,  
 As ta shin sauchey veih gaue erbee;  
 Yn Chonney-Logh cha dooyrt eh monney,  
 Agh dooinney choar va'n chenn Pholley.



We cast our anchor out at the stern,  
And fastened our cable to the south quay,  
Expecting to be safe by the next tide,  
When it would fill, that we might get out.

At the rising tide, the wind was blowing,  
And the anchors dragged quickly behind us ;  
We were compelled to call for assistance,  
Afraid of being cast on the north quay.

Some were complaining that we should be lost,  
Others were saying " no fear of us yet ; "  
But we were compelled to call assistance,  
To come towards us to save our lives.

When a boat came out, we were in safety,  
And it put us in at the quay end,  
Where we were looking at the old " Dolphin "  
Coming in in pieces on the shore.

Some said " it is very cruel for us,"  
Others said " it is very ill for us ;  
Stephen Camaish\* will scold us severely,  
But Steen of the Oven\* will be far worse."

Now we have again landed at Man,  
And we are safe from every danger ;  
The " Gorse-lake"\* did not say much to us,  
But a kind man was the old Paul.

\* Probably the owners. The last two are nick-names, the first being probably a baker, while " Gorse-lake " is from the name of his residence.



## ARRANE Y SKEDDAN.

Shiuish ooilley eeasteyryn, neem's coontey chur diu  
 Mysh imbagh yn skeddan, ny s'pooie cha row rieau;  
 T'ain palchey dy argid cour arroo as feill,  
 Foast praaseyn as skeddan, she ad nyn ard reill.

Tra harrish t'an imbagh, chalhisagh shin plaiynt,  
 Agh booise y chur dasyn, ta freayll shin ayns slaynt;  
 Slane voylley chur da son e vannaght hooiin wass,  
 T'an skeddan ersooyl dys y cheayn vooar by-yiass.

Ayns shen goaill e aash, va kiarrit da rieau,  
 Ny ribbaghyn-vaaish s'bey choontey v'eh jeu;  
 Ayns shen ceau e hraa, derrey cheet yn nah vlein,  
 Er dreeym Bal-ny-howe, yiow mayd eisht e 'sy lieen.

Ayns fliughys dy mennick, as mennick neesht feayr,  
 Foast prowal as cuirr, shinney shin chur-myner,  
 Tra ta caslys vie goll; as yn eeast cheet er-ash,  
 Chelleeragh ta'n dooan soit son y vock-ghlass.

Te shilley vondeishagh goaill prowal vie stiagh,  
 As s'eunyssagh y laa dy chreck yn eeast magh;  
 Dy chreck eh dy gennal rish kionneyder vie,  
 Goaill jough lesh arrane, as craa-laue ben-y-thie.

Lesh cappan dy yough as greim veg dy ee,  
 Nee mayd beaghey cha souyr as eirinee ayns shee;  
 Lhig dooin giu dy chreeoil dys y cheshaght ain hene,  
 Mastey deiney shin s'gennal, fud immanee yn lieen.

Nish jerrey y choyrtyr er ny ta mee er ghra,  
 D'row palchey dy skeddan ec Mannin dy braa;  
 Freill, freill dooin yn vannaght, O Fer-croo yn theihll,  
 As lhig da ny Manninee lesh booise fosley nyn meaal.

## SONG OF THE HERRING.

All ye fishermen, I will tell unto you  
'Bout the herring season, ne'er was there nicer ;  
We have heaps of money to get corn and meat,  
Yet priddhas\* and herrings, they are our chief food.

When the season is o'er, we should not complain,  
But thanks give unto Him who keeps us in health ;  
All praise give to him for his blessings below,  
The herring is gone to the great southern sea.

There having its rest, as it was intended,  
Of the death snares taking but little account ;  
There it passes its time, until the next year,  
Off Bal-ny-howe, we shall get it in the net.

Full often in the wet, often too in the cold,  
Yet proving and casting, we are glad to see,  
When it looks likely ;† and the fish comes in sight,  
Straightway is the hook set out for the hake.

'Tis a profitable sight taking good proof,†  
And more pleasant the day to sell the fish out ;  
To sell it cheerfully to a good buyer,  
With drink and with song, and greeting the hostess.

With a cup of beer and a morsel to eat,  
We shall live as safely as the farmers in peace ;  
Let us heartily drink to our own company,  
Among men we're most cheerful, though following the net.

Now to put an end unto what I have said,  
May plenty of herring be in Mann for aye ;  
Keep for us the blessing, O world's Creator,  
And let the Manx people with thanks open their mouths.

\* Potatoes.

† The appearance of the sea when a shoal of fish is close by is here referred to.

# NY THREE EEASTEYRYN BOGHTEY.

**E** AISHT shiu rhymes, my chaarjin,  
 As goyms shiu nish arrane,  
 Mychione three eeasteyrn boghtey,  
 Va ayns Skeeyley Stondane.  
 Tom Cowle, lesh Juan y Karaghey,  
 As Illiam y Christeen.  
 Hie ad voish y thie ayns y voghrey ;  
 Va yn seihll kiune as meen.

Tra hie ad voish nyn dieyn,  
 S'beg oie vo'c ér y vaase.  
 Yn baatey beg shoh va' ocsyn  
 Va lesh Captain Clugaash.  
 Cha row oc helym dy stiurey,  
 Cha row oc croan ny shiaull,  
 Agh bleeyast dy vaatey eddrym,  
 As cha row ee agh *yawl*.

Yn fastyr shoh va dorragey,  
 Lesh sterrym as sheean,  
 As y gheay ren ee sheidey,  
 As gatt eh y cheayn.  
 Va ny three eeasteyrn boghtey  
 Gleck shirrey dy goll thie ;  
 Cha row eh dauesyn agh fardail,  
 Cha ren eh veg y vie.

Choud as ta'n seihll kiune as meen,  
 Yn muir mooar te rea,  
 Agh te cur er eddin elley,  
 Tra heidys y gheay.  
 Te myr lion garveigagh,  
 As niartal ta coraa ;  
 Son gatt eh seose as brishey,  
 As kinjagh seiy dy braa.

## THE THREE POOR FISHERMEN.

L ISTEN to me, my friends, and I  
Will sing to you a song,  
About three poor fishermen,  
Who were in Kirk Santon.  
Tom Cowle, with Juan Faragher,  
And William Christian.  
They left their homes one morning, when  
The earth was calm and quiet.

When they went away from their homes,  
Small thought had they of death.  
This little boat they had belonged  
Unto Captain Clucas.  
No helm to steer with they possessed,  
No mast, no sail had they,  
But only a shell of a boat,  
And she was but a yawl.

That evening was dark and gloomy,\*  
With storm and with uproar,  
And the wind it blew lustily,  
And it swelled up the sea.  
The three poor fishermen were then  
Struggling to get back home ;  
But their efforts were all in vain†  
For no headway at all they made.

Long as the earth is calm and quiet,  
The mighty sea is smooth,  
But it puts on another face,  
When the wind blows a gale.  
It is like a lion roaring,  
And powerful is its voice,  
For it swells up and is breaking,  
And is ever moving.

\* "Darkly."

† "But to them it was but vain, it did no good."

Daag ad shoh mraane as cloan,  
Kiarail dy heet reesht thie ;  
Adsyn ta goll gys y cheayn,  
Dy-mennick ayns gaue roie.  
Son ta ny gaueyn dangeyragh  
Oc combaasal dagh cheu,  
As ayns bleeayst v'ad ayns aggle,  
V'an diunid vooar fo.

Cheayll shuish jeh Noo Paul vooar,  
As jeh dagh dangeyr as gaue  
Hie eh trooid ec cheayn, myr  
Ve shiaulley gys y Raue ;  
Lesh dewillys ny marrey lhean,  
Immanit noon as noal,  
Ve hene as ooilley heshaght vie,  
Laik nyn mioys y choayl.

Juan y Kissaag voish Doolish,  
Myr ve shiaulley dy meen,  
Haink raad yn baatey shoh va lhie,  
V'aynjee Cowle as Christeen ;  
Eisht hug eh lesh ad dy Ghoolish ;  
Hug nyn chaarjyn lesh ad thie,  
Ayns dobberan as trimshey  
Dy row ad er ve mooie.



Their wives and children these men left,  
Meaning to return home ;  
But those who go unto the sea,  
Oft run into danger.  
For dangerous perils compass them  
Around on every side,  
And in their shell they were afraid,  
The great deep was beneath.

You have heard of the great St. Paul,  
And of each danger and peril  
That he went through by the sea, as  
He was sailing to Rome ;  
By the fierceness of the broad sea,  
Driv'n hither and thither,  
Himself and all his company,  
Likely to lose their lives.

Juan Kissack from Douglas, as  
He sailed quietly along,  
Passed by the place where this boat lay,  
In her Cowle and Christian ;  
He brought them with him to Douglas ;  
Their friends then took them home,  
In sorrow and trouble that they  
Had been parted from them.\*

\* "That they had been out." John Faragher seems to have been lost.





## MANNIN VEG VEEN.

O ! VANNIN VEG VEEN,  
 T'ayns mean y cheayn ;  
 Aynjee ta lane eeasteeyryn ;  
 Tra ta'n oayrn cuirt,  
 As ny praasyn soit,  
 Goll roue dy cherragh ny baatyn.

Son y Feaill-Eoin,  
 Bee mayd goll roin,  
 Dy yeeaghyn son warpyn skeddan ;  
 Heear 'sy Chione-roauyr,  
 Lesh yurnaa liauyl,  
 Goaill neose nyn shiaull fo'n Charron.

Heear ec y veain,  
 Shiaulley dy meen,  
 Yn tidey keayrt va noi ain ;  
 Stiagh dys Purt-Yiarn,  
 Dy yeeaghyn ny mraane,  
 As dy phaaghey nyn myrneenyn.

Goll veih thie dy hie,  
 Yeeaghyn son jough-vie,  
 Cha row ny lheid ry-gheddyn ;  
 Eisht hrog shin shiaull  
 Erskyn nyn gione,  
 As hie shin son y Gheaylin.

Heear ec y Giark,  
 Magh ec yn Chlet,  
 Yn cheayn va gatt as freayney ;  
 Roish rosh yn tidey  
 Yn Chiggin vooar,  
 Daa ghooiinne y gollish teaymey.

## DEAR MANNIN-VEG.\*

O H! dear MANNIN-VEG,  
 In midst of the sea;  
 In her are many fishermen;  
 When the barley's sown,  
 And potatoes set,  
 They go away to mend their boats.

By St. John's Feast-day,†  
 We shall be away,‡  
 To look for the warps of herring;  
 West at Kione-roauyr,§  
 With a long journey,  
 Furling our sails under Charron.||

Westward at the mine,  
 So calmly sailing,  
 The tide at one time against us;  
 Straight to Port Erin¶  
 There to behold the women, and  
 To kiss our sweethearts.

Going from house to house,  
 Seeking for good ales,  
 But there was no getting any;  
 Then we hoist our sail  
 O'er our head,  
 And make out towards the Shoulder.\*\*

West at the Hen,††  
 Out at the Clet,††  
 The sea was swelling and foaming;  
 'Fore the tide reached  
 To the big Chicken,††  
 Two men were sweating with pumping.

\* Little Isle of Man. † Midsummer Day. ‡ Going away.

‡ Broad-head, a well-known headland near Peel, now called  
 Contrary Head.

|| The Charron, a headland near Bradda. ¶ Port Erin.

\*\* The fishing ground off the Calf. †† Rocks of the Calf.

Goll seose yn roayrt,  
Ta deiney loayrt,  
As mennick fluighey nyn lieckan ;  
Yn flod va roin,  
As foddey voin  
Adsyn shegin dooin y gheddyn.

Tra ren shin feddyn  
'Sy flod ry-gheddyn,  
Nagh row ad shen lesh phrowal ;  
Tra cheayll shin oc  
Ny skeayllyn v'oc,  
Nagh cheau shin voin yn famman.

Tra v'an shibber eeit,  
As yn liggar roit,  
As ooilley jeant dy baghtal,  
Hie shin dy ronsagh,  
Row yn eeast veg fondagh,  
Dy heet roue hoin dy aghtal.

Roish brishey'n laa,  
Hug shin magh coraa,  
Cha leah's va shin er coontal ;  
Eisht yn chied saagh  
Haink hooin dy booiagh,  
Dansoor shin ee dy lowal.

Ec brishey yn laa,  
Ve kiune as rea,  
Va'n cheayn goll-rish traie gheinnee,  
Dy chooilley hiaull  
V'oc fakin goll,  
Gyllagh, "jeeagh magh son wherree."

Er y vaie vooar  
Va sterrym dy liooar,  
Lesh earish fluigh as fiaghey ;  
Skeddán dy glen  
Yiogh shin ayns shen,  
Bee'n ghobbag as y vuc-varrey.

Going up the tide,  
The men are talking,  
And frequently wetting their cheek ;  
The fleet was 'fore us,  
And far from us still  
Were those whom we wanted to reach.

When we arrived  
At the fleet again,  
They had already done proving ;‡  
When we heard from them  
The tidings they had,  
Did we not cast forth our net's tail ?

When supper was done,  
And the liquor spent,  
And all manifestly finished,  
We then went to search,  
If sufficient fish  
Had handily come to us.

Before break of day,  
We shouted aloud,  
As soon as we counted (the fish) ;  
Then the foremost boat  
Came gladly to us,  
But we answered them discreetly.

At the break of day,  
It was calm and fair,  
The sea was like a sandy shore.  
Every sail there  
Was seen flapping,  
Crying, " look out for a wherry."

On the big bay  
Was storm enough,  
With very damp weather and rain ;  
Herrings clearly  
We would get there,  
Both the dog-fish and the sea-hog.

‡ Trying for herring.

Toshiaght yn ouyr,  
 Bee'n oie gaase liauyr,  
 Faag mayd nyn mannaght ec y Chiggin,  
 Hig mayd eisht roïn  
 Dys Doolish ny lhong,  
 As bee giense ain ayns thie Whiggin.

Ayns thie Whiggin vooar,  
 Ta jough dy liooar,  
 Marish palchey lhune as liggar ;  
 As lhiabbee-vie,  
 Dy gholl dy lhie,  
 Tra vees mayd lesh nyn shibber.

Bee paayrt cheet thie  
 Fegooish naight vie,  
 Ta n snaie ain eeit ec y ghobbag ;  
 Ny mraane-oast hene  
 Goail chymmey jin,  
 Gra, " ta caart ain foast 'sy vullag."



## MADGYN Y JIASS.



**M**Y sailliu geaistagh  
 Gys my arrane,  
 Singyms diu dy meeley :  
 Va mraane y Jiass,  
 Bunnys roit ass,  
 As cha der ad bee da ny deiney.

Harvest begun,  
Evenings grow long,  
We'll leave our blessing at the Chicken,  
We'll then come away  
To Douglas by ship,  
In Quiggin's house we'll have our dance.

In big Quiggin's house,  
There 's drink enough,  
With plenty of ale and spirits ;  
And a good bed,  
Wherein to lie,  
When we have done our supper.

Some will come home  
Without good news,  
Our net eaten by the dog fish ;  
The landladies  
Do pity us,  
Saying, " there's a quart in the cask."



## MADGES OF THE SOUTH.



IF you will listen  
Unto my song,  
Softly I'll sing to you :  
The Southern wives,  
They were run out,  
And would give no meat to the men.

Moghrey Jyluain,  
 Va'd cheet veih y thie,  
 My saillish daue cheet voish Ronnag,  
 As wheesh my goarn  
 Jeh arran oarn,  
 Ayns derrey corneil jeh'n wallad.

Moghrey Jymayrt,  
 Tra va'd ayns phurt,  
 Dy vroie un warp\* jeh skeddan ;  
 Va Madge boght roie,  
 Choud's va'n phot cloie,  
 As chionnee feeagh ping dy arran.

T'eh feer drogh chliaght  
 Ta ec "*Weedyn*" y Jiass  
 Barrail yn cosney'n *season* ;  
 Ny feedjyn jeh  
 Ta adsyn coyrt  
 Son *turnipyn* as *cakyn*.

Ny keayrtyn yoghe shiu voue  
 Jyst veg phraase,  
 Keayrtyn elley peesh dy hoddag ;  
 Agh ny 'smennick foddey  
 Yiow shiu eh voue,  
 Lesh maidjey'n phot 'sy vollag.

Yn blein shoh cheet,  
 My vees y chirrym as *fit*,  
 Un peesh vees ayns nyn phoggad ;  
 Bee'n wallad liauyr  
 Ocsyn nyn gour  
 Dy chur lesh thie ny aany'n gobbag.

Ec yn 'Eaill-Vaayl,  
 Bee ad cheet dys Pheel,  
 Gra "vel baatyn eu dy hoiagh ;"  
 As my ver shiu  
 Ny baatyn daue,  
 Cha yiow shiu ping son juys ny darragh.

\* Three herrings.

On Monday morning,  
They were leaving home,  
Should it please them to come from Ronnag,  
My fistful of  
Barley bread  
In each corner of the wallet.

On Tuesday morning,  
When they were in port,  
To boil one warp of herring ;  
A poor Madge ran,  
While the pot boiled,  
And bought a pennyworth of bread.

'Tis a bad custom  
Of the Southern " Weeds "  
To spend the season's profits ;  
The scores of it  
They were giving  
For turnips and for cakes.

Sometimes you'dst get from them  
A small dish of praties,  
At others a piece of bannock ;  
But far oftener  
You'll get it from them  
With the pot stick upon the head.

This coming year,  
If 'tis dry and fit,  
There'll be one piece in their pocket ;  
There'll be the long  
Wallet for them  
To bring home the gobbags\* livers.

On Michael's Feast Eve,  
They will come to Peel,  
Saying " Have you boats to hire out ? "  
And if you give  
The boats to them,  
You'll not get paid for fir or oak.†

\* Dog-fish.      † i.e., For mast or hull.



## YN STERRYM EC PORT LE MOIRREY.

O ! my guillyn vie,  
 Ta shin nish ec y thie,  
 Cha jig mayd dys yn 'aarkey ny sodje ;  
 Cha jean mayd jarrood  
 Yn sterrym haink shin trooid,  
 Ec aker ayns y vaie Port-le-Moirrey.  
 Dooyrt Neddy Hom Ruy,  
 " T'eh sheidey feer creoi,  
 As dy baare dhooyn ny caableyn y yiarey."  
 " Cha jean," dooyrt Chalse Beg,  
 " Bee mayd stiagh er y creg,  
 As caillit ayns tonnyn ny marrey."  
 Yn " Good Intent "  
 Va baatey vie jeant,  
 Vie *plankit* voish toshiaght dys jerrey.  
 She sheshaght feer voal  
 Va er y " Midsummer Doal,"  
 Agh Neddy Hom Feg va yn fer 'smessey.

## THE STORM AT PORT ST. MARY.

O H ! my good boys,  
 Now that we are at home,  
 We'll not go to the sea any longer ;  
 We will not forget  
 The storm we went through,  
 Anchored in the bay of Port St. Mary.  
 Said Neddy Tom† the Red  
 " 'Tis blowing very hard,  
 And 'tis better to cut the two cables."  
 " Dont," said Little Charles,  
 " We'll be in on the rock  
 And lost in the waves of the ocean."  
 The " Good Intent "  
 Was a well-built boat,  
 From the stem to the stern well plankéd.  
 A very poor crew  
 Had the " Blind Midsummer,"  
 But Neddy Tom Peg‡ was the worst of them.

† Neddy, the son of Tom.

‡ Neddy, the son of Tom, the son of Peggy.

## MISCELLANEOUS BALLADS.





## NY KIRREE FO NIAGHTEY.

**L**URG geurey dy niaghtey,  
As arragh dy rio,  
Va ny shenn chirree marroo,  
As n'eayin beggey vio.

CHORUS  
(twice after  
each verse).

{ Oh ! irree shiu boch'llyn,  
As gow shiu da'n chlieau,  
Ta ny kirree fo niaghtey,  
Cha down as v'ad rieau.

Shoh dooyrt Nicholas, Raby,\*  
 As eh 'sy thie ching,  
 "Ta ny kirree fo niaghtey,  
 Ayns Braid-farrane-fing."†

Shoh dooyrt Nicholas, Raby,  
 Goll seose er y lout,  
 "Dy row my shiaght vannaght,  
 Er my ghaa housaue mult.

Kirree t'ayms ayns y laggan,  
 Kirree-goair 'sy Chlieau-rea‡  
 Kirree keoi Coan-ny-chistey§  
 Nagh jig dy bragh veih."

Dirree mooinjer Skeyyll Lonan,  
 As hie ad er-y-chooyl;  
 Hooar ad ny kirree marroo  
 Ayns laggan Varoole.‡

Dirree mooinjer Skeyyll Lonan,  
 As Skeyylley-Chreest neesht,  
 Hooar ad ny kirree beggey  
 Ayns laggan Agneash.‡

Ny mult ayns y toshiaght,  
 Ny reaghyn 'sy vean,  
 Eisht ny kirree trome-eayin  
 Cheet geiyrt orroo shen.

Ta mohlt aym son Ollick,  
 As jees son y Chaisht,  
 As ghaa ny three elley,  
 Son yn traa yioym's baase.

## THE SHEEP UNDER THE SNOW.

**A**FTER winter of snow,  
 And spring-tide of frost,  
 The old sheep were dead,  
 And the small lambs alive.

CHORUS  
 (twice after  
 each verse).

{ Oh ! get up shepherds, and  
 To the hill go ye,  
 For the sheep deep as ever  
 Are under the snow.

\* A farm in the parish of Lonan.      A hollow near Snaefell mountain.

‡ The name of a mountain.

‡ A short distance from Raby, so called from a stone in the form of a chest.

This said Nicholas, Raby,  
And he at home sick,  
" Beneath the snow are the sheep,  
In Braid-farrane-fing."

This said Nicholas, Raby,  
Going up off the loft,  
" Be my seven blessings  
On my two thousand sheep.

I have sheep in the hollow,  
And goats on Slieau-rea,  
Wild sheep in Coan-ny-chistey  
That will never come home."\*

The men of Lonan rose up,  
And they went forthwith ;  
In Baroole's hollow,  
They found the sheep dead.

The men of Lonan rose up,  
And of Kirk-Christ too,  
They found the little sheep  
In Agneash hollow.

The wethers in the front,  
The rams in the midst,  
The ewes heavy with lamb  
Coming after them.

I've one sheep for Christmas,  
And two for Easter,  
And two or three others,  
For the time of death.†



\* " From it."

† " I shall get death "

## INNEENYN EIRINEE.

JEEAGH ! guillin aegey sooree,  
 Nagh vel cur monney geill ;  
 My yiw ad inneenyn aalin,  
 Feallagh vees jeu pleadeil.

“ Yiw mayd inneenyn eirinee,”  
 She shoh roo hene t’ad gra,  
 “ As giallit keead puint toghyr,  
 Cha n’aggle dooin dy braa.”

T’eh giallit keead puint toghyr,  
 Agh s’gerrid vees eh rish ;  
 Kione ghaa ny three dy vleeaney,  
 Bee’n scollag as eh brisht.

Bee eh shooyll ayns ny margaghyn,  
 As mennick ’sy thie-oast ;  
 Ass y ven as ass y toghyr,  
 Bee’n scollag jannoo *boast*.

Lurg coontey beg dy vleeantyn,  
 Ve ceaut oc cummal hie,  
 Jeeagh urree, gow sampleyr jee,  
 Jeeagh urree goll fud thie.

Ta stoyr dy ghownyn *cotton eck*,  
 As oanraghyn *dimity*,  
 Ny lhie ayns ny corneilyn,  
 Smoo feme oc er y niee.

My choyrle diuish, ghuillin aegey ,  
 Ta geaishtagh rish m’arrane,  
 Nagh poost shiu er graih toghyr,  
 Choud as vees seihll er-mayrn.

My t'ou uss goll dy phoosey,  
 Jeeagh son sharvaant jeh'n'aill,  
 As chymsee pingyn cooidjagh,  
 As kionnee uss jee queeyl.

Snieuys ee dhyt dy kinjagh,  
 Dagħ oor my vees eck traa ;  
 Mannagh vou lieen dy chionnagh,  
 Yiow barragh er y lieh.

Dy beign er phoosey Nancy,  
 Cre'n gerjagh v'ec my chree !  
 Veagh ben aym gys my *fancy*,  
 As s'mie bynney lhiam ee.

Agh phoost mee er graih toghyr,  
 Ny red nagh row rieau mie ;  
 Hooar mee toot d'inneen vooar eirinee,  
 Nagh dod rieau cummal thie.

T'ee fargagh, moyrnagh, litcheragh,  
 Lhie foddey er y laa,  
 Geam da'n charvaant eck girree,  
 Dy chiartagh j'ee yn tay.

T'ee goardagh yn charvaant eck,  
 Ee hene soie ayns corneil,  
 As ayns litcheragh meechrauee,  
 Ny laghyn y vaarail.

Ta foiljyn inneenyn eirinee  
 Er skeaylley liauyr as lheap,  
 Er villey ard as injil,  
 Cheusthie jeh mooarane blein.

Cha nee ayns inneenyn eirinee,  
 Ny ayns yn toghyr ta'n foill ;  
 Feedyn nagh sheeagh un skilling,  
 T'er phrowal chiart cha moal.

T'ad coamrit lesh fardalys,  
 Jummalagh, gee as giu ;  
 Ta'n traa oc ceauit gyn-ymmyd,  
 T'ad coyrt nyn deiney mow.

Raad boallagh nyn shenn moiraghyn  
Ve cummal seose yn thie,  
T'ad shoh dy phlugey neose eh,  
Gys t'eh er laare ny lhie.

Ah! treih son ny mraane mie shen,  
Dy vel ad nish cha goan,  
T'an vellid t'ain syn ynnyd oc  
Coyrt naardey'n slane ashoon.

Ta clashtyn ain jeh Sodom,  
Quoi haink gys jerrey treih ;  
Litcheragh, moyrn, as soalid,  
Va milley e cheusthie.

T'an chenn phadeyr Isaiah,  
Neesht cur dooin coontey *plain*  
Scrieuit ayns yn threeoo chabdil,  
Mysh treihys moyrn ny mraane.

My sailt ve er cheu cairys,  
As goll jeh'n seihll ayns shee,  
Fow ben fegooish molteyrys,  
Gyn foalsaght ayns ee cree ;

Slane onneragh as jeidjagh,  
Dwoaiagh er saynt as moyrn,  
Son coyrt sampleyryn cairagh  
Roish heshey as cloan.

Eisht gueeym ort, my charrey,  
Tra t'ou er gheddin ee,  
Er graih dy chooilley vannaght,  
Jean dellal vie chur jee.

Myr shen tra vees oo sumnit,  
Roish stoyl mooar briwnys Yee,  
Coyrt coontey jeh dty stiurtys,  
Lhig ooilley ve ayns shee.

Son shegin dooin ooilley shassoo  
Coyrt coontey yn laa shen ;  
Cre'n aght ghell mraane rish deiney,  
As deiney rish nyn mraane.



## FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

B EHOLD ! how young men who're courting,  
Do not pay any heed ;  
If they get pretty girls, some one  
Will be talking of them.

" We will get daughters of farmers,"  
This to themselves they say,  
" Promised a hundred pounds portion,  
No fear of us for aye."

He is promised his hundred pounds,  
Short time it will last him ;\*  
Two or three years being at an end,  
The lad he will be broke.

In the fairs he is wont to walk,  
Oft in the public house ;  
Of the wife and of the portion,  
The lad is wont to boast.

After a few years past and gone,  
Spent in keeping the house,  
Look at her, and take a pattern,  
How she goes through the house !

She has a store of cotton gowns,  
And dimity garments,  
Lying about in the corners,  
Much in need of washing.†

'Tis my advice to you, young men,  
Who are list'ning to my song,  
For love of dowry do not wed,  
As long as the world lasts.

\* " But a short time it will do him."

† " More need of them to be washed."

If thou art going to marry,\*  
Look for a hired servant,  
And gather your pence together,  
And buy a wheel for her.

She will spin for thee constantly,  
Each hour if she has time ;  
If flax you cannot buy, you can  
Get tow then on the half.†

If Nancy I had married,  
What comfort to my heart !  
She'd be a wife to my taste,  
And well I'd have loved her.

But I married for love of pelf,  
A thing that ne'er was good ;  
A farmer's girl I got, a fool  
Who never could keep house.

She is angry, proud, and lazy,  
Lies far on in the day,  
Calling the servant to get up  
And prepare tea for her.

She orders her servant about,  
Herself sitting at ease,‡  
And in most wicked idleness,  
Whiling away the days.

The faults of a farmers' daughters,  
Have spread out far and wide,  
They have injured both high and low,  
During many a year.

'Tis not only in farmers' girls,  
Nor in dowry the fault ;  
There are scores not worth a shilling,  
Who have proved quite as bad.

They are clothed with vanity,  
Wasting, eating, drinking ;  
Their time is spent quite uselessly,  
They ruin their husbands.

Note change from plural to singular.

† The meaning is, " you can make it half of tow, which will be  
cheaper."      ‡ " In the corner."

While their old mothers to keep up  
 The house were accustomed,  
 These are trying to pull it down,  
 Till it lies on the ground.

Alas ! for these old women good,  
 That they are now so scarce,  
 The feebleness that's in their place  
 Lays the whole nation waste.

Of Sodom we have heard, which came  
 Unto a wretched end ;  
 Laziness, pride, and luxury,  
 Were spoiling her within.

The old prophet Isaiah, also  
 Gives us a plain account  
 About the women's wretched pride,  
 In the third chapter writ.

If thou would'st be on the right side,  
 And in peace take the world,  
 Get a wife without craft or guile,  
 No cunning in her heart,

Honorable and industrious,  
 Hating both lust and pride,  
 Showing a proper pattern\* to  
 Her husband and children.

Then I beseech thee, O my friend,  
 When thou hast obtained her,  
 For the sake of every blessing,  
 Good treatment give to her.

So, when thou shall be sunmoned  
 Before God's judgment-seat,  
 To account for your stewardship,  
 All things may be in peace.

For we must all stand there to give  
 An account on that day ;  
 How wives† to husbands‡ have behaved,  
 And husbands‡ to their wives.†

\* " Patterns."

† " Women."    ‡ " Men."

## CRE TA GLOYR?

**A**S cre ta gloyr, agh aalid ennym vie,—  
 Ennym ! ta myr y goll ta sheidey shaghey ?  
 Shoh moylley'n pobble, my she molley shen.  
 Son cre ta'n pobble, agh jiornage anreaghait,—  
 Earroo neuchinjagh, ta son jannoo mooar  
 Jeh nheeghyn eddrym nagh vel toilchin scansh ;  
 As coontey cadjyn reddyng ta feeu arrym.  
 T'ad moylley as ta'd ooashlagh shen nagh nhione daue ;  
 As shen ta'd gloyragh jiu, ta'd jiooldey mairagh ;  
 Cha soc eer quoi, agh eer myr tadyr leedit ;  
 Fer er fer geiyrt, myr guoiee trooid doarlish.  
 As cre'n cooilleen t'ayns soaigh vooar ny theid ?  
 Dy veaghey er nyn ennal,—goo ny sleih !  
 Marvaanee lhey'stagh, myr y gheay neuhiggyr !  
 Quoi echey ta resoon veagh blakey lurg oo ?  
 Lioroo dy ve lheamysit te moylley,



## WHAT IS GLORY?

**A**ND what is glory, but the radiance of a name,—  
 A name ! which, as a vapour, blows unheeded by ?  
 This is the people's praise, if praise it be.  
 For what is the people ? an entangled skein,—  
 A fickle mob, who greatly prize  
 Things vain and worthless ;  
 While they condemn what merits veneration.  
 They praise and they esteem the things they know not ;  
 And whom they praise to-day, they blame to-morrow ;  
 They know not whom, but just as they are led ;  
 One following another, as geese through a gap.  
 And what advantage is the esteem of such ?  
 To live upon their breath,—the people's praise !  
 Poor wavering mortals, as the wind inconstant !  
 Who is it has reason would be gaping after them ?\*  
 Their blame is commendation.

By the Rev. ROBERT STEPHEN, Vicar of Marown (1809 to 1827)  
 and of Patrick (1827 to 1842).

THIS IS NOT QUITE A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

\* Not in original translation.

## EUBONIA\* SOILSAGH.

**J**EEAGH, jeeagh yn ghrian ta reill yn oie,  
 Son soilshey daue ta gennal soie ;  
 Jeh'n billey-feeney s'moyrnagh troo  
 Mysh shoh, ta jeh yn coontey smoo.

CHORUS  
 (after each  
 verse). { Moyllee-jee maryms, Vanninee,  
 Yn lune vie lajer as y vraih ;  
 Dagh seaghyn, as dagh kiarail t'ayn,  
 Ta gholh ersooyl lesh bree yn oarn.

Dy beagh y staghyl nagh gow coyrle,  
 Er n'iu jeh shoh, ga losht yn seihll,  
 Yn ooir as aer mygeart-y-mysh,  
 Veagh eh cha sauchey's ta shin nish.

O heshey, gow yn ghless shoh hood,  
 Cre'n aght hee'yms dty stroin ny hrooid !  
 Myr ta'n gholh-twoaie jeh cooyl yn aile,  
 Myr shen ta shoh lesh soilshey'n chainle.

Agh myr t'an ghrian fo bodjal *still*  
 Dasyn ta deal ny doon y hooill,  
 Eshyn nagh n'iu jough tra t'eh paa,  
 She shoh ta jannoo 'n oie jeh lhaa.

O *boyaghyn*, ny cur-jee geill  
 Da eddin aalin nee falleil ;  
 Dooghys cha dug dooin ny share vie,  
 Na shoh lesh eash ta gaase ny spooie.

\* An old name of the Isle of Man.

## EUBONIA BRIGHT.

SEE, see the sun\* that rules the night,  
 For light to them that cheerful sit ;  
 The proudest vine is envious  
 About this being counted best.†

CHORUS { Ye Manxmen, sing with me the praise  
 (after each Of the good strong ale and the malt ;  
 verse). For ev'ry trouble, ev'ry care  
 Goes away with the barley bree.‡

If the dolt who'd not take advice,  
 Had only drunk of this, though burned  
 The world, the earth and air around,  
 He would be safe as we are now.

O comrade, take this glass to thee,  
 That through it I may see thy nose !  
 Like the rainbow behind the fire§  
 Like what is seen by candlelight.||

But as the sun is 'neath a cloud  
 To him who's blind or shuts his eye,  
 Who'll not drink ale when he's dry,  
 This is what turns the night to day.

O boys, do not pay any heed  
 To a pretty face that will fade !  
 Nothing better nature gives us,  
 Then this which with its age improves.

\* i.e., Ale. † " About this (i.e., ale) which is of the greatest account."

‡ Peculiar similes. § " Spirit." || " That is as this is by the light of the candle."

## EUBONIA BRIGHT.

[ARCHDEACON RUTTER'S SONG.]

SEE, see the sun that rules the night,  
 Not made to hurt but help the sight ;  
 The envy of the proudest vine.  
 Fixed in an orb pure crystalline.

CHORUS (after each verse).	{	Sing we loud Eubonia's praise, Eubonia bright, whose sparkling rays Break through the clouds of troubled souls, And leaves no care but in the bowls.
----------------------------------	---	---

Had the unruly boy desired  
 This sun, when he his chariot fired ;  
 The parchèd earth and all the sky,  
 Had been as safe as you and I.

Let me this heavenly creature view ;  
 See, how our noses through its hue,  
 Like colours in the rainbow's stream,  
 From the reflection of a beam.

But as the sun doth never rise  
 To the blind, or those that shut their eyes ;  
 So he that will not drink, and may,  
 'Tis he that makes a night of day.

Live mortals, live, no time delay ;  
 Your hopes in beauty will decay ;  
 The gods none other beauty send  
 But *this*, which age itself doth mend.

## TRIMSHEY BAIT 'SY JOUGH LAJER.

**N** Y bee-jee groamagh arragh,  
 Cur jee kiarail ergooyl,  
 Eh ta smooïnaght er mairagh,  
 Te cheau laa mie ersooyl.  
 Cha vel eh agh lhome,  
 Cha vel eh agh lhome,  
 Nagh vel giu as ceau seaghyn ersooyl.

Te dooinney dangeyragh dy akin  
 'Sy cheer ta shin nish ayn,  
 Tra ny naboonyn troggal y cappan,  
 Ta boirit foast ayns e chione,  
 As ooilley yn vea shoh  
 Goail doot ny choud bio,  
 Dy n'aase e argid ro-ghoan.

She ta'n eirinagh 'screeney nagh vel girree,  
 Choud as ta'n cheeaght traau,  
 Lhig da'n boddagh dy moghey girree,  
 Son doccar myr ta'n traau cheau.  
 Choud's ta famlagh 'sy traie,  
 Bee oarn ayns yn 'aaie,  
 Ver orrin arrane y ghoail daue.

Tra hig yn oarn hooïn 'sy vagher,  
 Nee mayd jerkal son chaart ny kione?  
 Eisht, ven-y-thie, jeeagh nagh dagh 'er  
 Rouyr jeh yn ushtey y hoyrt ayn.  
 Veih'n s'ooasle farrane,  
 Ta cheet yn oarn vane,  
 Te chur er sleih creeney ve goan.

Nish ayns y thie lieen dooin,  
 As lhig da'n lhin ve lane.  
 Son she shen nee cur dooin  
 Chreenaght ayns nyn goan.  
 Te ooashley da'n ree,  
 Te ooashley da'n ree,  
 Dy chur er e kione lheid y crooin.



# MELANCHOLY DROWNED IN A GLASS OF STRONG DRINK.

[LITERAL TRANSLATION.]

**B**E not gloomy any more,  
Put ye trouble behind,  
He that thinks on the morrow,  
He casts a good day away.  
He is but a fool,  
He is but a fool,  
That does not drink and cast troubles away.

He's a dangerous man to behold  
In the country we are now in,  
When the neighbours are raising the cup,  
That is still troubled in his head,  
And during all this life,  
Doubting long as he lives,  
His cash will grow too scarce.

T'is the wisest farmer that does not rise,  
As long as the plough ploughs,  
Let the labourer rise up early,  
For labour as the time passes.  
While there 's wrack on the shore,  
There 'll be barley in the flat,  
T'will make us sing a song to them.

When the barley comes to us in the field,  
Shall we not want a quart a-piece?  
Then, house-wife, see that each man  
Does not put too much water in.  
From the noblest scource  
Comes the white barley,  
It makes wise people to be scarce.

Now in the house fill for us,  
And let the flagon be full,  
For 'tis that will put for us  
Wisdom in our words.  
It's an honour for the king,  
It's an honour for the king,  
To put on his head such a crown.

MELLANCOLLY DROWN'D IN A GLASS  
OF EUBONIA.

[ARCHDEACON RUTTER'S SONG.]

CAST away care and sorrow, the cankerworm of the brain,  
For he that cares for the morrow has spent a good day in vain,  
And he 's but an ass, and he 's but an ass,  
That drinks not, and drinks not again.

Wee count him a dangerous fellow, as any that lives in y<sup>e</sup> state,  
Who when his neighbours are mellow doth troble an addle pate,  
With thinking too much, with thinking too much,  
And all about living too late.

But he's the best husband that whistles whilst the merry  
    plowe doth go,  
Let the fool reap his Tares and Thistles, which in sadness he  
    doth sowe,  
We 'l sing whilst plowe, we 'l sing whilst the plowe,  
Is getting us Barley below.

And when it comes up anon after, we give it a gentle touch,  
Of the purest purest watter, but faith it must not be too much,  
For watter's the thing, for watter's the thing  
Makes all fools even such.

Let our hostess fill up the flaggon, and let her good ail be  
    brown,  
And let it spitt fire like a draggon, till our heads be the wisest  
    in town,  
'Tis a life for a King, 'tis a life for a King,  
To wear such another crown.

## ILLIAM WALKER AS ROBIN TEAR.



**R**OISH my row mee rieu my voir,  
 S'maynrey vaare mee my hraa ;  
 My chree gyn loght, my chione gyn feiyr,  
 My eddin lane dy vlaa.

My aigney seyr veih laad chiarail,  
 Foast aashagh oie as laa ;  
 Agh nish my gherjagh t'er valleil,  
 My chree ta brisht dy braa.

As tra ren mee my stayd caghlaa,  
 Hug Jee dou bannaght cloan ;  
 Hrog mee ad seose dy voddym ghra,  
 Nagh row nyn lheid agh goaun.

Ayns aggle Yee lesh ynsagh vie,  
 Dy aalin as dy glen ;  
 As yerck mee roo dy chooney lhiam,  
 Tra veign annoon as shenn.

Dy insh jeh'n egin va mee ayn,  
 Troggal myr shoh my chloan ;  
 Cha voddym scrieu's, te doillee ginsh  
 Yn egin shen lesh goan.

Arkys as feme ghow orrym greme,  
 Haink faggys gys my chree ;  
 Ny-yeih cha daink my raad yn greim,  
 Er-derrey daag ad mee.

Er yn edjag-screeuue Robin va  
 Ny vainshtyr-ard ayns schlei ;  
 As v'eshyn gaase dy chooilley laa  
 Ny smoo ayns coontey sleih.

Sambyl jeh'n ynsagh v'er e laue,  
 Daag eh ayns bane as doo,  
 Nee freayll e chooinaght fud sheelnaue,  
 Er voalley ghial Cheeill-Chroo,

## WILLIAM WALKER AND ROBERT TEAR.

**B**EFORE I e'er a mother was,  
Happy I spent my time ;  
Sinless my heart, painless my head,  
And blooming was my face.

My mind free from the weight of care,  
Tranquil both night and day ;  
But now my comfort it has failed,  
My heart is broke for aye.

When I had changed my state, God gave  
Me blessing of children ;  
I brought them up that I could say,  
Their equals were but few.

In fear of God with good learning,  
So beautiful and pure ;  
And I thought that they would help me,  
When I'd be weak and old.

To tell the straits that I was in,  
Rearing my children thus ;  
I cannot write, 'tis very hard  
To tell such things in words.

Trouble and want took hold of me,  
They came nigh to my heart ;  
But the real pain came not my way,  
Until they had left me.

At penmanship my Robin was  
In skill the head-master ;  
And he was growing ev'ry day  
Higher in folks esteem

A sample of his skilful hand,  
He left in black and white,  
On Keeil-Chroo's\* whited wall, that it  
Should keep his mem'ry still.†

\* The name of a chapel.      † "Before mankind."

Illiam, pesson Cheeill Voirrey va,  
 Bochilley chiaralagh Chreest ;  
 Laue yesh yn Aspick, sooill yesh y theay,  
 Briw ny Hagglish neesht.

Bannaght ny moght, scaa ny mraane hreoghe,  
 Fendeilagh cloan gyn ayr ;  
 Da ny hannoonee dreeym, nagh goghe  
 Veih treanee ghewill aggair.

As ga dy row e churрым mooar,  
 Va e chreenaght corрым rish ;  
 As er goo mie e hoiltyn hooar  
 Cooyrt reeoil Hostyn fys.

Veih hooar eh Ooashley's ennym noa,  
 Ny mast 'ain joarree roie ;  
 Lheid's nagh dooar Manninagh bio,  
 As scoan hooar lheid ny-yeih.

E hoilshey ren soilshean dy gial  
 Trooid magh yn Ellan slane ;  
 E hampleyr skeaylley dy chooilley voayl,  
 E choyrle vie gys dagh ayn.

Gloyr Yee as foays e helloo sloo,  
 Va kinjagh e chiarail ;  
 Biallagh gys e vochilley smoo,  
 As veih shen jerkal faill.

Oyr vooar ta ec ny Manninee,  
 Lheid yn charrey dooie ;  
 Son stiark ny vud oc ta lheid y chree,  
 Dy reayll drogh-yannoo fo.

Jeh Saggyrt Walker cooinaght vees,  
 Choud as ta Mannin ayn ;  
 As ayraghyn trooid moorarane eash  
 Vees ginsh jeh da nyn gloan.

Kys hie eh seose gys Cooyrt y Ree,  
 Noi ny kyndee brishey'n leigh ;  
 As ghow eh voue ooilley nyn mree,  
 As hooar ad lhiggey veih.

Will, parson of Kirk Mary was,  
Christ's careful shepherd he ;  
The Bishop's\* hand, the people's\* eye,  
The Church's judge also.

The poor's blessing, the widow's help,†  
Guard of the fatherless ;  
Supporter of the weak, he'd not  
Bear from tyrants a wrong.

And though his charge was very great,  
His wisdom was equal ;  
His conduct and merits were known  
At England's royal Court.

Whence his Worship got a new name,  
Strange amongst us before ;  
Such as no living Manxman had,  
And scarce one after him.‡

Brilliantly shone forth his light  
Throughout the whole Island ;  
His example spread every where,  
His good advice also.

God's glory and his small flock's good,  
Were constantly his care ;  
Obedient to His head shepherd,  
Thereby to gain reward.

The Manxmen have great reason to  
Lament such a kind friend ;  
How few of them have such courage,  
To keep evil deeds down.

Parson Walker will be thought of,  
As long as Mann exists ;  
Fathers during many an age  
Will tell their sons of him.

How he went up to the King's Court,  
'Gainst those who broke the law ;  
He took all their courage from them,  
And they were quite subdued.

\* "Right hand," "right eye."    † "Screen."    ‡ i.e., LL.D.

Quoi hirmys eisht ny jeir ta roie  
 Veih sooillyn yn chioltane,  
 Keayney nyn mochill ghraihagh vie,  
 Nagh vel oc nish er-mayrn.

Agh mish e voir va smoo ayns feme,  
 Hie eh er scarrey voym,  
 Troggit ro Leah harrish y cheim  
 'Sy rollick hrimsagh hrome.

Keayrt va mee maynrey ayns my chloan,  
 Moir ghennal ren ad jeem ;  
 Dreill ad erskyn feme my chione,  
 As v'ad foast dou son dreeym.

Nish ta mee coodit lesh slane oie,  
 Gyn soilshey dou hiar ny heear ;  
 My chainle ta ass gyn saase erbee,  
 Dy gherjagh moir ny ayr.

Fo dorraghys doo my aigney dooint,  
 Gyn jerkal jeh soilshey reesht ;  
 Ayns diunid nagh vel cron jeh grunt,  
 Mastey yn sterrym neesht.



## MY HENN GHOOINNEY MIE.

HENN CAILLIN :

“ Cre vel oo goll, my henn ghooiney mie ?  
 Cre vel oo goll, ta mee gra rhyt reesht ?  
 Cre vel oo goll, my henn ghooiney mie ?  
 She oo yn ghooiney s' finey fo 'n ghrian.”

“ Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, my henn ghooiney mie ?  
 Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, ta mee gra rhyt reesht ?  
 Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, my henn ghooiney mie ?  
 Son she oo yn ghooiney s' finey fo 'n ghrian.”

HENN GHOOINNEY :

“ Bee oohyn aym, my henn caillin mie.” [*loayrt.*]

Who will dry up the tears that flow  
From the eyes of the flock,  
Mourning their shepherd well-beloved,  
Who 's now no more with them.

But I, his mother, lost him when\*  
I was in greatest need,  
He was brought too soon over the stile  
To the mournful churchyard.

Once I was happy in my sons,  
A joyful mother they  
Made me; above want they kept  
My head by their support.

Now I am covered by deep night,  
Without light east or west;  
My candle 's out, there 's no resource,  
To cheer mother or sire.

In black darkness my mind is shut,  
Without expecting light;  
In a depth where there is no ground,†  
Amidst the tempest too.



## MY GOOD OLD MAN.

OLD WOMAN :

"Where art thou going, my good old man?  
Where art thou going, I say to thee again?  
Where art thou going, my good old man?  
Thou art the finest old man under the sun."

"What wilt thou for thy supper, my good old man?  
What wilt thou for thy supper, I say to thee again?  
What wilt thou for thy supper, my good old man?  
Thou art the finest old man under the sun."

OLD MAN :

"I will have eggs, my good old woman." [*spoken*].

\* "He was separated from me."

† "No spot of ground."



HENN CAILLIN :

“ Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 She oo yn ghooinee s' finey fo 'n ghrian.”

HENN GHOOINEE :

“ Bee shiaght dussan aym, my henn caillin mie.” [*loayrt.*]

HENN CAILLIN :

“ As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 Son she oo yn ghooinee s' finey fo 'n ghrian.”

HENN GHOOINEE :

“ Bee eeym aym, my henn caillin mie.” [*loayrt.*]

HENN CAILLIN :

“ As cre woad dy eeym vees ayd, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 As cre woad dy eeym vees ayd, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 As cre woad dy eeym vees ayd, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 She oo yn ghooinee s' finey fo 'n ghrian.”

HENN GHOOINEE :

“ Bee whilleen punt as whilleen dussan, my henn caillin mie.”  
[*loayrt.*]

HENN CAILLIN :

“ Cre my yow baase, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 Cre my yow baase, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 Cre my yow baase, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 She oo yn ghooinee s' finey fo 'n ghrian.”

HENN GHOOINEE :

“ Jean oo mee y oanlucky, my henn caillin mie ?” [*loayrt.*].

HENN CAILLIN :

“ As c'raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 As c'raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 As c'raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooinee mie ?  
 Son she oo yn ghooinee s' finey fo 'n ghrian.”

HENN GHOOINEE :

“ Ayns y towl-yaagh, my henn caillin mie.” [*loayrt.*].

OLD WOMAN :

"How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man ?  
How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man ?  
How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man ?  
Thou art the finest old man under the sun."

OLD MAN :

"I will have seven dozen, my good old woman." [*spoken.*]

OLD WOMAN :

"And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man ?  
And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man ?  
And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man ?  
Thou art the finest old man under the sun."

OLD MAN :

"I will have butter, my good old woman." [*spoken.*]

OLD WOMAN :

"How much butter wilt thou, my good old man,  
How much butter wilt thou, my good old man,  
How much butter wilt thou, my good old man,  
For thou art the finest old man under the sun."

OLD MAN :

"I will have so many pounds and so many dozen, my good  
old woman." [*spoken.*]

OLD WOMAN :

"What if thou should'st die, my good old man ?  
What if thou should'st die, my good old man ?  
What if thou should'st die, my good old man ?  
Thou art the finest old man under the sun."

OLD MAN :

"Wilt thou bury me, my good old woman?" [*spoken.*]

OLD WOMAN :

"And where shall I bury thee, my good old man ?  
And where shall I bury thee, my good old man ?  
And where shall I bury thee, my good old man ?  
For thou art the finest old man under the sun."

OLD MAN :

"In the smoke hole, my good old woman." [*spoken.*]

## YN SHENN LAAIR.

**V**A *couple* beaghey ayns skeeyll Andrase,  
 V'ad cheau nyn draa ayns corree,  
 Va yn ennym echeysyn "Tayrn dy Rea,"  
 As vee ish "Mary Willy."

Cha row ec y "Tayrn" braag ny carrane,  
 Dy cur er baare y coshey ;  
 Tra ve cheet thie dys Mary vie ;  
 Va eh yeealley ee myr moddey.

Va "Tayrn" ny lhie 'sy lhiabbee dhunt,  
 As Mary ayns y cuillee ;  
 Robin y Christeen shooyl mygeayrt,  
 Booishal dy geddyn maree.

Hie ben y "Tayrn" dys y vargey-beg,  
 Er y chied laa jeh'n tourey ;  
 Raad chionnee shenn-lair, as v'ee geddyn daill,  
 Dys Laa Andrase 'sy geurey

V'ee tayrn dy rea as bliass-y-vea,  
 Derrey v'ee er ny villey ;  
 V'ee *fit* dy violaght ben erbee,  
 Tra heeagh ee yn chied shilley.

V'ee cretoor boght, v'ee cretoor annoon,  
 V'ee cretoor meen as imlee ;  
 Gow Mary ee dys vargey Calmane,\*  
 Agh *fail* ee ec Cronk Sharree.

V'ee gleck dy piantagh noi dagh broogh,  
 Cheet niar er slyst ny marrey ;  
 Dy chooilley peiagh v'ad meeiteil  
 Gra, nagh yinnagh ad phurt ny valley,

Moghrey Laa Andrase va "Tayrn" troiddey  
 Mysh argid y shenn laair-a,  
 Gra, "row nearey ort dy chionnagh lheid  
 Y trustyr breinn as donney."

\* St. Calmane's or St. Columba's day was on the 9th of June

THE OLD MARE.

A COUPLE lived in Andreas parish,  
They spent their time in anger,  
The nickname he had was "Draw Smoothly,"  
And she was "Mary Willy."

“ Draw ” had not either shoe or *carrane*\*  
His foot’s top to put upon ;  
When he came home to good Mary,  
Like a dog he her chastised.

In the folded bed† “ Draw ” was lying,  
And Mary in the bedroom ;  
Robin Christian was walking about,  
Desiring to get with her.

“ Draw’s ” wife unto the fair did go  
On the first day of the summer ; †  
Where she bought an old mare, getting credit,  
Till Andrew’s day § in winter.

She drew as smoothly as could be,  
Until she had been spoiled ;  
She was fit to tempt any woman,  
When she saw her the first time.

She was a poor and feeble creature,  
A creature meek and humble ;  
Mary took her to Columb's fair,  
But she failed at Cronk Sharree.

Painfully she struggled 'gainst each hill,  
Coming east on the sea coast ;  
Every person they encountered said  
That they'd not make port or home.

Andrew's day morn, "Draw" was scolding  
'Bout the price of the old mare,  
Saying "art not ashamed to buy  
Such a foul, foolish creature."

\* Sandals made of raw hide.      † This could be folded up and put away, and was, doubtless, in the kitchen.

‡ The 12th of May.      § December 11th.

## NY MRAANE KILKENNY.



**N**Y mraane Kilkenny hie ad dy Ghoolish,  
 Hie ad dy Ghoolish lesh y vainney-geyre;  
 Agh cre-er-bee aggle haink er y cabhyl,  
 Va jeeyl mooar jeant er y vainney-geyre.

Ren ny mucyn chaglym as ren ad scryssey,  
 Mygeayrt y dubbey ren ad chloie Tig,  
 Cha jinnagh 'nane iu jeh yn vainney,  
 Agh daa vuc *starvet* lesh Kinleigh Beg.



## HI, HAW, HUM.



**H**I, Haw, Hum;  
 Ta my ven olk rhym.  
 Baillym dy beagh ee creckit,  
 As yn feeagh eck aym ayns lune;  
 Son woailley orrym riyer,  
 As woailley orrym jiu,  
 As va shen yn builley boght.  
 Hi, Haw, Hum.



## HUDGEON Y FIDDER.



**V**'EH goll seose ec y Creg doo,\*  
 Cha row eh wheesh as troggal e kione.  
 Son va daa veill er Hudgeon,  
 Kiart wheesh as my daa ghoayrn,  
 As va daa rolley dy hambaga  
 Ayns mean er e vart conney.

\* Above Fleshwick.

## THE KILKENNY WOMEN.



THE Kilkenny women went to Douglas,  
 They went to Douglas with the butter-milk;  
 But what e'er the fear that came on the horse,  
 There was great waste of the butter-milk.

The pigs they gathered there and scratched about,  
 All around the pool they played at Tig;  
 But none of them would drink of the milk,  
 Except two starved pigs of Kinley Beg's.



## HI, HAW, HUM.



HI, Haw, Hum;  
 My wife is bad to me.  
 I would that she were sold,  
 And I had her value in ale;  
 For she struck me yesterday,  
 And she struck me to-day,  
 And that was a poor blow.  
 Hi, Haw, Hum.



## HUDGEON THE WEAVER.



HE was going up at the Black rock,  
 He was not as much as lifting his head.  
 For there were two lips on Hudgeon,  
 Just as big as my two fists,  
 And there were two rolls of tobacco  
 In the middle of his load of gorse.

## YN MAARLIAGH MOOAR.

Y N Maarliagh Mooar,  
 V'eh harrish y chlieau,  
 Yaragh ayd rish Mac Regyl.  
 Hug eh e vac  
 Dy hooyl ny dhieyn  
 Roish v'eh *abyl*.  
 Hug yn poagey er e geaylin,  
 As y lurg 'sy laue.  
 Hug eh sheese yn glione 'syn oie,  
 As hooar eh yn raad dy braaue.



## SKEEYLLEY BRESHEY.

H IE ad rish Skeeylley Breeshey,  
 As hie ad rish Skeeyll Andrase;  
 Agh ayns Yurby va yn daunse,  
 As ayns-shen haink ad lurg-ooilloo.

Charles Moore, Ballaradcliffe,  
 As Kerry Clugaash marish,  
 Arther beg Moldera,  
 As Harry Clark voish Doolish.



## NY MRAANE-SEYREY BALLAWYLLIN.

N Y mraane-seyrey Ballawyllin,  
 Striew mish y phot cowree,  
 Ching, ching ayns yn arragh,  
 Haglym blaaghyn ayns y thourey,  
 Jeeassagh arroo ayns yn ouyr,  
 Snieu lieen ayns y geurey.

## THE BIG ROBBER.

THE big robber,  
 He was over the hill,  
 They called him Mac Regyl.  
 He put his son  
 To walk the houses\*  
 Before he was able.  
 He put the bag on his shoulder,  
 And the stick in his hand.  
 He put him down the glen at night,  
 And he found the way bravely.



## BRIDE PARISH.

THEY went to Kirk Bride,  
 And they went to Kirk Andreas,  
 But in Jurby was the dance,  
 And there they came at last.

Charles Moore, Ballaradcliffe,  
 And Kate Clucas with him,  
 Little Arthur Mylrea,  
 And Harry Clark from Douglas.



## THE BALLAWYLLIN GENTLEWOMEN.

THE gentlewomen of Ballawyllin,  
 Struggling round the cowrey pot,  
 Sick, sick in the spring,  
 Gathering flowers in the summer,  
 Gleaning corn in the autumn,  
 Spinning flax in the winter.

\* i.e., Beg.



## ARRANE QUEEYL-NIEUEE.

SNIEU, wheeyl, snieu ;  
 Dy chooilley vangan er y villey  
 Snieu er-my-skyn.  
 Lesh y ree yn ollan,  
 As lesh my-hene y snaih ;  
 Son shenn Trit Trot cha vou ish dy braa.

## YN EIREY CRONK YN OLLEE.

TA mish eirey Cronk Yn Ollee Beg,  
 She shoh t'ad ooilley gra ;  
 As ver Bella lane yn caart dou,  
 Dy chooilley traa t'ayms paagh.

BALLADS RECEIVED AFTER THE SECTIONS TO WHICH  
 THEY BELONG WERE PRINTED.

## CHILDREN'S SONGS.

## LHIGHEY, LHIGHEY.

LHIGHEY, lhigey dys yn vargey,  
 Soorey er ny inneenyn  
 Marish ny oanraghyn jiargey,  
 Lhigey, lhigey fey-ny-laa.

Lhigey, lhigey dys yn vargey,  
 Soorey er ny inneenyn  
 Marish ny oanraghyn vreckey,  
 Lhigey, lhigey fey-ny-laa.

## SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

SPIN, wheel, spin ;  
 May every branch on the tree  
 Spin overhead.  
 With the king the wool,  
 And with myself the thread, ;  
 For old Trit Trot she\* never will get.

## THE HEIR OF CATTLE HILL.

I AM the heir of the Cattle Hill,  
 That is what they all say ;  
 And Bella will fill the quart for me,  
 Whenever I am thirsty.

BALLADS RECEIVED AFTER THE SECTIONS TO WHICH  
 THEY BELONG WERE PRINTED.

## CHILDREN'S SONGS.

## GALLOP, GALLOP.

GALLOP, gallop to the fair,  
 Courting the girls  
 With the red petticoats,  
 Gallop, gallop all the day.

Gallop, gallop to the fair,  
 Courting the girls  
 With the speckled† petticoats,  
 Gallop, gallop all the day.

\* The Queen.

† The number of verses depended on the ingenuity of the singers in remembering various coloured petticoats.

## MY VANNAGH ER SHIU.

MY vannagh er shiu paitchyn veggey,  
 Honnick shiu daunsin jiu;  
 Trooid uss er my glioon, Kirree,  
 As veryms daunsin diu.

Shooyl uss voyms, Kirree veg,  
 As ghauns er-mooïn y laare;  
 As trooid uss hymns, Jennie veg,  
 Oo-hene y lhiannoo share.

## COURTING SONG.

## EC NY FIDDLERYN.

EC ny fiddleryn ayns yn Ollick  
 Va'n chied boayl veeit mee graih my chree;  
 Dy graihagh hoie shin sheese cooidjagh,  
 As hug shin toshiaght dy hooree.

Voish yn oor shen gys kione shiaght bleeaneey,  
 Va my graih as mish mennick meeiteil;  
 As giall ee dooys lesh ee chengey foalsey  
 Nagh jinnagh ee mee dy bragh hreigeil.

Fastyr Jy-doonee roish Laa-ynnyd  
 Hie mee dy yeeaghyn yn graih my chree;  
 Hug ee ny daa laue ayns my ghaa laue  
 Nagh poosagh ee fer elley agh mee.

Haink mee roym thie my chree dy gennal,  
 Nhee erbee cha row jannoo seaghyn dooys;  
 Yn chied skeeayl cluinn mee moghrey Laa-ynnyd  
 Dy row my graih rish fer elley phoost.

## MY BLESSING ON YOU.



**M**Y blessing on you, little children,  
I saw you dance to-day ;  
Come on my knee, little Katie,  
And I'll give you a dance.

Walk out from me, little Katie,  
And dance upon the floor ;  
Come to me, little Jennie,  
Thou art the better child.



## COURTING SONG.

## AMONG THE FIDDLERS.



**A**MONG the fiddlers at Christmas time  
Was where I first met my heart's love ;  
Lovingly we sat down together,  
And made a start of our courtship.

From that hour to the end of seven years  
My love and I did often meet ;  
And she promised me with her false tongue  
That she would never forsake me.

Sunday evening before Ash-Wednesday  
I went to visit my heart's love ;  
She put her two hands in my two hands  
(Saying) she'd marry none but me.

I went back home with a cheerful heart,  
Nothing at all was troubling me ;  
The first news I heard Ash-Wednesday morn  
Was that my love was to another wed.

My drogh veilley er y doodee foalsey,  
 As mee sooree urree rish ymmoddee laa ;  
 Na honnick ee nagh row graih eck orrym,  
 Oddagh ee ve yn obbal ayns traä.

Cha jeany'n noi ee drogh loo ny gweeagyn,  
 Cha *wizym* drogh *fortune* dy heet ee raad,  
 Agh dy jean ee booiys gys ee chaarjyn,  
 Ga dy vel ee jannoo jeems agh craid.

Yn billey *walnut* cha ren rieu taggloo,  
 Feanishyn elley cha row aym ;  
 Nish ta my graih er prowal dy foalsey,  
 As ta mee faagit my lomarcän.

Hem's roym er yn 'Eaill Pherick,  
 Dresym my-hene myr scollag aeg erbee ;  
 Hem's shaghey my graih ayns meayn y vargey,  
 Cha lhiggym orrym dy vel mee fakin ee.

Beem's dy hassoo 'sy kione y vargey,  
 Goym's my reih jeh 'nane ny ghaa ;  
 Agh ee t'ee poost rish ee *molteyr* foalsey,  
 Cha vod ee cooney ny caghlaa.

Yn raad mooar liauyr v'aym dy hooyl er,  
 As yn ugtagh jeeragh dy jannoo mee skee ;  
 Cha voddym soie sheese dy goaill my aash,  
 Nagh beem kinjagh smooïnaght er graih my chree.

O ! dy jinnagh yn geay mooar sheidey,  
 Dy voddym chlashtyn voish my graih ;  
 As ee cheet hym harrish ny ard sleityn,  
 Veeitagh shin dagh elley er-cheu yn traie.

'S gennal, 's gennal, hem roym dy veeiteil ee,  
 My fys v'aym dy veagh my graih ayns shen ;  
 'S gennal, 's gennal, yinnym soie sheese lioree,  
 My roih son *pillow* eck fo ee kione.

O ! dy jinnagh yn keayn mooar hirmagh  
 Raad dy jannoo dy voddym goll trooid ;  
 Sniaghtey Greenlyn nee gaase jiarg myr roseyn,  
 Roish mee foddym my graih jarrood.

On the false damsel be my worst curse,  
And I courting her for so long ;\*  
When she saw she had no love for me,  
She might have refused me in time.

I would not curse or swear against her,  
Nor wish bad luck to come her way,  
But that she may give her friends pleasure,  
Although she makes but mock of me.

The walnut tree that ne'er word uttered,  
Other witnesses I had none ;  
Now my love has proved to be so false,  
And I'm deserted, all alone.

I will go my way to Patrick's Feast,  
I'll dress myself like any other lad ;  
I'll pass my love by in the fair's midst,  
I'll not let on that I see her.

I will stand at the end of the fair,  
I'll take my choice of many a one ;  
But she that 's wed to her deceiver,  
She can 't get either help or change.

The big long road I had to walk on,  
And the steep hill to make me tired ;  
I could not sit down to take my rest,  
Without oft thinking of my heart's love.

Oh ! that the mighty wind would blow,  
That I might hear from my own love ;  
And her coming to me o'er the high hills,  
We'd meet each other beside the shore.

Gladly, gladly, would I go to meet her,  
If I knew that my love would be there ;  
Gladly, gladly, would I sit down by her,  
My arm for pillow beneath her head.

Oh ! that the mighty sea would dry up  
To make a road that I could go though ;  
Greenland's snow will grow red as roses,  
Before I can my own love forget.

\* " Many days."



MUSIC  
TO  
BALLADS.



## Yn Bollan Bane (The White Wort).

(BALDWIN).

*Quickly.*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems. The first system is in 6/8 time, marked 'Quickly.' The second and third systems are also in 6/8 time. The fourth system changes to 2/4 time, and the fifth system remains in 2/4 time. The score is in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#). The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



## Keayrt Va Mee Aeg.



## Yn Bollan Bane (The White Wort).

(DOUGLAS).

*Lively.*

Ri-do did-dle did-dle dum, ri-do did-dle di-dle dum,

ri-do did-dle did-dle dum, ri-do did-dle did-dle dum, ri-do did-dle did-dle did-dle

Bol-lan Bane, Bol-lan Bane, Hol-lan Bane, Hol-lan Bane, Hol-lan Bane.

# Illiam Dhone (Brown William).

*Plaintively.*

Quoi yin-nagh e hreisht ayns ooash-ley ny pooar, Ayns ae'-gid ny aa-lid, ny

ayns kyn-ney vooar? Son troo, farg as eu-lys, ver mow dooinney er-bee; As ta dty

vaase, Ill-iam Dhone, Te brishey nyn gree!



Kiark Katreeney Marroo  
(Katherine's Hen Is Dead).

*Quickly.*

Kiark Kat-reen - ey mar - roo; ....

Gow's y klone, As goyms ny cas-syn, As ver mayd ee fo'n thal-loo....

## Lullaby.

*Andante.*

The first system of musical notation for 'Lullaby (continued)'. It consists of three staves: a single treble staff at the top and a grand staff (treble and bass) below. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody in the single treble staff is composed of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment in the grand staff features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The piano accompaniment includes some sixteenth-note patterns in the bass line.

The third system of musical notation. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and some sixteenth-note figures in the bass line.

Repeat Symphony.

The fourth system of musical notation, which serves as the 'Repeat Symphony'. It consists of three staves: a single treble staff at the top and a grand staff below. The melody is a simple, descending line of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth-note patterns in the bass line.

# Ushtey Millish 'Sy Garee (Sweet Water In The Common).

*Not too fast.*

Va ayns shen Iliam y Close,..... As Quil - liam Glen Meay, Shooyl

ayns ny raad-jyn moo - ar - ey, Gagglagh 'ooil - ley ny sleih,



## Ushtey Millish 'sy Garee (continued)

Goll gys Bal - la - cash-tal, Cheetthis mor-rey brish-ey'n laa, Sin-gal

“Ush - tey - mill-ish 'sy gar - ee, Cha gaill mayd eh dy - braa.”

# Inneenyn Irrinnee (Farmer's Daughter).

♩ = 100.



ir - rin - nee," She shoh roo hene t'ad gra, "A

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is on a single treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on grand staves (treble and bass). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

gial - lit koradpuint togh.... er, Cha n'ag-gle dooin dy braa."

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

## Yn Graihder Jouylagh (The Demon Lover).

*Moderato*

Trooid mar-ym nish, trooid mar-ym nish, Trooid marym graih my chree, As

This system contains the first two staves of music for 'Yn Graihder Jouylagh'. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking 'Moderato' is above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

in - shyms dhyts cre haink or-rym, Er bank-yn It - a - ly.

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

# Arrane Sooree (Courting Song).

*Lively.*

Lesh soor - ee ayns y gur - ey, An ven-nick veign ny

Ihie, Agh shooyll ayns y dor-ragh-ey, Scoan fak - in yn raad

thie. Veign goll gys ny uin - nag - yn, As crank - al shir-rey en

treil, Yn fliagh-ey yeall-ey or - rym, As my lieck-an-yn gaase gial.  
*repeat Sym.*

## Dooiney Seyr V'ayns Exeter (A Gentleman Of Exeter).

*Slowly.*

Va dooin - ney seyr ayns

Ex - e - ter, Hrog eh in - neen aa - lin as fair; Shey

*repeat Sym.*

bleeancy jeig cha dy haink ur - ee, Dys matchyn mie va shir-rey ee.

## Thurot As Elliot (Thurot And Elliot).

*Slow.*

Ec bal - ley veg ny Fran - gee, Er dæ - rid ny blean - ey, Flodd

veg - dy hiyn chag - gee, Ren ged - dyn fe - hi - aull, As

choud as veagh Thur - ot, Kion - reil - tagh e ghein - ey, Cha

bail - loo ve or - roo, Dy yin - nagh ad co - ayl.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with a melody that is mostly eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

### Car-y-Phoosee (Wedding Song).

*Lively.*

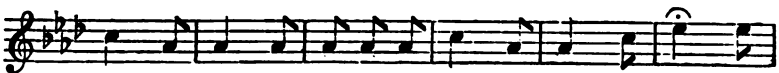
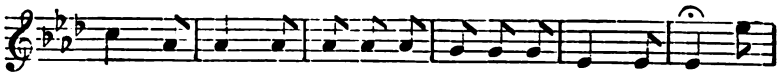
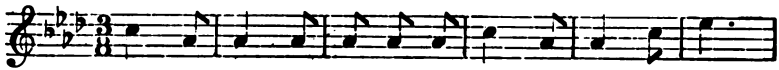
She poost, as poost, as poost, as poost, As  
 poost dy-looar vees shin,... Nagh nhare shin fod-dey ve poost. as poost, Nagh  
 tag - gloo smes-sey ve j'yn?....

The musical score is in G minor, 6/8 time, marked 'Lively'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment has a strong, rhythmic bass line with chords in the right hand.

## Yn Shenn Dolphin.



## Car-y-Phoosee (Second Version).





## Jemmy As Nancy (Jemmy And Nancy).



# Yn Coayl Jeh Ny Baatyn - Skeddan (The Loss Of The Herring-Boats).

*Slow.*

Coo - in - jee, shenn as aeg, 'Sy vlein shiaight chead

yeig, Kiare - feed as shiaight, er cheayn Ghoal - ish, Myr

haink ch gy - kiore, Va eray-stagh vie ayn, Lesh ear - ish feor

aa - lin as vil - lish.

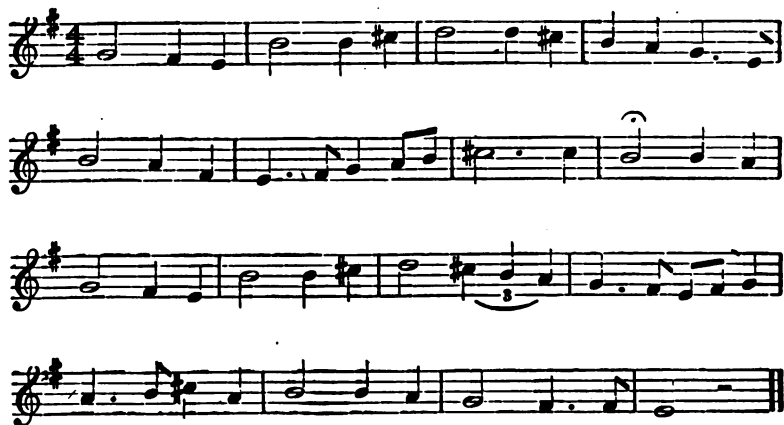
Yn Coayl Jeh Ny Baatyn-Skeddan  
(Second Version).



Yn Eirey Cronk Yn Ollee.



Jemmy as Nancy.



# Mannin Veg Veen

(Dear Little Isle Of Man).

*Slow.*

Vannin Veg Veen, Tayns mean y cheayn; Ayn-jee ta lano ceast-ey-ryn; Tra

*Repeat Symphony.*

ta'n oarn cuirt As ny praas yn soit, Goll roue dy cherragh ny baat-yn.

## Hop-tu-naa.

*Quick.* CASTLETOWN.

Hop - tu - naa, This is old Hol - lan - tide night,....

Trol - la - laa, The moon shines bright; Hop - tu - naa, Trol - la - laa.

## Hop-tu-naa.

BALDWIN.

Shoh shenn ole Houin-ey, Hop - tu - naa; T'an eayst soillshean, Trol - la - laa.

# Marrinys Yn Tiger (Voyage Of The Tiger).

*Slow.*

Ren

dein - ey - sey - rey Van - nin, Ayns yr - gid stayd as moyrn, Nyn

bin - gyn cheau dy cheil - ley, As chion - nee ad shenn lhong.

# Graih My Chree (Love of My Heart).

$\text{♩} = 80.$

Oh graih my chree, Oh vel oo mar - ym? Oh

graih my chree, Oh vel uss dooiaht? As man-nagh no'm yn graih

my chree mar - ym, Shegn dou eisht ged - dyn Baase fe - gooish.

# Juan-Y-Jaggad-Kear.

*Lively.*

Lhig eh bull-ad

veih yn shor-ar, As woail eh Juan-y- Jag- gad-Kear; Ren eh howl-ley goll-rish crear, As

Juan-Y-Quirk va kean - ey, Juan-Y-Quirk va kean - ey, Juan-Y-Quirk va

kean - ey. Ren eh howl-ley goll-rish crear, As Juan-Y-Quirk va kean - ey.



# Snieu, Wheeyl, Snieu.

*Quickly.*

Snieu. wheeyl, snieu; Snieu. wheeyl, snieu; Dy chooil-ley van-gan

er y vil-ley Snieu er-my-skyn. Lesh y ree yn ol-lan, As

lesh my hene y snaih; Son shen Trit Trot cha vou ish dy braa.

## Ta Mee Nish Keayney (I am Now Lamenting).

$\text{♩} = 84.$

Ta mee nish keay-ney er - y -

- hon oie as laa, Ta mee nish keay-ney er - son my graih, T'ee er

faa-gailmee ny lom - ar-can, As treih son-dy braa. Ta mee nish keay-ney er - y-hon, Tame

keay-ney oie as laa, Ta mee keay-ney er - y - hon oie as laa.

# Three Easteyrn Boghtey.

*Slowly.*

E- aisht shiu rhymys my char - jin, As goyms shiu nish ar - rane, My-

The first system of music features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

chione three easteyrn bogh - tey, Va ayns skeeyley Ston - dane, Tom

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Cowle lesh Juan - y Kar - agh-ey, As Il - lam - y Chris - teen, Hie ad

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*p*  
voish y thie 'sy vogh - rey; Va yn seiill slane kiune as meen.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

# Marish Ny Fiddleryn.

*Moderato.*

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom two staves form a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a series of rests in the top staff, followed by a melodic phrase.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features a vocal line in the top staff and piano accompaniment in the bottom two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line: "Marish ny fidd-ler-yn ayns yn traa Nol-lick, Eisht veet mee hos - i-aght yn graih my".

The third system continues the musical piece. It features a vocal line in the top staff and piano accompaniment in the bottom two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line: "chree, As hofe shin sheese dy graih ygh cooid-jagh, Gow shin yn tos-i-aght jeh nyn hoor-".

The fourth system continues the musical piece. It features a vocal line in the top staff and piano accompaniment in the bottom two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line: "- ee.".

## Ushag Veg Ruy (Little Red Bird).

*Quick.*

Ush - ag veg ruy ny moan - ee doo, Ny

moan - ee doo, ny moan - ee doo. Ush - ag veg ruy ny

moan - ee doo, C'raad chad - dil oo riyr 'syn oie?.....

# Helg Yn Dreain (Hunt The Wren).

*Very Quick.*

The first system of music features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "Hem-mayd gys y keyll," dooyrt Rob-in y Vob-bin; "Hem-mayd" are written below the staff.

The second system continues the melody on a treble clef staff. The lyrics "gys y keyll," dooyrt Richard y Rob-in; "Hem-mayd gys y keyll," dooyrt" are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment is shown on grand staves (treble and bass clefs) with chords and moving lines.

The third system concludes the piece. The melody on the treble staff ends with a double bar line. The lyrics "Ju - an y Thal-loo; "Hem-mayd gys y keyll," dooyrt oeil-ley un-nane." are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves.

## Mylecharaine.

*Slow.*

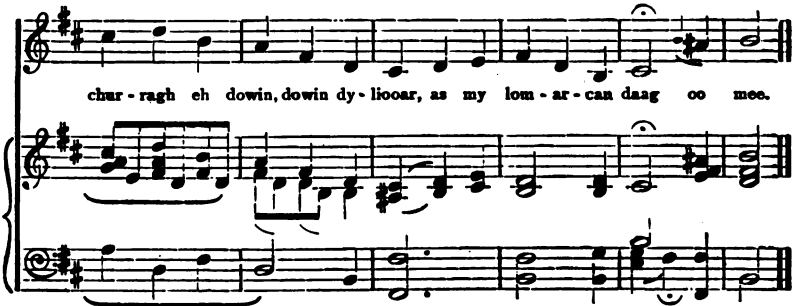
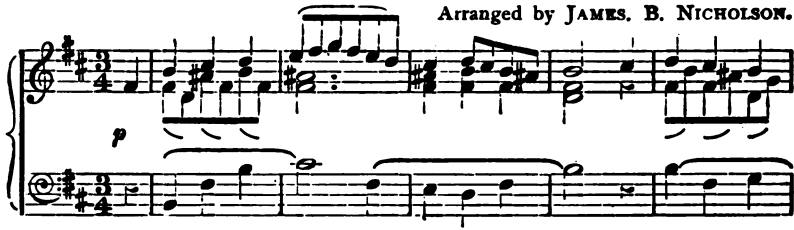
Oh Vy - le - char - aine, C'raad hoar oo dty stuyr? My

lom - ar - can daag oo mee; Nagh dooar mee 'sy chur - ragh eh

dowin, dowin dy - lioo - ar, As my lom - ar - can daag oo mee.

# Mylecharaine.

Arranged by JAMES. B. NICHOLSON.





# Arrane Ny Mummeryn (Mummers' Song).

*Quick.*

Ree, ben shenn Tam-my;

Ree, ben shenn Er - a; Ree, as spit a veg a, Shu-na reg as birr - a

Ho ro the wad - dle, Drim Drim a dod - dle, Drim a drim a dod - dle.

Ree, as spit a veg a, Drim a dod - dle, drim a drim a doddle.

## Mraane Kilkenny.

*Slow.*

Ny mraane Kil - ken - ny hie ad dy Ghool - ish, Hie ad dy

Ghoo'ish lesh y vain-nev geyre; Agh cro-er-bee ag - gle haink er y

cab - byl, Va jeeyl mooar jeant er y vain-nev geyre.

# Ny Kirree Fo Niaghtey (The Sheep Under The Snow).

*♩ = 72. Plaintively.*

Lurg geu - rey dy niagh-tye, as

ar-ragh dy rio, Va ny shenn kir-ree mar-roo. 's n'eyin beg - gey vi -

*cres.*  
o. Oh! Ir - ree shiu boch' llyn, As gow shiu da'n

*rall. p*  
clieau, Ta ny kir-ree fo - niaghtey, Cha dow-in as v'ad rieau.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system includes a vocal line with a crescendo marking and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system includes a vocal line with a rallentando and piano marking and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

# Tappagyn Jiargey (Red Top-Knots).

Yiow tap - pag - yn jiarg - ey, As

The first system of music features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'Yiow tap - pag - yn jiarg - ey, As' are written below the vocal line.

rib - an - yn green, My Vet - sey veg vil - lish, My

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'rib - an - yn green, My Vet - sey veg vil - lish, My' are written below the vocal line.

vees oo lhiam pe - ne. Rob - in y ree, Rob - in y ree,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'vees oo lhiam pe - ne. Rob - in y ree, Rob - in y ree,' are written below the vocal line.

Rid-lan, aboo a - ban, Fal dy rid - lan, Rob - in y ree, Rob - in y ree.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics 'Rid-lan, aboo a - ban, Fal dy rid - lan, Rob - in y ree, Rob - in y ree.' are written below the vocal line.

# My Caillin Veg Dhone (My Little Brown Girl).

*Slow.*

Cre raad t'ou goll, my cail-lin veg dhone? As

c'raad t'ou goll, my cail-lin veg aeg? Cre raad t'ou goll, my

*Repeat Sym.*

aa-lin my cayn? "Ta mee goll dys yn bwoaillee," dooyrt ee.

My Graih, Nagh Baare Dooin  
(My Love, Had We Not Better).

**(NO WORDS.)**

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, the middle for the piano right hand, and the bottom for the piano left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in 3/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a chorus that repeats. The piano accompaniment is light and supportive, with the left hand playing a simple bass line and the right hand playing chords and single notes.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the melody in G major (one flat). The middle staff is a harmonic accompaniment in G major. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of 16 measures. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (half), D4 (half), C4 (half), B3 (half), A3 (half), G3 (half), F#3 (half), E3 (half), D3 (half), C3 (half), B2 (half). The harmonic accompaniment is: G3-A3 (beamed eighth notes), B3-A3 (beamed eighth notes), G3-A3 (beamed eighth notes), F#3-G3 (beamed eighth notes), E3-F#3 (beamed eighth notes), D3-E3 (beamed eighth notes), C3-D3 (beamed eighth notes), B2-C3 (beamed eighth notes), A2-B2 (beamed eighth notes), G2-A2 (beamed eighth notes), F#2-G2 (beamed eighth notes), E2-F#2 (beamed eighth notes), D2-E2 (beamed eighth notes), C2-D2 (beamed eighth notes), B1-C2 (beamed eighth notes), A1-B1 (beamed eighth notes). The bass line is: G2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), B2 (quarter), A2-G2 (beamed eighth notes), F#2 (quarter), E2 (half), D2 (half), C2 (half), B1 (half), A1 (half), G1 (half), F#1 (half), E1 (half), D1 (half), C1 (half), B0 (half).

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for the vocal melody, written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is for the piano accompaniment, also in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment, written in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody is a simple, catchy tune, and the piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation. The score is presented in a clear, legible format with standard musical notation.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features three staves: a vocal line (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment lines (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic foundation. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the piano part.

## Shegin Dooin (We Must).

(NO WORDS).

*Plaintive.*

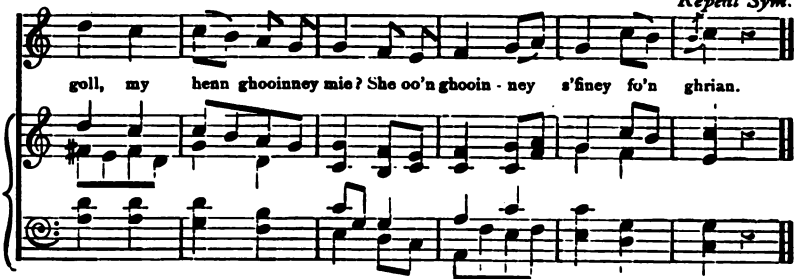
*\* or this.*

# My Henn Ghoinney Mie (My Good Old Man).

*Moderato.*



*Repeat Sym.*





## Berrey Dhone (Brown Berrey).

$\text{♩} = 100.$

Vel oo sthie Ber - rey dhone, C'ra - ad t'ou shooyl. Mannagh vel oo a'ns

im-myr glass, Lhiattagh - ey Bar-rule? Hem-mayd roin gys y clieau,

Dyhroggaly voain, Dy yeeagh-yn jig Berrey dhone, Thie er yn oie.

# Skeeyley Breeshey (Bride Parish).

*Moderato.*

Hie ad rish Skeeyl - ley Breeshey,

As hie ad rish Skeeyll An - drase; Agh ayns Yur - by

*Repeat Sym.*

va yn daunse, As ayns-shen haink ad lurg ooil-loo.

## Isbal Foalsey (False Isabel).

*Plaintive.*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The tempo/mood is marked *Plaintive.* The score is organized into three systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The score begins with a vocal line that has a whole rest for the first measure, followed by a half note D5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note D4 in the right hand and a half note D3 in the left hand. The second system has a vocal line starting with a half note D5, followed by a half note E5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note D4 in the right hand and a half note D3 in the left hand. The third system has a vocal line starting with a half note D5, followed by a half note E5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note D4 in the right hand and a half note D3 in the left hand. The score ends with a double bar line.

# ERRATA.

## MANX.

Page 6,	line 10, hainkyn,	<i>should be</i> haink yn
14,	17. Chairn,	Chiarn
24,	27. criunn,	cruinn
30,	6. g,	y
44,	6. 7. 8. ee,	e
48, 81, 83,	16, 1, 4, graa,	gra
58,	22. tra,	traa
76,	22. myg hreeym,	my ghreeym
84,	10. apryn,	apyrn
86,	3. seyrveet,	seyr veeit
98,	17. tooilit,	tooillit
108,	7. dee,	ee
„	10. me,	mee
„	28. skeepyl,	skeepal
131,	2. cree-lesh,	cree lesh
142,	27. cheayl,	cheayll
150,	8. vayn,	va yn
166,	32. boool,	boayl
170,	6. chalhishagh,	cha lhisagh
180,	15. ta n,	ta 'n
187,	8. housaue,	housane

## ENGLISH.

32,	21, valliant,	valiant
47,	7. Droagan,	Doagan
65,	3, Robbin,	Robin
95,	29. Dos 't,	Dost
107, 109,	37, 12, woman,	women
137,	19. t 'would,	'twould
141,	27. lovlier,	lovelier
177,	(note) of the Calf,	off the Calf
197,	transpose marks in notes § ‡	







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